POST

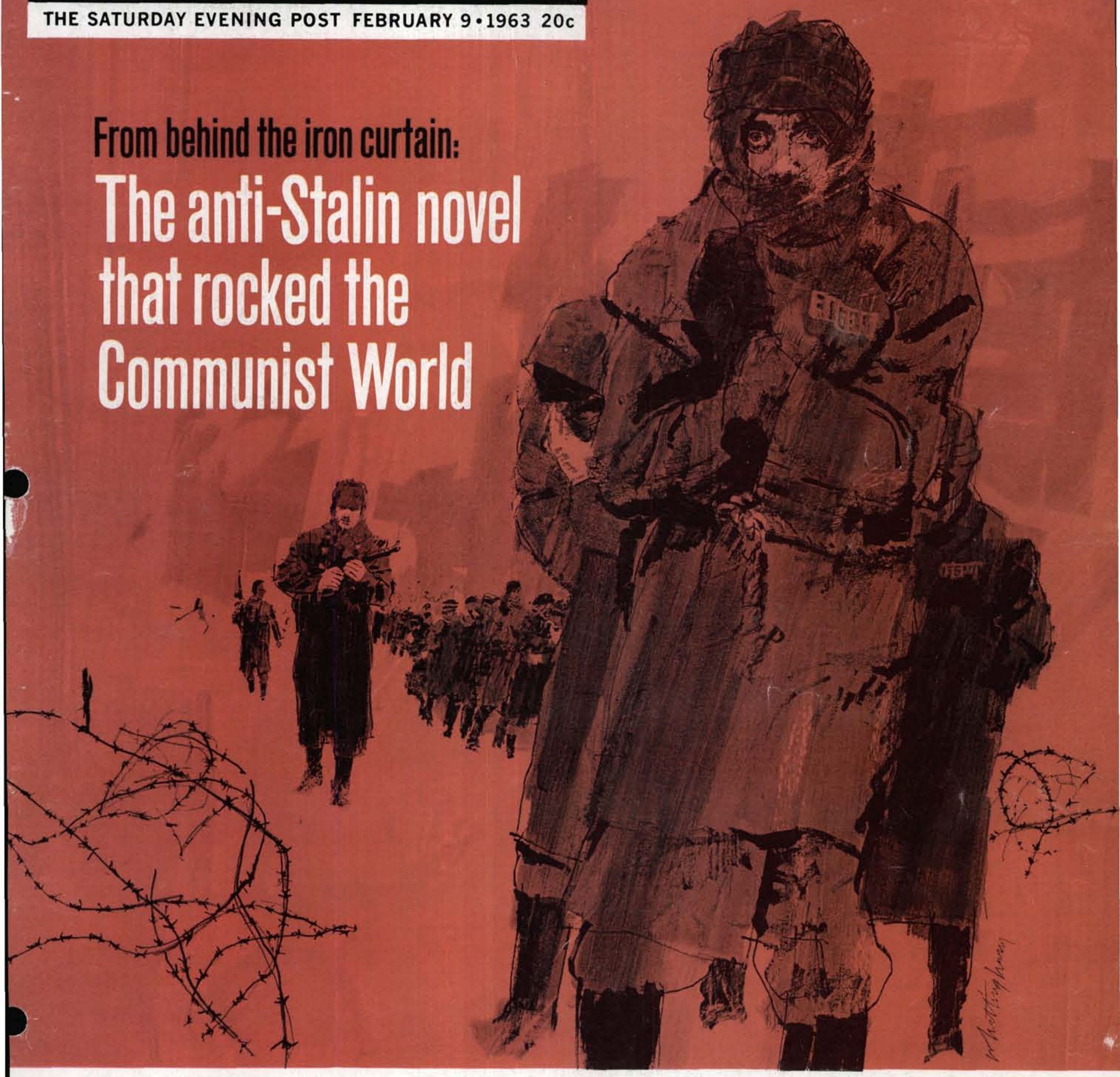
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 9 • 1963 20c

Mysterious Millionaire
the truth about HOWARD HUGHES

Skiing 6 pages in color

From behind the iron curtain:

The anti-Stalin novel that rocked the Communist World



Rotarians *International clubmen* / **Minuteman** *Underground missile force*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

363 GROVE ST
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
PASADENA CALIF

STILL YOUNG—PLENTY OF GROWTH AHEAD

At GT&E, we have reason to expect healthy growth. For growth is greatest in the new communities beyond the big cities, where there's the space and the spirit for growth. And these are the burgeoning areas we serve in 32 states. Communications, too, is just finding its stride. And, as it advances, GT&E will advance with it. As a young company in a young industry serving young areas, our potentials have barely begun to be realized.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Companies in 32 states · General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories · General Telephone & Electronics International · General Telephone Directory Co. · Automatic Electric · Lenkurt Electric · Sylvania Electric Products

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet America's *first* short-range jetliner

It's the brilliant new Boeing 727, shown just after rolling off a Boeing production line.

The 727 is powered by three rear-mounted turbofan engines. Roomy and fast, it can operate from runways as short as 5,000 feet. This means the 727 will be able to introduce jet service to hundreds of smaller cities. It will bring them the personal and business advantages of being part of the jet network of the world.

Although the 727 is the nation's newest jet, it incorporates many structural and design features proved in 800,000,000 miles of Boeing 707 and 720 service.

After one of the most intensive test programs in airliner history, the 727 will enter service early next year. These are the airlines that have already chosen Boeing 727s: American, Ansett-ANA, Eastern, Lufthansa, Trans Australia, TWA, United.

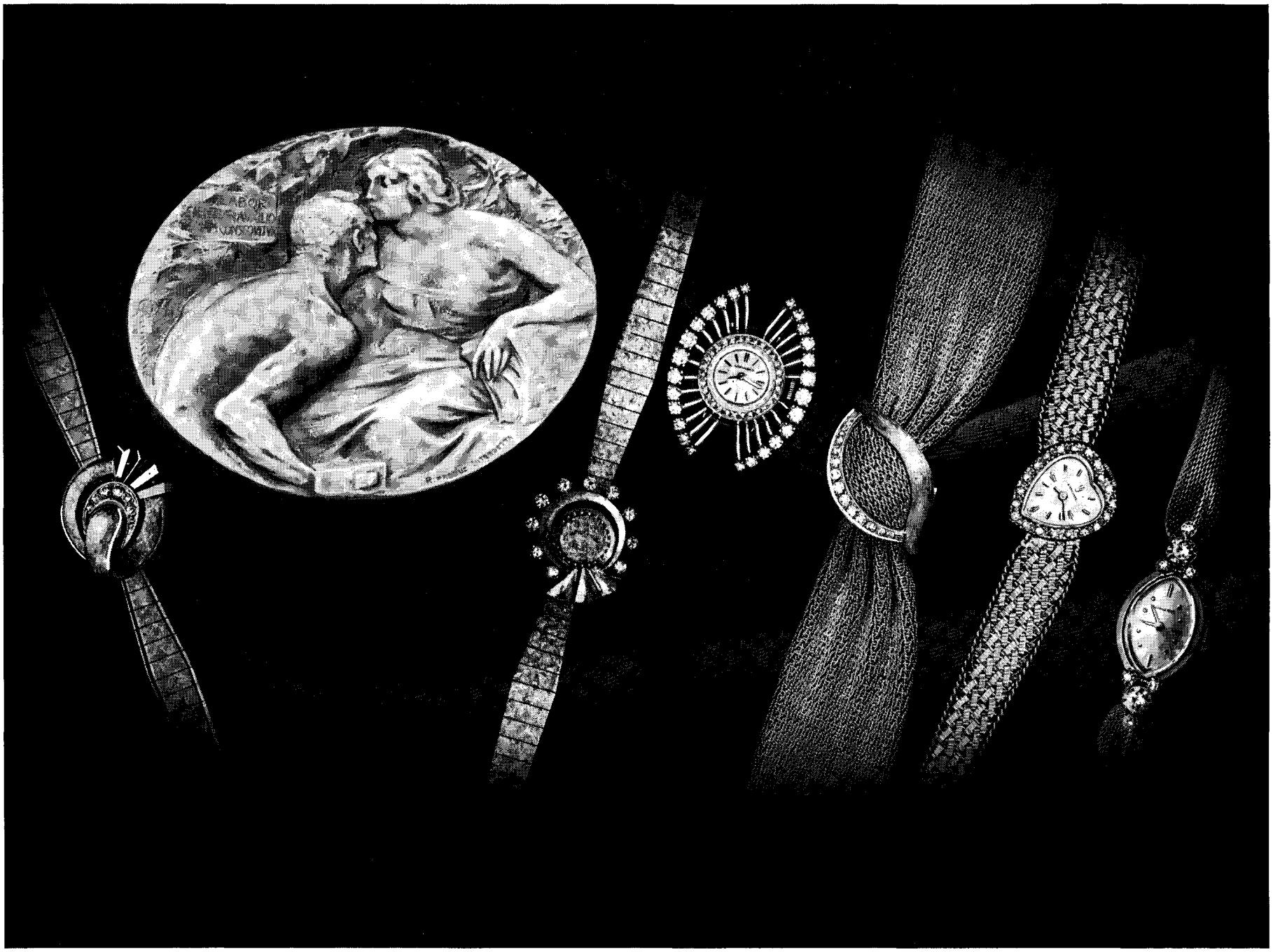
BOEING 727

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND
CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD



LEFT TO RIGHT: LONGINES CREATIONS D'ART • C1661—*14K yellow gold cover watch, studded with 7 diamonds* • C1660—*14K multi-colored gold bracelet watch, with dial cover framed by 10 quality diamonds* • 429—*18K white gold with 55 graduated matched quality diamonds* • C1623—*14K yellow gold cover watch with 13 quality diamonds* • C1614—*14K white gold heart-shaped bracelet watch with 20 matched quality diamonds* • C1603—*14K yellow gold marquise-shaped bracelet watch with 8 quality diamonds. Longines watches from $75 to $10,000.*

LONGINES EXQUISITE CREATIONS d'ART

Finest Diamond Jewelry That Tells Time

Inspired jeweler-artists and Longines watchmakers happily worked together to bring you these exquisite Longines Creations d'Art. The unique and imaginative designs are executed in 14K and 18K yellow, white or multi-colored gold. The diamonds, selected by Longines' own experts, are of varying sizes perfectly cut and individually matched for color and brilliancy. The dials are miniature works of art with hand-detailed applied markers of 18K gold. Watches —round, heart-shaped, oval or marquise, contribute distinction to these unusual Longines Creations d'Art. Obviously only a watch of the superb quality of Longines, *The World's Most Honored Watch*, is worthy of such lavish and regal embellishment. The creation of watches of art, as well as unsurpassed quality, has long been a Longines tradition. See these lovely jewels and you will understand why Longines, and Longines alone, has won 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medal Awards for excellence and elegance, highest honors for accuracy in competitions at government observatories. Longines Creations d'Art watches are available through fine jewelers.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor:
ROBERT SHERROD
Managing Editor:
DAVIS THOMAS
Executive Editor:
DON A. SCHANCHE
Assistant Managing Editors:
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR.
HANK WALKER
Washington Editor:
STEWART ALSOP
Art Director:
ASGER JERRILD
Art Editor:
FRANK KILKER
Chief of Copy:
JOHN HUNT
Senior Editors:
JOHN BIRD
WESLEY PRICE
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR.
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK
GERALD ASTOR
OTTO FRIEDRICH
DON McKINNEY
JOHN MONG
JEFF BROWN
ROGER KAHN
Contributing Editors:
BEVERLY SMITH JR., *Special Assignments*
ERNEST O. HAUSER, *Foreign Affairs*
STEVEN M. SPENCER, *Science*
HAROLD H. MARTIN, *Special Assignments*
JOHN KOBLER, *Special Assignments*
BILL DAVIDSON, *Special Assignments*
PETER MAAS, *Special Assignments*
ROUL TUNLEY, *Special Assignments*
BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, *Special Assignments*
ROBERT K. MASSIE, *Special Assignments*
RICHARD ARMSTRONG, *Special Assignments*
JAMES ATWATER, *Special Assignments*
JOHN SKOW, *Special Assignments*
LEWIS H. LAPHAM, *Special Assignments*
WILLIAM R. SHELTON, *Special Assignments*
GILBERT MILLSTEIN, *Special Assignments*
Assistant to the Editor:
MORTON D. HULL
Associate Editors:
RICHARD L. LEHMAN
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.
BENTON R. PATTERSON
JOHN R. WELLS
ZEN YONKOVIG
DAVID A. LYLE
MARSHALL LUMSDEN
WILLIAM TROMBLEY
JEANETTE SARKISIAN
WILLIAM EWALD
ON GOLD
HOMAS O'TOOLE
ON OBERDORFER
NANCY MAHONEY
TREVOR ARMBRISTER
MAC LENNAN FARRELL
Assistant Editors:
VIVIAN CROAKE WARD
HAROLD P. HOSTETLER
LINCOLN HAYNES
THOMAS R. MARVEL
SALLY A. REUKAUF
ROGER VAUGHAN
ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS
Editorial Assistants:
GLADYS ANN MÜLLER
JANE DENIS SMITH
ELIZABETH R. DEMPSTER
LIA SMITS
JUDY GUROVITZ
DAVID MOLLER
RONALD MEYERSON
STEPHEN PERRY

Publisher:
C. L. MacNELLY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editorial Director*

© 1963 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except *alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end*; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; James W. Ley, Vice Pres., Curtis Magazine Division; Clay Blair Jr., Vice Pres. and Editorial Director; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Jesse L. Ballew, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. The Saturday Evening Post editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Changing Your Address?
Don't Forget Your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.
Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 5

Articles

Congress Must Reform (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *By Roscoe Drummond* 8
Howard Hughes: He Battles for an Empire . . . . . *By James R. Phelan* 15
The Rage to Ski . . . . . *Photographs by John Zimmerman* 24
Social Climbing on the Slopes . . . . . *By Gay Talese* 30
Stan Freberg: His Private War . . . . . *By Bill Davidson* 56
The Wonderful, Wide, Backslapping World of Rotary . . *By John Bird* 58
How the Modern Minuteman Guards the Peace . . . . *By James Atwater* 65

Fiction

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich. . . . *By Alexander Solzhenitsyn* 36
CONDENSATION OF A NOVEL

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 54
Hazel 62
Editorials 70

Slave Labor camps in Stalinist Russia were long a fact of Soviet life. Yet until recently the Communists branded them capitalist propaganda. Because of such repeated denials, the appearance last fall of a novel set in an arctic prison camp created a sensation in Moscow. **Alexander Solzhenitsyn** was himself a slave-camp prisoner during the Stalin era. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, his first novel, appeared in the literary monthly *Novy Mir* on November 20, 1962. Within hours all of the 95,000 copies were sold. Its appearance is remarkable because Soviet authorities permitted it. More remarkable is that an event so common in the free world— the publication of a story which realistically portrays the circumstances of national life— brought Muscovites into the streets to stand in line all night to buy a magazine. The book has since been published in other Iron Curtain countries and in Western Europe as well. Two different English translations have just been published in this country, one by Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., the other by E. P. Dutton & Co. *The Post*'s condensation is taken from the Praeger translation. Both versions will be offered by the Book-of-the-Month Club as an alternate selection in March. In June, Bantam Books will publish a paperback edition.

Other Bylines. For a year and a half California free-lancer **James Phelan** has been on and off the trail of phantom millionaire Howard Hughes. He became such an authority on Hughes and his whereabouts that a group interested in subpoenaing Hughes once offered Phelan $5,000 to put the finger on the elusive industrialist. Phelan declined. . . . To photograph skiers in action, **John Zimmerman** lay barehanded in the subzero snow and also scaled a ski-lift tower in the howling wind to snap a gondola as it sailed past his perch. . . . *New York Times* reporter **Gay Talese** spent New Year's weekend at Sugarbush, Vermont. He rented a pair of skis but didn't ski, says he "didn't social-climb either." . . . When he arrived for an appointment with Stan Freberg, contributing editor **Bill Davidson** was surprised to hear the unpredictable comic announce his departure on a family vacation. But Freberg's idea of a vacation turned out to be a journey to the Beverly Hills Hotel, less than five minutes away. . . . Not a Rotarian himself, senior editor **John Bird** heard so much enthusiastic talk from members that he decided to find out what sort of organization generated such intense loyalties. . . . Air Force veteran **James Atwater** found a friendly reception among today's airmen, but found little in the weird world of missile men to compare with his own experiences during the Korean War.

The Cover scene shows a Soviet prison camp and illustrates this week's condensed novel. To signal its condensation of this timely book, *The Post* commissioned New York artist **Bill Whittingham** to paint a cover illustration which would convey the subject matter and mood of the novel. Working long hours to meet an engraving deadline, artist Whittingham produced his haunting cover.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Nehru's Crisis

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your fine analysis, NEHRU: THE GREAT AWAKENING [by Robert Sherrod, Jan. 19]. It is interesting to note that, at the height of the Cuban confrontation, *Pravda*'s first comment on the Chinese invasion was to blame India. Days later, as the peak of the Cuban crisis passed, the U.S.S.R. declared itself neutral as between China and India. Now, as chances for further Soviet-American dealings seem to be good, the Soviet Union is openly condemning the Chinese at the East German Communist Party meeting.

JASWANT KRISHNAYYA
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Norman Rockwell. He did it again. His picture of Prime Minister Nehru on your January 19 cover is a perfect likeness.

MARLYN R. WIATER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Must all traditions be discarded? Always, in the issue published nearest to January 18 the cover picture has been that of Benjamin Franklin. So this year we get Nehru—a poor substitute!

MRS. C. H. MCCALL
Palm Beach, Fla.

● *The Franklin birthday cover series began in 1943.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Your cover of Nehru is not the face of the month, of the year, or even of the century—but of all centuries, with the exception of Christ. It is strong, determined, manly, thoughtful and independent, and yet so gentle and kind. There is not one weak line in his whole face, not even in the set of his head.

MRS. LEILA WOODCOCK
Cocoa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

As Indians doing graduate study at M.I.T., we want to express our very great sense of appreciation for the quick, generous and effective assistance offered by the United States when we were attacked by Communist China. That this feeling is shared in India is borne out by the surveys of the Indian Institute of Public Opinion, which reports that those "favorably disposed" towards the United States rose from 34 percent in October to 89 percent in November, 1962.

K. JOSEPH CLEETUS
SUHAS P. SUKHATME
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

India got what was given to the Goan people—no more; no less.

PATRICK GORMAN
New York, N.Y.

Desegregation Slowdown

Dear Sirs:

No one appeciates more than I the tragedy covered in Carl T. Rowan's article, THE TRAVESTY OF INTEGRATION, from the January 19 *Post*. For the present destructive blame and hate campaigns, let's substitute a slogan: "I'll do nothing to hurt my race—black or white."

JEANNE BATTEN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The facts and figures given by Carl T. Rowan illustrate the fallaciousness of the U.S. Supreme Court in the 1954 decision in which an effort was made to alter both social custom and the Constitution of the United States through judicial decree.

CLAUDE W. DAVIS
Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Rowan has written a fine article and a fair one. Thank you for printing it. Sooner or later the Negroes will win the battle of integration. For the good of our white souls, the sooner the better. Directly and indirectly we are teaching our children to hate. To hate a different color now, will the next hate be of a different religion or of a person who is physically different? We must find an answer, and until we do we must obey the laws of our country.

MRS. C. K. MCCADAMS
Greensboro, N.C.

Central Park Skaters

Dear Sirs:

Here is a painting done by Winslow Homer in the 19th century of a scene

Winslow Homer

Frank Mullins

near the location of your January 5–12 cover picture. I thought you would be interested in seeing the difference.

F. D. HENTHORNE
Columbus, Ohio

The Trouble With Cholly

Dear Sirs:

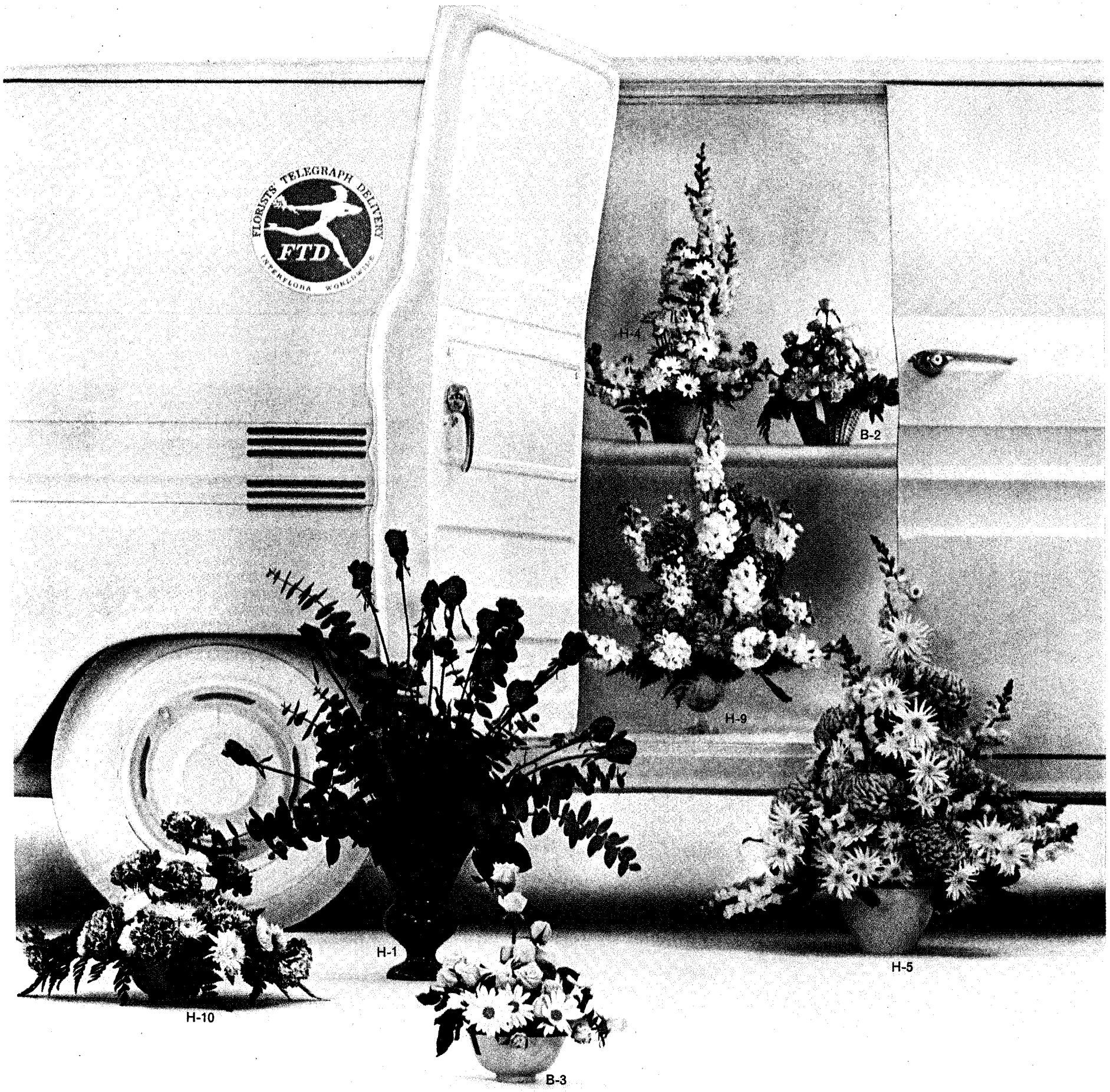
Your excellent and revealing article BOSWELL OF THE JET SET [by Peter Maas, Jan. 19] nicely proves that if you develop a clever and brazen method of playing both ends against the middle, you, too, may become an Igor Cassini.

STEPHEN W. BASS
New York, N.Y.

Valentine's Day

THIS SPECIAL BOUQUET FOR $7.50 (DELIVERED ANYWHERE*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



any day

CHOOSE ONE OF THESE BOUQUETS FROM OUR NEW FTD CATALOG

Close to someone far away? FTD's special Valentine bouquet will travel anywhere in the U.S. or Canada. It costs just $7.50, vase included. (*Handling charges, extra on out-of-town deliveries, can be as low as 50¢ when you order far enough ahead.) Sending flowers by wire is so simple to do, you'll want to do it often. Our new catalog of flowers for every occasion pictures 21 beautiful bouquets, complete with prices. This way you know what you're spending, you see what you're sending, you're sure of how your gift will look when it arrives. You just order by number, in person or over the phone. Get your free copy of the catalog from your local FTD florist. He's the one with the Mercury emblem on his window. He does beautiful work. *FLOWERS BY WIRE: SO EASY, SO THOUGHTFUL, SO BEAUTIFULLY RECEIVED.*

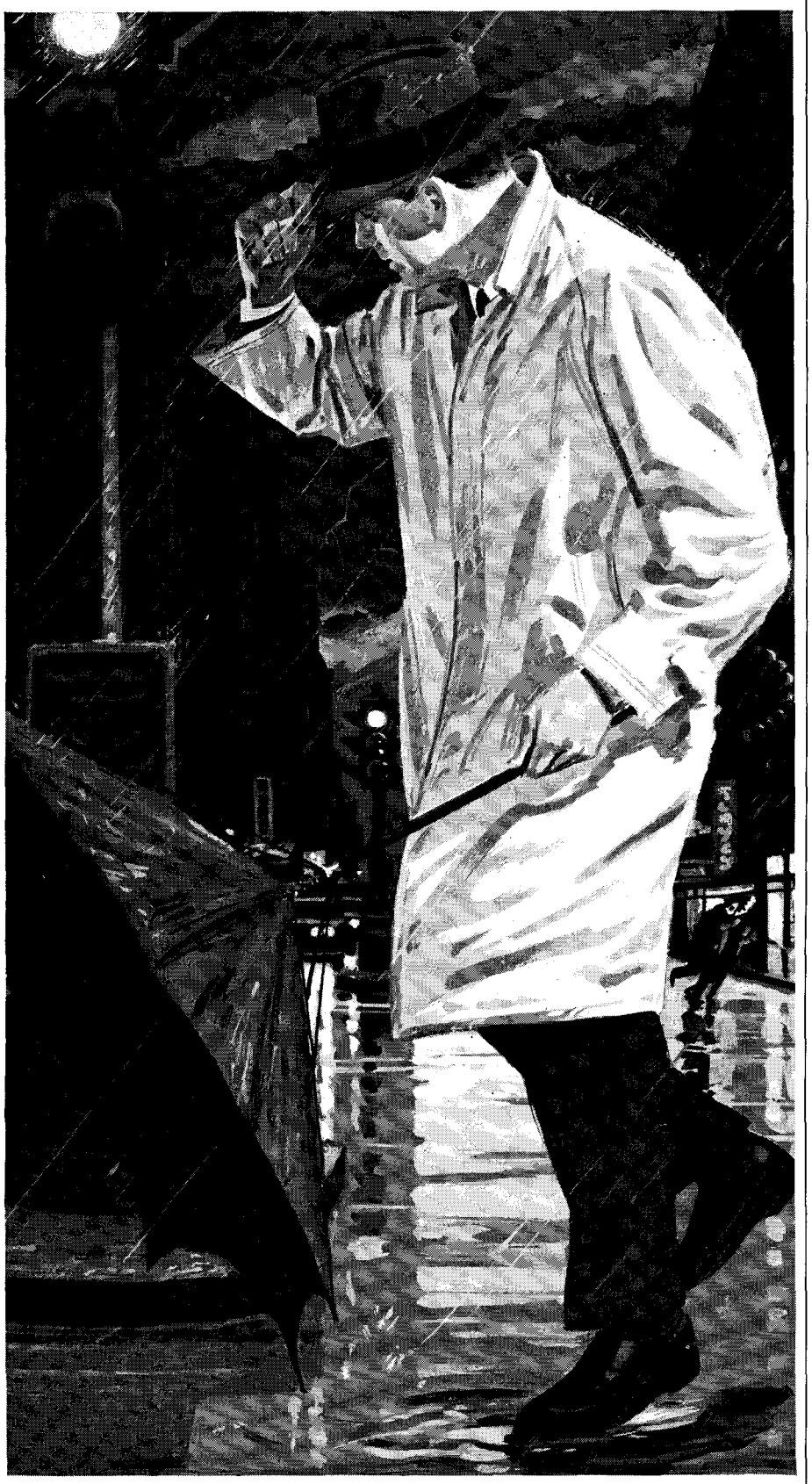
Only FTD member florists display this emblem.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
FTD
INTERFLORA · WORLDWIDE

Your guarantee of quality and delivery or your money back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SNEEZIN' SEASON



at the first sign of a cold take...

There is no cure for a cold, but there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer for relief of many cold miseries. □ Relieves headache pain. □ Soothes muscular aches and pains. □ Reduces fever. Alka-Seltzer—to help you feel better while you're getting better.

LETTERS

Love You, Love You Not

Dear Sirs:

I have been meaning to write for some time to tell you how much I enjoy the *Post* and admire the new format. This issue (Jan. 19) especially inspires compliments for the excellent short stories by William Saroyan, Graham Greene, and Joan Williams and also for the article on Nehru.

As a college student with little time for outside reading, I get more information from the *Post* than from any of the news magazines.

PENNIE JOHNSON
Campbell, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Because I find the *Post* you are now issuing so disappointing and uninteresting, I have decided, after being a constant reader and subscriber since 1886, that I would let my subscription expire and no longer be annoyed.

MRS. SIBYL E. HERMANCE
Avon, Conn.

● *If Mrs. Hermance changes her mind,* The Post *would be delighted to welcome back its lively 90-year-old subscriber.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I have been a *Post* fan for about 50 years, so I guess that makes me an old-timer. This last issue (Jan. 19) is just about the best I've seen. It's great.

HARRISON HARTLEY
St. Joseph, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The poem *Jenny Kissed Me, But She Called Me Sir* by Ogden Nash [Jan. 5–12] is pertinent and so well describes my own feelings. I feel that it belittles our high elective officials and their wives to refer to them as "F.D.R.," "H.S.T.," "Bess," "Ike," "Mamie," "Dick," "Pat," "J.F.K.," "Jackie," "L.B.J.," "Lady-Bird" or refer to the Duchess of Windsor as "Wally." I would like to see a movement started to rule out this nickname business.

HARRY B. LABARR
Sayre, Pa.

Place Your Bets

Dear Sirs:

Gambling is perhaps the worst vice of all—partly because it is not recognized as such (In Defense of Gambling by Jimmy Breslin, Jan. 5–12). Other serious vices are self-limiting. The insatiable lover is slowed down by old age. The persistent drunkard is eventually forced to limit his intake. The drug addict falls into the hands of the law. But the inveterate gambler survives hale and hearty. When he has no more money, he begs, borrows, or steals.

H. C. BROOKS
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Plaudits to the *Post* and to Jimmy Breslin for a non-hypocritical article on gambling. Being a low-money-type gambler, and obviously much in the same position as the author, I still dislike the feeling of being dictated to in our American Democracy.

DICK SPARKS
Seattle, Wash.

COMING...in next week's Post

Parents Wanted
More babies for adoption than couples who want them
A special report

a valentine story by **JAMES JONES**

THE WILD MEN of European sports

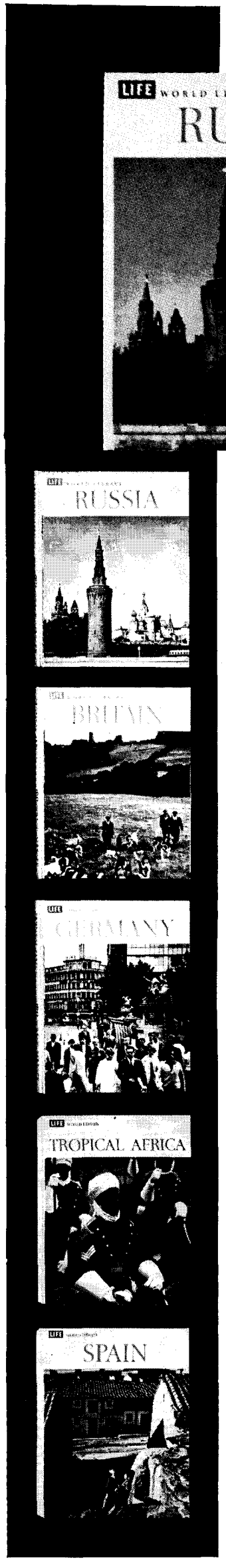
MONA LISA
Too much ado about a famous lady

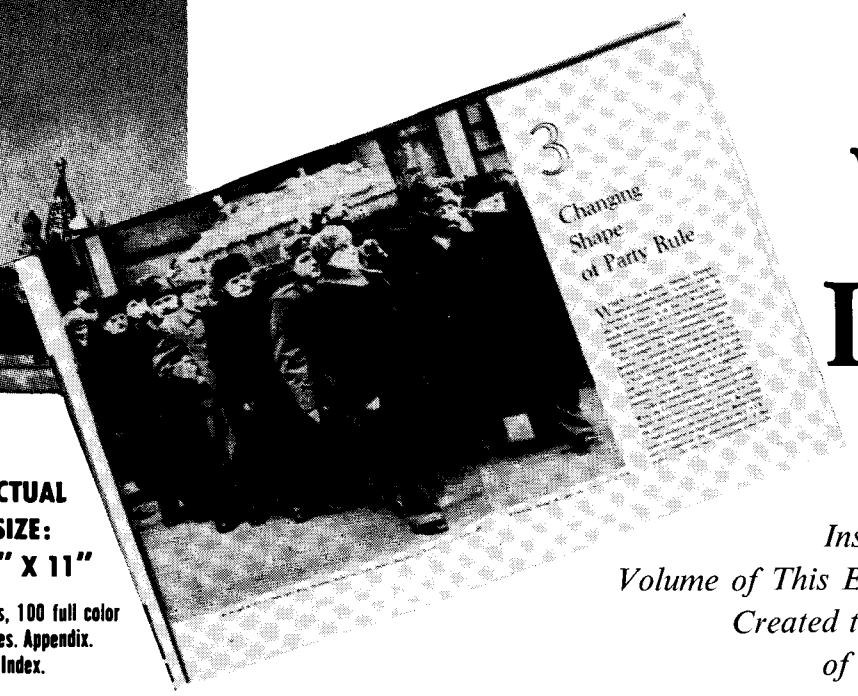
GEORGIA
A Deep-South state turns the corner

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

8–Ollie Atkins. • 15, 16–Loran Smith. • 17–Loran Smith; Larry Schiller. • 19, 20–Larry Schiller. • 21–Brown Brothers; Culver Pictures; 2 by Wide World. • 23–Wide World. • 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29–John Zimmerman. • 30–Bill Whittingham. • 35–Sovfoto. • 36, 37, 40, 42, 44–Noel Sickles. • 57–Sid Avery. • 58, 59, 60–Robert Huntzinger. • 65–Official U. S. Air Force Photographs. • 66, 67, 68, 69–Joern Gerdts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





ACTUAL SIZE: 8½" X 11"

176 pages, 100 full color pictures. Appendix. Index.

See The Great Nations Of The World . . . Learn Their Rich And Varied Stories . . . Meet Their Colorful Peoples In . . .

THE LIFE WORLD LIBRARY

Available Now for Your Inspection: RUSSIA—Introductory Volume of This Especially Timely Reader Service, Created to Bring You Intimate Knowledge of the Major Nations of the World.

To Americans, Russia is the most mysterious nation in the world and the one that is most vital for us to understand. But because of the Iron Curtain, the vastness of the country, and its many contradictions, it is certainly one of the most difficult of all countries to know. Now, in RUSSIA, the first volume of the LIFE WORLD LIBRARY, the Editors of LIFE bring you an immensely helpful guide to this understanding . . . which at the same time offers you all the excitement and entertainment of a firsthand visit to Russia. In a series of picture essays, prepared in Russia by teams of LIFE photographers and reporters, you see the land, the people, their history and traditions, and their way of life. We believe this new pictorial approach can give you—and your family—a far deeper understanding of the leading Communist nation than could be gained from reading a dozen specialized books. With RUSSIA, LIFE will introduce you to a service for thoughtful readers and their families . . . the LIFE WORLD LIBRARY. We take great pleasure in inviting you to accept this volume to examine and read in your own home for ten days, without any cost or obligation to buy it.

The Look Of The Land, The Life Of The People . . .

You meet the people of Russia—see them strolling through Red Square on a sunny day, relaxing at a Black Sea resort . . . you tour the land—journey into remote Siberia, to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea, to Samarkand where Tamerlane once reigned . . . you learn the legends, the traditions, the spirit of the people by what you see: a morning service in a Russian Orthodox church; a mass calisthenics exhibit in Moscow's Dynamo Stadium and a trade exhibit. The Editors of LIFE believe that when you read future news stories about Russia's activities, whether political or social, you will do so with a fresh understanding of the motives that cause this nation and its people to act as they do.

The Life World Library Will Give You a New Understanding of Our Modern World

Accompanying the picture essays in RUSSIA's 176 pages is Charles W. Thayer's 35,000-word text that will make it a permanent reference volume in your personal library. You will turn to it whenever a question about the U.S.S.R. arises and it will serve as a valuable aid to those in your family who are attending school. Among subsequent volumes in the LIFE WORLD LIBRARY will be TROPICAL AFRICA, BRITAIN, GERMANY, FRANCE and SPAIN. You may examine each volume, starting with RUSSIA, as it is issued every other month. After you have had a chance to examine and read RUSSIA, you may either send in $2.95 plus shipping and handling, or return the book to us with no further obligation on your part. The other books in the series, also priced at $2.95, come to you on the same ten-day free examination terms. You can cancel at any time, and buy as many or as few books as you wish. Why not send in the coupon or write today, so that you may see RUSSIA and decide about the LIFE WORLD LIBRARY for yourself?

TIME INC. BOOKS, *540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.*

☐ Please send me, for ten days' free examination, a copy of RUSSIA. If I decide to keep this book, I will pay only $2.95 (plus shipping and handling). You may then confirm my reservation to receive future volumes in the LIFE WORLD LIBRARY, which I understand are being issued a volume at a time at 2-month intervals, at the same price of $2.95. It is understood that these future volumes are also to be sent to me on approval, and I may return any volume within ten days after receiving it, and may cancel my reservation at any time. If, after examining this first volume, I do not choose to keep the book or become a subscriber, I may return the volume within ten days, my reservation for future volumes will be cancelled, and I am under no further obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State or Province* _____

4573

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT

Washington columnist for the New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, Roscoe Drummond has been reporting the Washington scene since 1940, with two years off as director of information for the Marshall Plan. Before joining the Herald Tribune Mr. Drummond established a nationwide reputation as a political writer for the Christian Science Monitor.

Congress Must Reform

by Roscoe Drummond

Our legislators are frittering away their power and shirking their duty.

The Congress of the United States has virtually lost its capacity to transact the public business. Senate and House are both woefully incapable of transacting this business carefully, responsibly and efficiently.

From the depression of the 1930's, through the long career of F.D.R. and his successors, we have witnessed the rising tide of presidential power and the ebb of congressional power.

In the depression the nation turned to the President, not to Congress, to rule—and Congress has never been the same since. The legislative initiative has now been with the President, not the Legislature, for more than a quarter of a century.

Moreover it was the President, not Congress, who took the United States into war to defend South Korea. It was the President, not Congress, who by raising his voice and brandishing his power compelled Big Steel to cancel its price increases.

Obviously there is no merit in a weak President. But there is crucial need for a strong, efficient and disciplined Congress. Today Congress is not even the second most influential branch of the Government. It is third.

For a decade the second most influential branch of the Government has been the judiciary. From 1954 to 1963 no act of Congress has affected the shape of our society as profoundly as the two decisions of the Supreme Court—the one requiring the racial integration of the public schools and the other requiring the reapportionment of the state legislatures to provide more equitable representation for the more heavily populated urban and suburban areas.

Until 1957 Congress had gone 80 years without passing any meaningful legislation protecting civil rights, and finally the Supreme Court had to act. When the 1950 census showed the grievous damage which was being done to the democratic process by discriminatory apportionment of the state legislatures, Congress was either unwilling or unable to take any corrective measures. It was left for individual citizens to petition the judiciary for redress—and the judicial branch filled the vacuum created by the failure of Congress to act.

Thus Congress is no longer the coequal of the other two branches of our Federal system. Our whole system of checks and balances, which depends on a strong legislative body, is in grave danger. Congress will continue to decline in importance unless it is radically reorganized and equipped to discharge its vast responsibilities. Congressmen need only look at Europe to see what is ahead if they do not mend their ramshackle organization. In France parliamentary power has been checked and presidential power greatly increased. In West Germany Chancellor Adenauer rules the Bundestag more than it rules him. The British Parliament, in modern times, has never been weaker than it is today.

With all the earnestness of a deathbed confession and shortly before his death about 10 years ago, the late Republican Senate Floor Leader, Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, made this plea to his colleagues: "The creaking machinery of Congress is so appallingly inadequate for modern times that free representative government is endangered."

The present Senate Majority Whip, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, echoed this theme: "The modernization of Congress to keep it abreast of the requirements of the times is a continuing problem which demands continuous attention."

Not only has Congress failed to give "continuous attention" to modernizing its machinery; Congress has not given it any attention at all in 16 years.

No significant step has been taken to improve the functioning of Congress since the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946. This measure introduced useful but limited reforms. However, Senate rules have not been significantly revised since 1884. House precedents have not been codified since 1936—and only one man really knows them, the House parliamentarian, who carries them in his head. This puts every minority-party member at a grievous disadvantage by forcing him to check his parliamentary strategy with the parliamentarian, a lieutenant serving under the speaker.

Meanwhile the work load of Congress and the complexities of legislation have increased tremendously. Consider just a few of the things which have happened since that last, feeble effort to modernize the machinery of Congress 16 years ago:

The annual Federal budget has mounted from $35,000,000,000 in 1946 to $92,000,000,000 in 1963, almost a threefold increase.

The volume of legislation has become overpowering. At least 20,000 bills are introduced during every two-year Congress, requiring 4,000 committee reports on legislation and investigation, consuming more than 3,000 hours of floor debate and filling 65,000 pages of the Congressional Record. Compare these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where candy rates
a thank you,
Whitman's Chocolates
rate a kiss

Valentine's Day
February 14

A woman never forgets the man who remembers

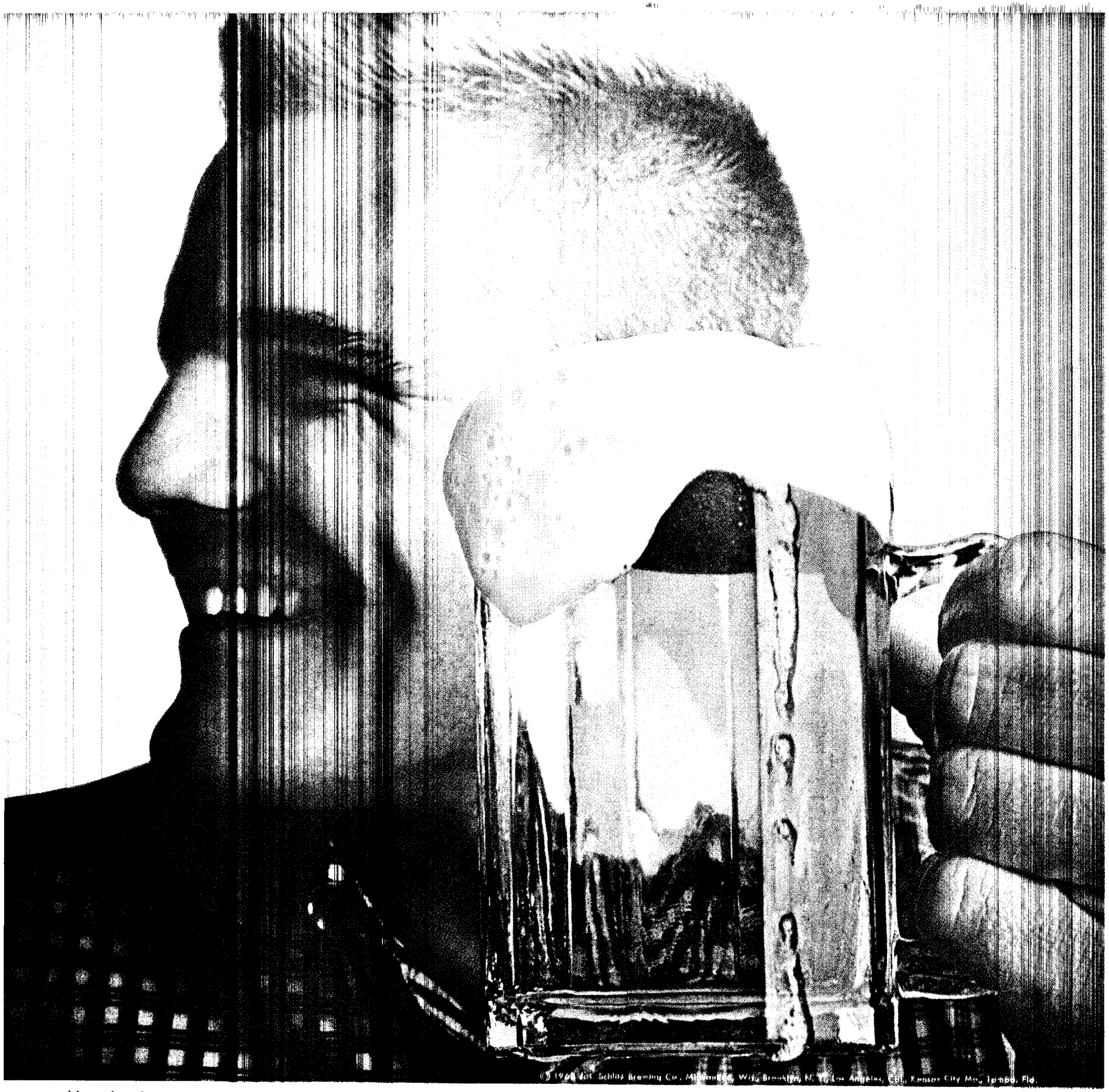
©1963, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

$2 the pound

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spreckels Sugar ••• crystals SO PURE they sparkle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



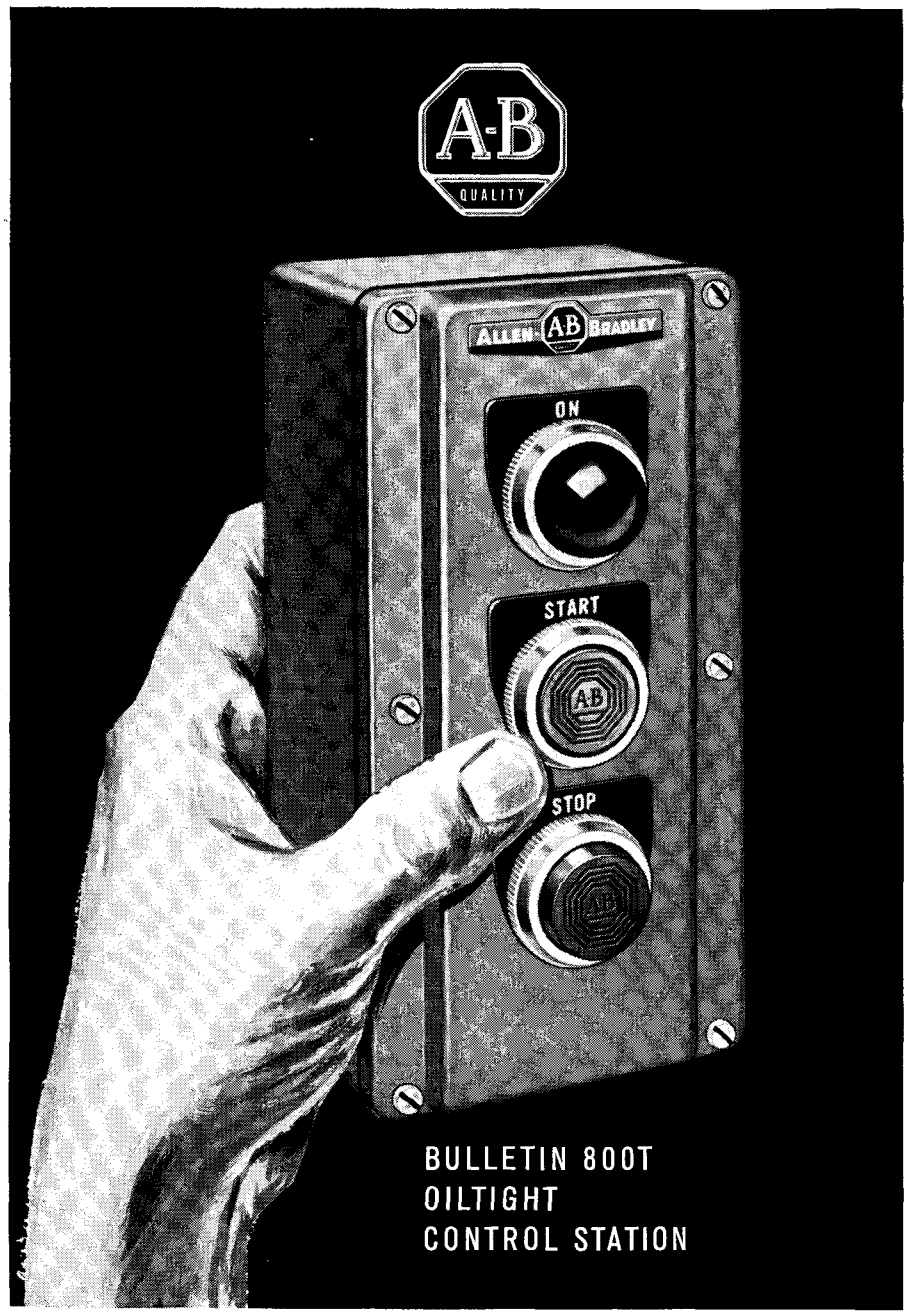
How in the world can a beer taste so big and drink so light? Because it's brewed with just the kiss of the hops. No more. No less. Get together with the beer that made Milwaukee famous simply because it tastes so good!

real gusto

in a great light beer

Schlitz®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Without Reliability Here... You Can't Start a Profitable Production Run

Far too often the real importance of control station reliability is overlooked—*here* is where automation actually begins! The expense of even minor production delays is almost certain to exceed the cost of the trouble-causing control unit . . . by many times. So why bargain for trouble—especially when you can have the "production-proven" reliability of Allen-Bradley Bulletin 800T oiltight control stations. They're ruggedly built to take hard usage in your shop. Both the control units and the stations have a positive seal, so it's impossible for oil or grit to get inside and cause trouble. And there will never be a moment's downtime for contact maintenance, because they are silver and remain in perfect operating condition.

The possible combinations of A-B control units run into the thousands. You can be certain of obtaining the exact type for your specific need. Let us send you more complete information on A-B's *quality* line of Bulletin 800T oiltight control stations. It's all contained in Publication 6090, so please write: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

Quality Motor Control

SPEAKING OUT

figures with those of the 80th Congress in 1947–1948, which introduced a mere 7,163 bills, with correspondingly fewer committee reports, floor debates and pages in the Congressional Record.

The volume of mail from constituents has swollen to unmanageable proportions. In just one month 2,500,000 pieces of mail are received by members of the House. They haven't the means to deal with these letters. The letters cannot be properly analyzed to gauge constituent reactions, nor can they receive adequate reply. Such mail is an invaluable means of mutual education, but Congress refuses to provide means to maintain this vital two-way channel of communication.

The range and complexity of the responsibilities which rest with the Congress—in atomic power, in military missiles, in outer space, in satellite communications—constantly grow, and so does the amount of knowledge required to cope with these new forces.

The role of the Federal Government in promoting the growth of the national economy, the crucial demands of the cold war, the ominous trends toward big government, big business and big labor—all these impose the most exacting burdens upon Congress. But our disorganized Congress, confused, hopelessly geared to its cumbersome machinery, is incapable of filling its vital responsibilities.

Year after year Congress presents the frightening spectacle of approving with a wave of the back of its hand the expenditure of billions of the taxpayers' dollars. How many billions are approved during the weary, frenzied last days of each session? Last October the expiring 87th Congress rushed through five appropriation bills totalling $15,850,981,900. This is one sixth of the Government's $92,000,000,000 budget, and Congress, after it had been in session 173 days, appropriated the money in four frantic days.

Year after year Congress fails to give any scrutiny whatsoever to the Federal budget in toto. No wonder Federal spending gets out of hand.

Congress, after haphazardly appropriating these billions of dollars, fails to give itself an adequate staff to review the misuses of Federal funds as reported to Congress by its own agency—the General Accounting Office. The record is equally dismal in purely legislative matters.

An aid-to-education bill—long endorsed by the platforms of both national parties—was passed by both the House and the Senate in slightly different versions. The next logical step was for a joint committee to settle the differences and produce a compromise bill agreeable to both houses. Did this happen? Could a clear, decisive majority of both houses prevail? No, the aid-to-education bill was killed by the House Rules Committee voting 7 to 5 to refuse to send the approved measures to conference to adjust the differences. Liberal Democrats will tell you that this is a typical example of how seven of the 537 members of Congress trampled on the will of the majority. Many Republicans view it as an illustration of how their Democratic opponents, unable or unwilling to act, hid behind the Rules Committee. However you look at it, it is bad government and standard congressional practice.

In 1962 the members of the House were denied even the right to debate the youth-employment-opportunities bill after it had been duly reported by the House Education and Labor Committee. Why? Because the chairman of the Rules Committee, Howard Smith, single-handedly refused to permit his own committee to vote on the bill after hearings had been held. Thus one stubborn man—one of the several all-powerful committee chairmen—prevailed over the entire Congress.

The powers of the autocratic committee chairmen are completely out of control. The personal feud between the two octogenerian chairmen of the House and Senate Appropriations committees, Sen. Carl Hayden, Democrat, of Arizona, and Rep. Clarence Cannon, Democrat, of Missouri, hopelessly stalled the work of Congress. As a result, several agencies of Government, including the Secret Service (but not Congress itself), couldn't pay their employees. What was the issue? The question of where the conference committee should meet.

In considering what ought to be done in the way of reforms there are many possible starting points: There should be separate fiscal and legislative sessions to enable Congressmen to concentrate on the two entirely different types of legislation, money bills and new laws. Such a division might enable Congressmen to give proper scrutiny to budgetary matters, eliminate irrelevant riders tacked on the appropriations bills and improve the quality of the nonfiscal bills.

Electronic equipment should be installed to reduce time-wasting roll-call votes to a matter of seconds. It now takes an hour to complete a roll-call vote in the House. The 87th Congress spent 600 hours, or 75 eight-hour days or 15 five-day weeks on 600 roll-call votes.

Joint hearings by House and Senate committees would save precious time for Congressmen and also for witnesses, who often must repeat their testimony three or four times under the present procedures.

Misfits are a problem

Committee chairmen should not be czars with the power to overrule the whole Congress. Until some other process of committee operation is worked out each party must exercise control over the seniority system to keep obvious misfits off important committee posts.

The cause of modernizing the creaky machinery of Congress has important champions on Capitol Hill. In the House, Republican Rep. Thomas Curtis of Missouri and Democratic Rep. Chet Holifield of California, although at nearly opposite poles ideologically, have been working together for months to make Congress a more effective body. They have requested funds from several foundations to finance a study of how Congress could best reorganize itself.

Democratic Sens. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, and Republican Sens. Thomas Kuchel of California, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and Clifford Case of New Jersey, among others, believe a Joint Congressional Committee ought to survey the whole range of congressional procedures and then prepare reforms.

But these reformers are struggling against massive inertia and the active resistance of those Congressmen who would rather see a weak and ineffectual Congress than give up special privilege or personal power.

Congress cannot keep up with its space-age duties in a flivver. Time is short, and much needs to be done. Only aroused public support for reorganization can save Congress from collapse. **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1903 Rexall 1963 DIAMOND JUBILEE 60 YEARS

REXALL'S *Winter Festival* OF VALUES

PACK OF 24 PENCILS — "Big Value" pack for office, home, school. Yours for less than 2¢ each! **43¢**

ECONOMY COMBINATION SYRINGE — Combination syringe and hot water bottle, 2-qt., with all attachments. **$1.19**

LATEX HOUSEHOLD GLOVES — Protect hands today with "Sure Grip" palms & fingers. **3 PAIR $1.00**

GIANT DUST PAN — Big 11" x 11½" size, molded of hardy high impact styrene plastic. **27¢**

PACK OF 36 CLOTHESPINS — 36 wooden coil-spring clothespins in plastic bag, a Rexall bargain. **23¢**

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

New! MEDICATED ROOM SPRAY
REXALL VAPURE
7-oz. aerosol **$1.19**

Decongestant vaporizer delivers a concentrated, medicated aerosol mist that helps to clear up nasal congestion fast.

REXALL COUGH CENTER TABLETS. D-Methorphan acts directly on the cough control center, to turn off nagging coughs due to colds. 20-tab. bottle, **$1.49**
INSORB CHEST RUB. Penetrates deep to ease minor bronchial irritations, loosens congestion due to colds. 3-oz. . . . **$1.49**
MI-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH. Multi-purpose antiseptic. Bright amber color, refreshing taste. Use as gargle! Pint, **89¢**
REXALL ASPIRIN. Fast relief of headache pain, fever due to colds. 100 tablets, **64¢**

New! Chewable!
SUPER ANAPAC JR. COLD TABLETS FOR CHILDREN
24's **98¢**

Chewable, fruit-flavored cold tablets help children fight off headache pain, fever, nasal congestion caused by colds.

SUPER ANAPAC FOR ADULTS

REXALL SUPER ANAPAC is a combination-of-ingredients that helps relieve sneezing; helps reduce fever; helps clear nasal congestion. 24-tablet bottle . . . **98¢**
SUPER ANAPAC A.C. TABLETS with anti-cough ingredients. 24 tablets **$1.39**
SUPER ANAPAC COUGH SYRUP $1.49
SUPER ANAPAC NASAL SPRAY . . . . 98¢

New! REXALL TIMED-ACTION COLD CAPSULES
12's **$1.49**

Tiny "pellets of medication" help relieve cold symptoms up to 12 full hours!

REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE TABLETS. Help bring fast relief of cold symptoms, hay fever. 50 tablets, reg. $1.19, now . . . **79¢**
TERPIN HYDRATE A.H. COUGH ELIXIR. Calm the urge to cough! Time-tested Rexall formula contains ammonium chloride and antihistamine. 4-oz. bottle, **79¢**
BUFFERED ASPIRIN. Fast pain relief with less danger of stomach upset. **98¢**
FEVER THERMOMETER. Get this accurate oral thermometer, yours for **79¢**

New! REXALL DAY AND NIGHT COLD TABLETS
20's **98¢**

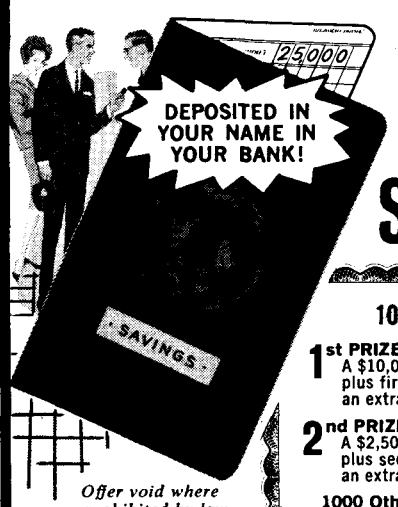
New tablet-within-a-tablet: outer shell dissolves first, for *fast* pain relief; inner core more slowly, for *continuous* relief.

WIN MONEY IN THE BANK

UP TO **$50,000** IN PRIZES

$10,000 FIRST PRIZE

$15,000 FIRST PRIZE BONUS when you include boxtop from Rexall Super Plenamins' great new "combination" package (or the substitute as stated in Rules below).



Offer void where prohibited by law.

To enter—just ask your Rexall Pharmacist to tell you about the sensational special offer on

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS

1010 DRAWINGS! • 1010 CHANCES TO WIN!

1st PRIZE—up to $25,000! A $10,000 bank account plus first prize bonus—an extra $15,000

2nd PRIZE—up to $5,000! A $2,500 bank account plus second prize bonus—an extra $2,500

3rd PRIZE—up to $3,000! A $1,500 bank account plus third prize bonus—an extra $1,500

4th thru 10th PRIZES— Each a $500 bank account plus bonus of an extra $500

1000 Other Prizes—Each a $10 Rexall Merchandise Certificate

NOTHING TO BUY, THINK UP OR FIGURE OUT!

Imagine walking into your hometown bank . . . opening your passbook . . . and finding $25,000 deposited by Rexall in your name! Money enough to send the kids through college—pay off the mortgage—take that long-awaited trip around the world—insure a carefree retirement! Don't wait. Enter Rexall's $50,000 Money In The Bank Sweepstakes *today!* And now—for a limited time only—you can get a 36-day supply of Super Plenamins, America's largest selling vitamin-mineral product, ABSOLUTELY FREE! That's right, now you can take home a *bonus* bottle of 36 tablets with every 144-tablet bottle you buy at regular price! Think of the saving—here's an amazing $10.54 Super Plenamins value for just $7.95—you save $2.59! Ask your Rexall Pharmacist about his money-saving offer on Super Plenamins today!

FREE!
36-DAY SUPPLY, WITH 144-DAY SUPPLY
$10.54 value, both for $7.95

TO ENTER THIS EASY AND EXCITING SWEEPSTAKES:

1. Visit your nearby Rexall Store, and ask your Rexall Pharmacist to tell you about this great new Super Plenamins bargain—a bottle of 36 Super Plenamins tablets FREE when you buy the 144-tablet size! Then fill out an official Sweepstakes entry blank and mail to the address indicated on it.
2. To qualify for the sensational Sweepstakes BONUS PRIZES, simply attach to your entry blank the boxtop from a Super Plenamins' "combination" package, or a plain piece of white paper on which you have hand-printed the words: "Rexall Super Plenamins—Multi-Vitamins with Minerals."

1st Bonus Prize . . . $15,000
2nd Bonus Prize . . . $2,500
3rd Bonus Prize . . . $1,500
4th through 10th Bonus Prizes . . . . $500 ea.

REXALL DELUXE TOOTHBRUSH
In 6 medically approved styles (nylon bristles) for the whole family! Natural bristles . . **79¢**
Both for **69¢**

VALUES IN VITAMIN SPECIALTIES

New! REXALL CHEWABLE VITAMIN C
100's **$4.95**

New from Rexall to you—delicious, fruit-flavored Vitamin C tablets with Sunkist® Natural Citrus Bioflavonoids.

250 VITAMIN C TABLETS. Save 90¢! Ascorbic acid tablets, 100 mg., $2.39, **$1.49**
250 VITAMIN B₁ TABLETS. $2.00 off! Thiamine Hydrochloride tabs, 100 mg., Regularly $4.98, now a special . . . **$2.98**
COD LIVER OIL. Save 16¢ on nature's own Vitamins A and D! 8-oz., 95¢, **79¢**

REXALL MULTIPLE VITAMINS
One Tablet Daily
365's **$3.65**

NEW full year's supply gives you vitamin protection *for just a penny a day!*

VALUES IN RUBBER GOODS

KANTLEEK WATER BOTTLE. *Now's* the time to buy the finest Hot Water Bottle—and save $1.30! 2-qt. capacity, red or white rubber, Kantleek *is guaranteed for 5 full years!* Reg. $4.29, *now just* **$2.99**
KANTLEEK FOUNTAIN SYRINGE. $1.40 off! Top-quality rubber and fittings, red or white, *5-yr. guarantee.* $4.59, **$3.19**
KANTLEEK COMBINATION SYRINGE. Save $1.70! Hot Water Bottle and Syringe combination, *5-yr. guar.*, reg. $5.69, **$3.99**

YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE IN A REAL DRUG STORE

REXALL BRAND PRODUCTS ARE SOLD ONLY AT REXALL STORES. ASK FOR THE REXALL BRAND IN THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN

YOUR Rexall STORE

This advertisement is presented on behalf of 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products bearing the brand of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective through February 28, 1963, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax and other taxes as applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities, subject to compliance with applicable laws. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, California.

NOW . . . AS FOR 60 YEARS . . . THE REXALL BRAND IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pall Mall's natural mildness is so good to your taste!

So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable! *For flavor and enjoyment you just can't beat Pall Mall's natural mildness. It's so good to your taste. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste*

Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best.
Pall Mall's famous length travels the smoke naturally... over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy Makes it mild... but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

COMPARE ALL THREE!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

After years of almost total privacy, the last great loner has a date in court.

HOWARD HUGHES

He is battling for control of a billion-dollar empire.

Legendary in his own lifetime, Hughes designed the biggest plane ever flown (just once), made movie stars of Jean Harlow and Jane Russell by producing "Hell's Angels" and "The Outlaw," guided T.W.A. to a leading position among American airlines—and pulled the most successful vanishing act since Houdini. Now he is facing his greatest challenge. / **By JAMES R. PHELAN**

Hughes walks away from experimental plane which later crashed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bystanders gaped as section of Hughes's giant flying boat reached Long Beach, California.

Planned as a troop transport, the plywood plane was not even assembled until war was over.

HUGHES

Next Monday a remarkable event is scheduled to take place in Los Angeles. Under the solemn instructions of a Federal court, an invisible man is supposed to materialize himself.

The man is Howard Robard Hughes, one of the richest men in the world and a legend in his own time, and the court order that he produce his lanky, six-foot, two-inch frame is for the purpose of obtaining his testimony in one of the most massive lawsuits in modern times.

What makes his impending appearance of particular interest is that six years ago Hughes vanished from mortal ken much as if he had been whisked away to another galaxy by flying saucer. Since that time he has been sought in vain by armies of skilled detectives. Enormously wealthy and potent financial institutions have laid legal traps for him; all have snapped shut on empty air. A national picture magazine set out to photograph him in his lair and wound up with a picture of his barber.

Like all wondrous events that are billed in advance—such as the end of the world and the surfacing of the Loch Ness monster—the materialization of Howard Hughes in Los Angeles will not necessarily come off on schedule. He has been under court order to appear in lesser cases in the past and has maintained his invisibility by settling out of court at the last minute.

What sets this case apart from all others is the size of the stakes. Known throughout the Hughes camp by the simple and ominous name of the Big One, it involves control of the giant Trans World Airlines, in which Hughes owns 78 percent of the stock. Control of T.W.A., in turn, involves a proposed merger with the Pan American line, which in turn would have a far-reaching effect on the future of American and international air transportation. Beyond this, the Big One involves damage claims and counterclaims totaling $481 million and has tied up Hughes's control of Hughes Tool Company, the parent cornucopia that spawned the golden seeds for his entire billion-dollar empire. All this adds up to such an enormous poker pot that not even a high-roller of Hughes's stature can forfeit it on a whim.

"If we lose the Big One," a Hughes aide says, "the whole empire may go."

Whether the scheduled showdown takes place next week or six months from now, it will be charged with all the drama of Gary Cooper's lonely battle against a gang of gunslingers in *High Noon*. It pits Hughes, the last of the great "loners" in America, against an awesome New York financial coalition of some of the largest money organizations in existence.

To the bitter enemies of Howard Hughes, any comparison of the lanky, secretive ex-Texan with Gary Cooper's lonely lawman is intolerable. In their view Hughes is a sort of elusive Black Bart whom the posse of an orderly society is about to flush out of the badlands. This view was recently expressed by a lawyer, John Sonnett, representing the new, banker-controlled management of T.W.A. In a court hearing he described his employers as "men of stature in the business world . . . rendering an important public service," and added, "I don't know how long men of stature like this are going to take this kind of abuse from a man who has been hiding out, apparently, in one or another back alley, garbage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critics called Hughes's monster plane the Spruce Goose and claimed it would never fly.

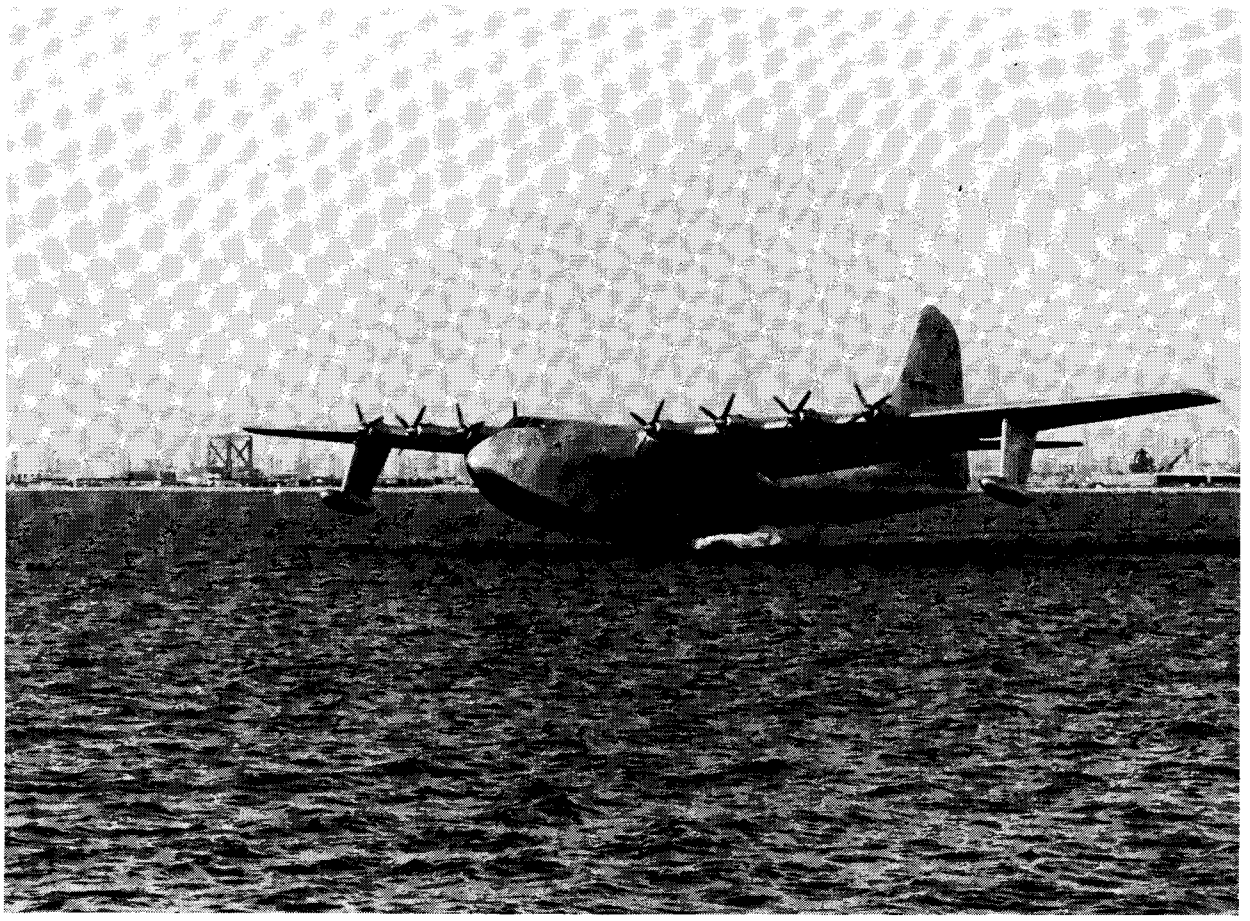
dump, a place in the desert, conducting his business in phone booths or men's toilets for the sake of secrecy."

At the time of this outburst Hughes was actually installed in a $50,000-a-year leased mansion in Bel-Air, one of four or five expensive establishments among which he moves in great secrecy, like a modern-day Scarlet Pimpernel, while maintaining a constant battle of harassment against his opposition. But in the deeper sense attorney Sonnett's characterization of Hughes as a sort of ghostly vagrant is an accurate one.

Many wealthy persons stay aloof from the *polloi*, to be sure. With Hughes, however, total privacy has become an obsession and a way of life. He keeps his person apart not only from the masses but also from the bankers and captains of industry who make up the world of power and wealth in which he is a dominant figure. For years he has been the nearest thing to an Invisible Man outside the pages of H. G. Wells.

Actually, Hughes has been gradually waning from view, like the Cheshire cat, for more than twenty years. He always has liked privacy, and when much younger used to disappear for long stretches and bury himself in work. More than 15 years ago his uncle, the late playwright Rupert Hughes, complained, "I can get through to the Almighty by dropping to my knees, but I don't know how to get in touch with Howard." It was only in 1957 that his disappearance became almost total, and even the Cheshire grin vanished.

The general manager of one of his enterprises, Hughes Productions, recently testified under oath that he had not even talked to Hughes for five years. Carter Burgess, onetime president of Trans World Airlines, was named head of that giant corporation, served for nearly a year and resigned without ever meeting the man he worked for. Raymond Holliday, executive vice president of Hughes Tool and head of the three-man executive committee that runs the whole Hughes empire, solemnly swore a few months ago that he had not seen Hughes since 1959. "I don't know how to get in touch with Mr. Hughes," said his top executive.

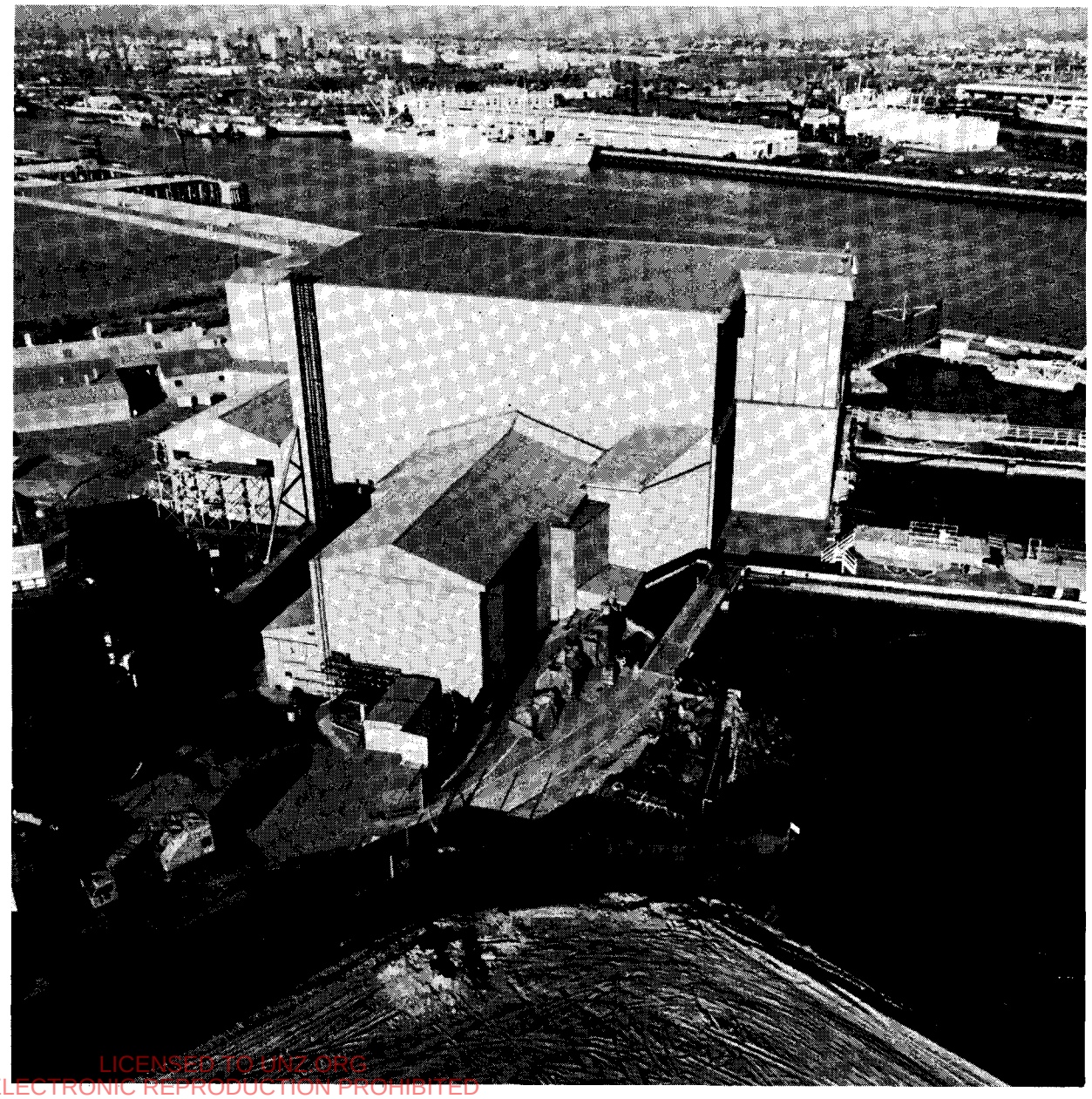


Staking his reputation on the outcome, Hughes coaxed the plane aloft off Long Beach.

A platoon-sized manhunt

Beginning a little over a year ago, an intense effort to locate Hughes was launched by a platoon of skilled private investigators, hired by a law firm representing the new, or Wall Street, management of T.W.A., in order to serve the elusive multimillionaire with legal papers in their battle for the airline. This private manhunt was headed by a shrewd little sleuth named A. B. Leckie, who had unique qualifications for the job. Leckie was the only private investigator ever known to have found Hughes, having traced him years before to a resort hotel in Las Vegas at the behest of a suspicious movie actress whom Hughes had been squiring around.

In the T.W.A. manhunt a bizarre secret war was soon raging between Leckie's legion and Hughes's own security forces, commanded by a former FBI agent. Frustrated at every turn, Leckie finally staked out the residence of Hughes's top troubleshooter. The Hughes field general spotted the opposition's field general, sallied forth and gently chided him for playing cloak-and-dagger with another professional.



Inside this oddly shaped hangar, Hughes men are still working on the Spruce Goose.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUGHES

Nerve center of Hughes's empire is an unmarked building.

"Listen," said the Hughes man, "my boss owns 78 percent of T.W.A., so we're paying more than three fourths of your salary. Quit hanging around my place and go out and hunt for Mr. Hughes. So long as we're paying you, earn your money."

Throughout history men have often withdrawn from the world in a variety of ways for a variety of reasons—Thoreau to Walden Pond, St. Simon Stylites to the top of a stone column, the traditional hermit to his cave. What makes the case of Howard Hughes so baffling is that, while he has drawn a cloak of invisibility around himself, he has not actually withdrawn from the world at all, but maintains an intense and possessive interest in his huge financial barony.

His enterprises, prosperous and humming with activity, range from a brewery in Texas to Hughes Aircraft, one of the nation's top missile and electronics concerns, which is now deeply involved in the space program. His Hughes Tool Company has played a key role in the oil industry; for many years it manufactured the majority of the drilling bits used throughout the entire non-Communist world. T.W.A. is not only a major domestic airline but also the No. 2 U.S. flag carrier in international air travel. Just recently, furthermore, Hughes acquired control of a second airline, Northeast, and entered the field of business-management systems by founding Hughes Dynamics.

To run an empire of this magnitude and still never emerge into public sight, Hughes has devised a *modus operandi* unique in modern corporate management. It centers on a block-long, two-story, buff stucco building at 7000 Romaine Street in Los Angeles. Nowhere does the building carry any sign or inscription identifying it with Hughes or his enterprises. Its first floor appears to be deserted. On the second floor, behind locked doors and drawn blinds, is his "message center," presided over by a handful of trusted aides and his private executive secretary of 21 years, Nadine Henley, and staffed by a corps of couriers, chauffeurs and guards. Throughout his empire it is known simply as Operations. Hughes never visits the center, but it provides him with a relay point through which he can get in touch with any of his executives at any time of the day or night.

Operations reports to a tall, taciturn, blond Mormon named Bill Gay, a senior vice president who has served Hughes for 10 years and is the only Hughes executive who sees Mr. H., as the Operations staff calls him, with any regularity. Gay has staffed Operations with fellow Mormons on the theory that his coreligionists are industrious, trustworthy, and resistant to such vices as the use of alcohol, which is notoriously fatal to the practice of tight security.

From the message center on Romaine Street, word is frequently sped to Hughes executives to "stand by" for a call from Mr. H. This requires that they suspend all normal activities and be available when Hughes wishes to talk to them. Throughout the Hughes ranks this status is known as "being on the hook," and it often stretches into a marathon ordeal when Hughes's attention gets diverted elsewhere. Hughes employees have been known to hang "on the hook" for weeks, if not months.

Veteran Hughes men accept this eccentricity philosophically and use their enforced idleness to advantage. "I once learned a great deal about the family life of pigeons," says a former Hughes executive. "I was put on standby in a Washington hotel waiting for an urgent call from Hughes. Across the way a pair of pigeons were constructing a nest on a window ledge. They finished it, the mother laid her eggs and hatched them, they fed the brood and finally taught them to fly before Hughes called. It was actually quite fascinating, especially since I was being paid exceedingly well for this bird watching."

Hughes mistrusts even this indirect method of communicating with his aides. When he finally calls someone "on standby" he often directs the man to go to a public phone booth, call the message center and leave the number. It is then relayed to Hughes, and he places his call to the public booth.

More often than not, these maneuvers take place in the small hours of the morning, a time which Hughes once described as "the wonderful, quiet, clean part of the day." He wears no watch, sleeps whenever his energy runs out, and works when he wakes, without regard for the conventional schedules that others keep.

The unmarked building on Romaine not only helps guard Hughes's privacy; it also provides him with money. Hughes draws no regular salary from any of his enterprises but meets his personal expenses, which are fairly enormous, by a typically secretive and indirect method. Once a month large sums are transferred from a Hughes Tool Company (Toolco) account in Houston, Texas, to Hughes Productions Inc., an inactive movie making subsidiary of Toolco, on Romaine Street. From the Hughes Productions account money is transferred to the L.M. Company account at a nearby Bank of America branch. The "L.M." stands for Lee Murrin, general manager of Hughes Productions, who functions as Hughes's "money man." Couriers regularly fetch Hughes's bills, charge accounts and such to Murrin, who pays them from the L.M Company account. "L.M. Company isn't really a company," Murrin has explained; "it's just—well, I don't know."

"Damned odd, but a genius"

At the end of the year, Hughes's personal expenditures are tallied up, and the Toolco board of directors solemnly votes Hughes, who owns every stick of the company, a dividend equalling his expenditures.

"Don't ask me why things are done this way," says a Hughes aide. "They just are."

Despite his unorthodox methods, Howard Hughes has, over the years, scored an impressive series of achievements. "Make no mistake about it," says a former Hughes executive. "Howard is a genius. A damned odd one, but a genius."

He took over Hughes Tool Company at the age of 19 on the death of his father, dropping out of school with only a smattering of higher education and no degree. He nurtured his inheritance, stock in Toolco valued at $660,000, into a sprawling barony that is now estimated to be worth between $750 million and one billion dollars.

Such a feat in itself is virtually unmatched in American history. Along the way, moreover, Hughes engaged in a series of other careers, any one of which would tax most men to the utmost. As a youth he designed and built his own steam-powered auto. He first flew a plane at the age of 14, and in his 30's he won most major American aeronautics trophies—the Harmon Trophy twice, in 1936 and 1938, the Collier Trophy in 1939 and the Octave Chanute Award in 1940. He smashed the transcontinental flight record, set a new mark by circling the globe in three days and 19 hours, and survived four plane crashes.

He designed a whole series of planes, including a gigantic wooden flying boat that is still, 15 years after its only flight, far and away the largest aircraft in the world. He invaded the complex and competitive field of moviemaking when still in his 20's and produced occasionally brilliant—although generally unprofitable—movies, ranging from *Hell's Angels* through *Scarface* to that absurd exercise in bosom fetishism, Jane Russell's *The Outlaw*.

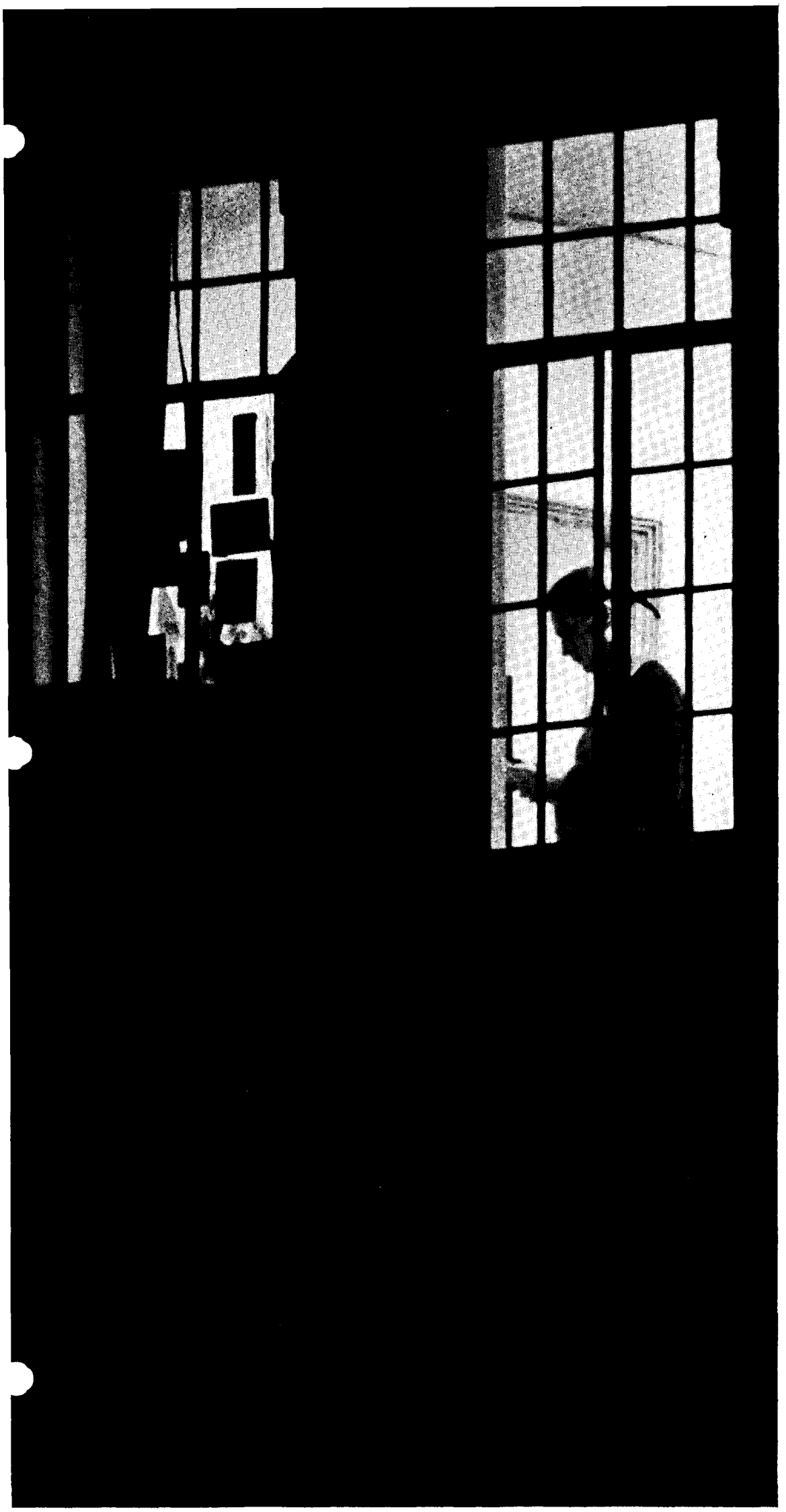
Along with everything else Hughes managed to earn the reputation of a princely playboy as the escort of a glittering *Who's Who* of Hollywood's most beautiful women, including Billie Dove, Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Linda Darnell, Paulette Goddard, Yvonne De Carlo and Katharine Hepburn.

He went his own way, made his own rules and involuntarily created his own legend, much of it encrusted in fiction. Millions of Americans, for example, firmly believe that Hughes slouches about his secret way in tennis shoes. An intima who has known him for years insists that he has never seen Hughes wear anything less orthodox than wing-tip oxfords. The legend has a small kernel of truth: During the war Hughes ran out of shoe-ration stamps, bought a pair of unrationed canvas shoes and wore them to a swank New York nightclub. This merely reflects his general disdain for clothes; with the world's best tailors eager to serve him, he prefers ordinary slacks, a white shirt without a necktie, and a leather flight jacket or sport coat.

There are countless thousands who believe that the most intimate secrets of Hughes's closely guarded private life are spread out on the pages of a steamy recent best seller entitled *The Carpetbaggers*. There is no doubt that a few key incidents of Hughes's life form a crude skeleton for the book, but author Harold Robbins denies that the work is in any sense biography and indeed the finished product is approximately 99 44/100 percent impure imagination.

Much of the fiction about Hughes gains circulation because of the obscurity of any facts. He has been described variously as "an enormously wealthy Huckleberry Finn," "a ruthless negotiator with the mind of a hostile pawnbroker," "the spook of American capitalism," and a shy philanthropist who enjoys doing good but abhors credit for it. Although Hughes is surrounded by layers of public-relations men, they are forbidden to issue even favorable information about him. He once, for example, sent a plane on a dramatic mercy flight to obtain an iron lung for the polio-stricken young daughter of an acquaintance. But, when one of the public-relations men suggested that this was a newsworthy story with considerable public appeal, Hughes snapped, "If that story is released, turn in your resignation."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lights burn all night at the message center. Hughes likes to do business in late hours of night.

"Hughes gets clobbered with all the bad stories because his enemies always talk freely," says a publicist. "You could work wonders for his image by telling some of the good stories, but he won't allow it. What he really wants is to have *nothing* written about himself."

In 1957 he married Jean Peters, a soft-spoken, highly literate green-eyed beauty from Ohio. Miss Peters came to Hollywood after winning a beauty contest over 400 entrants, was promptly signed by 20th Century-Fox opposite Tyrone Power in *Captain From Castile* and starred in *Three Coins in the Fountain* and *A Man Called Peter*. The marriage caught Hollywood by surprise; the film capital had long before decided that Hughes would never marry again. At the age of 19 he had married Ella Rice of Houston—one of the Rice Institute Rices—and she had divorced him four years later after his exuberant plunge into the bubbly waters of Hollywood. With her marriage to Hughes, Jean Peters promptly became enveloped in much the same cloak of invisibility that hides her husband. Some Hughes associates see a connection between his marriage and his total disappearance from public view. But the two reportedly are happy.

If privacy is Hughes's dominant obsession, hatred of failure runs a close second. Long after others have written off some moribund project he persists in vastly expensive efforts to breathe new life into it. A case in point is Hughes's giant flying boat. The great plane was a World War II project, planned as a means to counter the Nazi submarine packs which were ambushing Allied convoys in the North Atlantic. Hughes designed the plane and supervised its construction. A radical departure from the mainstream of aviation design, with a capacity of 750 passengers, it was intended to whisk large numbers of troops to Europe safely above the subs. It had a wingspread of 320 feet, a hull as high as a three-story building and a tail assembly eight stories high.

Because of wartime plane-metal shortages, Hughes was forced to construct this behemoth of plywood, which prompted the press to tag the plane the Spruce Goose, a flippancy that still reportedly sends Hughes into a dark rage. The original contract for the plane, let in 1942, provided $18 million in Federal funds for three copies of the giant. By the time a single plane was completed, in 1947, the war had been over for two years, more than $19 million in Federal cash had been poured into the project, and a Senate committee headed by Owen Brewster was investigating the fiasco. Brewster made the mistake of telling Hughes that his "flying lumberyard" would probably never get into the air.

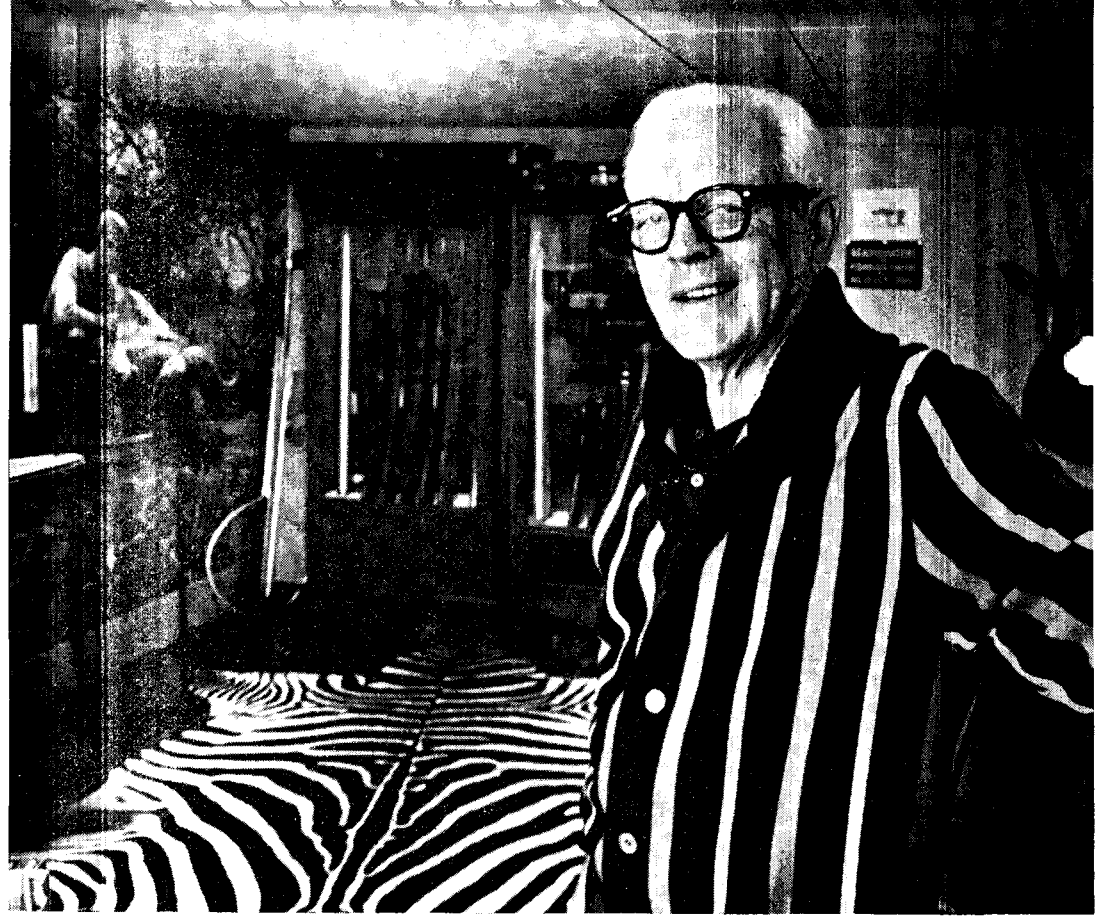
"I have put the sweat of my life into this thing," Hughes replied. "My reputation is wrapped up in it. I say that if it fails I will leave this country. And I mean it." Shortly thereafter Hughes took the plane out into the Long Beach, California, harbor for some announced taxiing trials, with himself at the controls. He churned the gigantic craft back and forth several times and then suddenly revved up the motors and worked the 200-ton plane into the air. He flew it for a glorious mile, approximately 70 feet above the harbor.

The Federal Government cut off the subsidy and indicated willingness to liquidate the affair

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

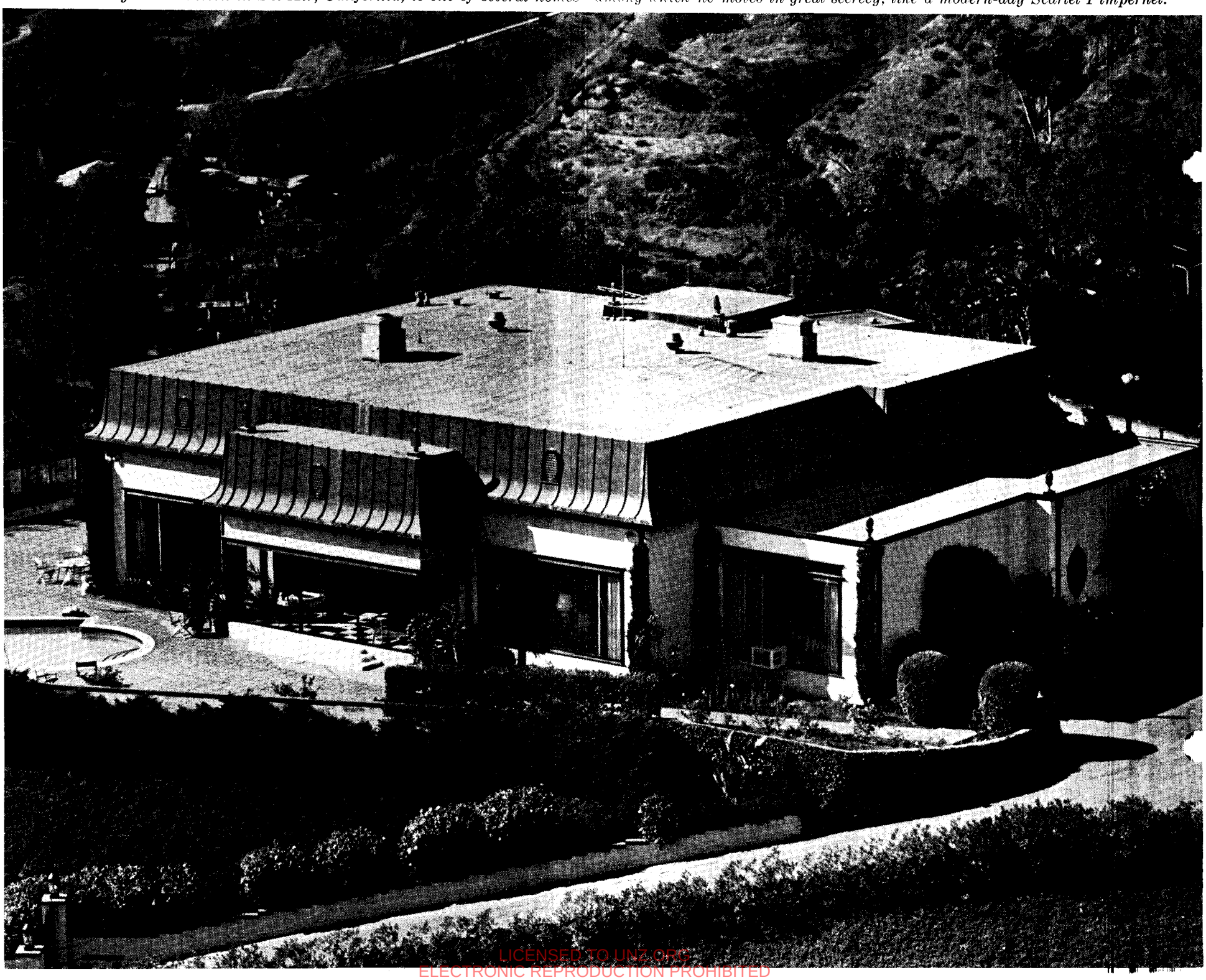
HUGHES

A former protégée calls him "a kind, shy man."



Noah Dietrich was Hughes's $500,000-a-year right-hand man for years until split in 1957.

Hughes's mansion in Bel-Air, California, is one of several homes "among which he moves in great secrecy, like a modern-day Scarlet Pimpernel."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his earlier years Hughes was best known as an ace pilot and squire of beautiful women.

as just one of those crash wartime projects that hadn't worked out. Hughes refused to accept this solution. He continued work on the plane in a huge, windowless, heavily guarded hangar at Long Beach, financing all the costs himself.

The plane has never flown again, but work is still continuing behind locked doors. Hughes now has close to $50 million of his funds sunk in a plane which no one but he thinks will ever leave the hangar again. To cap the paradox, the plane is the property of the U.S. Government, because of its wartime investment, and is merely leased by Hughes.

"The explanation is simple, if you understand Howard," a former Hughes man says. "The money means nothing, compared with his pride. He detests failure and even hates the sound of the word. If he gave up the Spruce Goose they'd probably haul the thing out and chop it up for kindling, and there'd be a lot of pictures in the press. He just can't bear the idea, so the work goes on and on and on."

Hughes has often enveloped people in the same mixture of secrecy, possessiveness and large doses of money beneath which he has buried the great flying boat. To the people affected, the prospect of acquiring a generous patron with uncounted millions often seems, at the outset, like a Cinderella story without the midnight curfew. For some who had experienced it, however, the fairy-tale enchantment is soon replaced by a stifling feeling of being preserved in a very expensive aspic.

One who underwent the experience and talks freely about it is Sallilee Conlon, a strikingly attractive girl who is now secretary to a Los Angeles newscaster. In 1953, when she was 18, a freshman at Indiana University and a distinctly amateur singer, she was struck by a random bolt of publicity. A national magazine used her picture on the cover in connection with a purported cultural renaissance in the Middle West. Before the week was out she had a breath-taking summons from a Hollywood agent. Accompanied by her mother, stepfather and stepsister, she was flown to Los Angeles, ensconced in an expensive hotel and swiftly auditioned at R.K.O. studio.

"The agent told me I had turned out fine, and then he asked me if I would like to meet Howard Hughes," Miss Conlon says. "We were all flown to Las Vegas, and we met him at the Flamingo. I remember that he peeped out at us suspiciously, with the chain on the door, before he let us in."

Hughes established the family in a $90-a-day suite at El Rancho Vegas, Miss Conlon says, and flew an expensive woman coach out from Hollywood to give her daily singing lessons.

"For *five years* I took singing lessons three hours a day, every day. For the six months we were in Vegas, I saw Mr. Hughes or talked to him every day—and let me make one thing clear—always with my family present.

"He was a kind, quiet, shy man. And he's really quite sensitive. Once he routed us all out at three in the morning and flew us over the Grand Canyon to show us the sunrise. He made us all look the other way until just the right moment, when the sun burst over the canyon wall. Then he flew us deep down into the canyon to show us a little hidden green valley he had

After globe-circling flight in 1938, Hughes got parade with New York Mayor LaGuardia.

Thirty years ago, Hughes played first-rate golf.

In 1957 Hughes married film actress Jean Peters. In 1935 (below) he set a world speed record for land planes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discovered. He said he was pretty sure no one else knew about it, and he seemed proud of this."

At the end of six months Hughes moved the family into luxurious quarters in Los Angeles. "We still got the treatment," Miss Conlon says. "A car when we wanted it, the bills paid, and they put my stepfather on some payroll at $25,000 a year. The singing lessons went on for 4½ years more, but I never saw Mr. Hughes again. I thought for a long time that they were looking for the right role for me.

"Then one day, near the end, my voice teacher broke the news to me that I wasn't the only girl being 'groomed for stardom.'"

That did it. She called up Hughes's lawyer and told him that she wanted out. There wasn't any fuss about it. He asked her if she needed some money. She said no, "and I just walked out into the free air."

"I don't really know why Mr. Hughes did what he did," she adds. "Sometimes I'm a little bitter that I never got my big chance, but mainly I guess I'm just sorry for him."

In one of the few extended interviews he ever granted, long ago, Hughes frankly conceded that his relationships with other people were often highly unsuccessful. For the psychologically oriented, it is interesting that he made the concession in terms of a comparison with his father, a bluff, outgoing man who plainly had a great influence on Hughes.

"My father was plenty tough," Hughes explained to writer Dwight Whitney back in 1948. "He never suggested that I do something; he just told me. He shoved things down my throat, and I had to like it.

"But he had a hail-fellow-well-met quality that I never had. . . . He was a terrifically loved man. I am not. I don't have the ability to win people the way he did. . . . I suppose I'm not like other men. Most of them like to study people. I'm not nearly as interested in people as I should be, I guess. What I am tremendously interested in is science, nature in its various manifestations, the earth and the minerals that come out of it."

Proud, prickly as a cactus, preoccupied, secretive and stubborn, Hughes has had a number of disastrous blowups with his top executives. These invariably have been resolved by the executives' suddenly becoming ex-executives. It was a series of these personnel schisms that led to the present financial crisis that confronts Howard Hughes.

The most disastrous break came in 1957 when he split with Noah Dietrich, his $500,000-a-year executive officer. "Dietrich really ran the empire," says an associate, "particularly the financial end of it. Hughes had always had a problem coming to a decision. He would let the most urgent matters dangle for months while he focused his attention on something that was basically trivial. Dietrich made the decisions and kept things moving."

This worked smoothly for 32 years until May 12, 1957, when Hughes asked Dietrich to go to Houston on a pressing mission. Dietrich, who was then in his late 60's, had recently decided to exercise a clause in his contract permitting him to take a capital gain, but Hughes had kept putting him off. Relations between the two men had been somewhat strained for several months. At this point Dietrich telephoned Hughes to say that he wanted the matter taken care of before he went to Houston.

"You are holding a gun at my head," Hughes said. There were some short, angry words, and the two associates of 32 years hung up on each other. The break was sharp, swift and permanent. The next morning all the locks were changed at 7000 Romaine Street; Dietrich found himself barred from his office and most of his associates discharged.

The break with Dietrich came at a time when Hughes needed him sorely. The airlines were entering the jet age, and Hughes faced the enormous problem of financing the conversion of T.W.A. to jets—a changeover that would require an outlay of as much as $400 million. Hughes had built up the airline by pumping large sums into it from his fantastically profitable Hughes Tool Company, but not even that cornucopia of cash could meet the demands of the jet program.

Hughes began stalking Wall Street for help—and Wall Street began stalking Hughes. For years the financial community of the East had eyed the holdings of this western lone wolf, but he had refused to sell any of his holdings or even dilute his one-man proprietorship.

For several years Hughes staved off a final decision. In 1960, however, the crisis put his back to the wall. In a dramatic series of events, the story of which is now slowly unfolding in the courts, Hughes got the financing he needed—and completely lost control of his favorite possession, Trans World Airlines.

"Nobody forces his hand"

What triggered the loss of the airline's control, ironically, was another personal clash between Hughes and an executive. By the summer of 1960 Hughes and a coalition of giant insurance companies and banks finally had worked out a plan for $165 million in financing for T.W.A. It contained a brief proviso that there be no adverse change in the top management. President of T.W.A. at the time was Charles S. Thomas, former Secretary of the Navy, under whose two-year tenure T.W.A. had run well in the black. Before the financing was concluded, according to an affidavit filed by a Hughes attorney, Thomas made certain financial demands to stay on as president. "Thomas thought he was in a strategic position," says a T.W.A. publicist. "But nobody forces Howard's hand. He told Thomas to go fly a kite—and lost his airline."

In July, 1960, Thomas suddenly resigned. The prospective lenders, citing this as an "adverse change," backed off the loan—unless Hughes agreed to place his 78 percent of T.W.A.'s stock in a voting trust controlled by the lenders. With time run out, massive obligations due and the banks threatening to call his loans, Hughes signed over his stock to a three-man voting trust—and with two of the three trustees named by the lenders. "From that point on, you'd never even think we owned T.W.A.," says a Hughes colleague.

The Hughes camp charges that the loan has unprecedented and harsh provisions. They complain that the interest rate is higher than that of any other major airline financing, and that Hughes will have to pay a 22-percent penalty if he gets new financing to take T.W.A. out of hock. They charge that the lenders have encumbered T.W.A. with vast new loans to perpetuate their control, without Hughes's consent. And they add that the airline has been run deeply into the red since the lenders took over, compared with a cumulative $95 million profit under Hughes management.

For months Hughes nursed his wounds in silence. He resigned as president of Hughes Tool Company, named an executive committee to run his empire and focused all his attention on regaining T.W.A.

As with everything else connected with Howard Hughes, the magnitude of the battle overwhelms the imagination. To date the western maverick and his eastern enemies have slugged each other with lawsuits claiming damages totaling $481 million.

The eastern lenders struck first. In June, 1961, T.W.A. under its new management sued Hughes for $115 million, charging violation of antitrust laws and alleging that he had damaged the airline by delaying its jet-financing program and by eccentric management. The suit asked that Hughes be forced to yield ownership of his T.W.A. stock.

Hughes struck back with a counterclaim fo $366 million against Equitable Life, Metropolitan Life, Irving Trust, Dillon, Read and Company, T.W.A. and several individuals. The Hughes claim charges the lenders with antitrust violation, violation of the Federal Aviation Act, and a conspiracy to perpetuate their control over T.W.A. through the voting trust. It asks the court to abolish the trust and return the airline to its rightful daddy.

The eastern camp parried with a new suit requesting the court to seize Hughes's stock in his parent corporation, Hughes Tool Company, to force him to appear and testify in the easterners' original suit. Since Hughes owns all the stock in Hughes Tool, and that company is worth an estimated $400 million, this ups the pile of blue chips in the center of the table to nearly the one-billion-dollar mark.

Shortly after this, Hughes quietly accepted service in the T.W.A. case—typically, not in person but by having his lawyers file an affidavit—thereby making himself available for testimony.

Last December 20 the boards of directors of T.W.A. and Pan Am voted to merge those two great lines, an action which may in effect require White House approval. Standing squarely in the path of this wedding of sky giants is the stubborn figure of the Texas loner who owns 78 percent of T.W.A. and who, as an aide puts it, "doesn't like someone monkeying with something he looks upon as his."

"Whichever way things go next week or next month, don't count Hughes out," says an associate. "He's got the patience of a stone, and he's always thinking five years ahead. He can outwait anybody—and he didn't get where he is today by losing the big fights." **THE END**

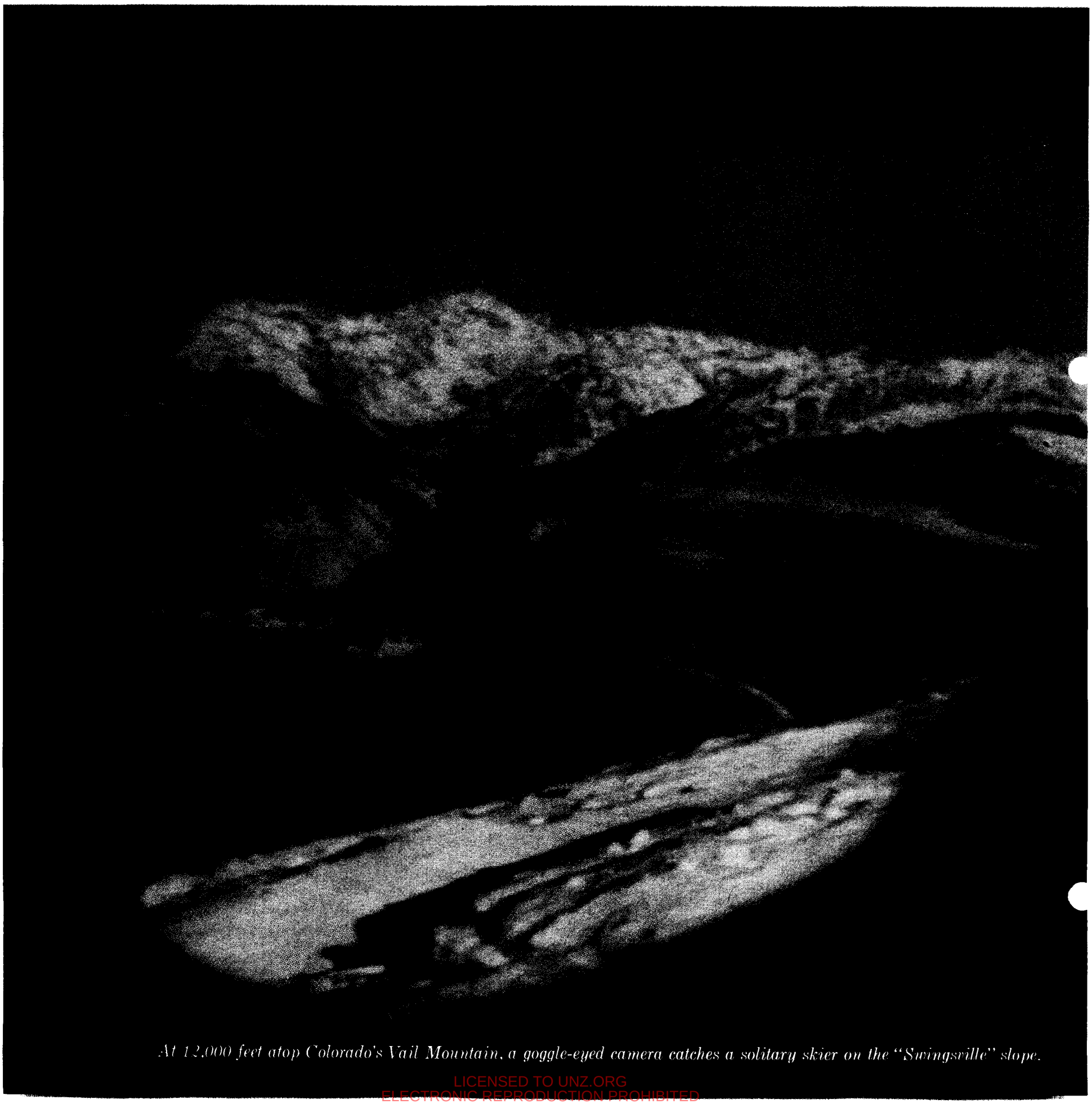
Facing Senate committee hearing in 1947, Hughes promised to "exile" self if Spruce Goose faile

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From New England to the Rockies, millions have developed a mad love affair with a sport that provides the thrill of speed on snow.

The rage to ski



At 12,000 feet atop Colorado's Vail Mountain, a goggle-eyed camera catches a solitary skier on the "Swingsville" slope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs
by **John Zimmerman**

It used to be that skiing in America attracted only the rough and ready—those hardy few willing to sleep in a barn or a car, then hike to the top of a mountain to start the downhill ride. Now skiing attracts both the rough and the ready—those rough enough to challenge mountains tall beyond hiking and those ready, at any time, to sip a Martini, cuddle before a fireplace, twist while wearing stretch pants, or even, possibly, to ski.

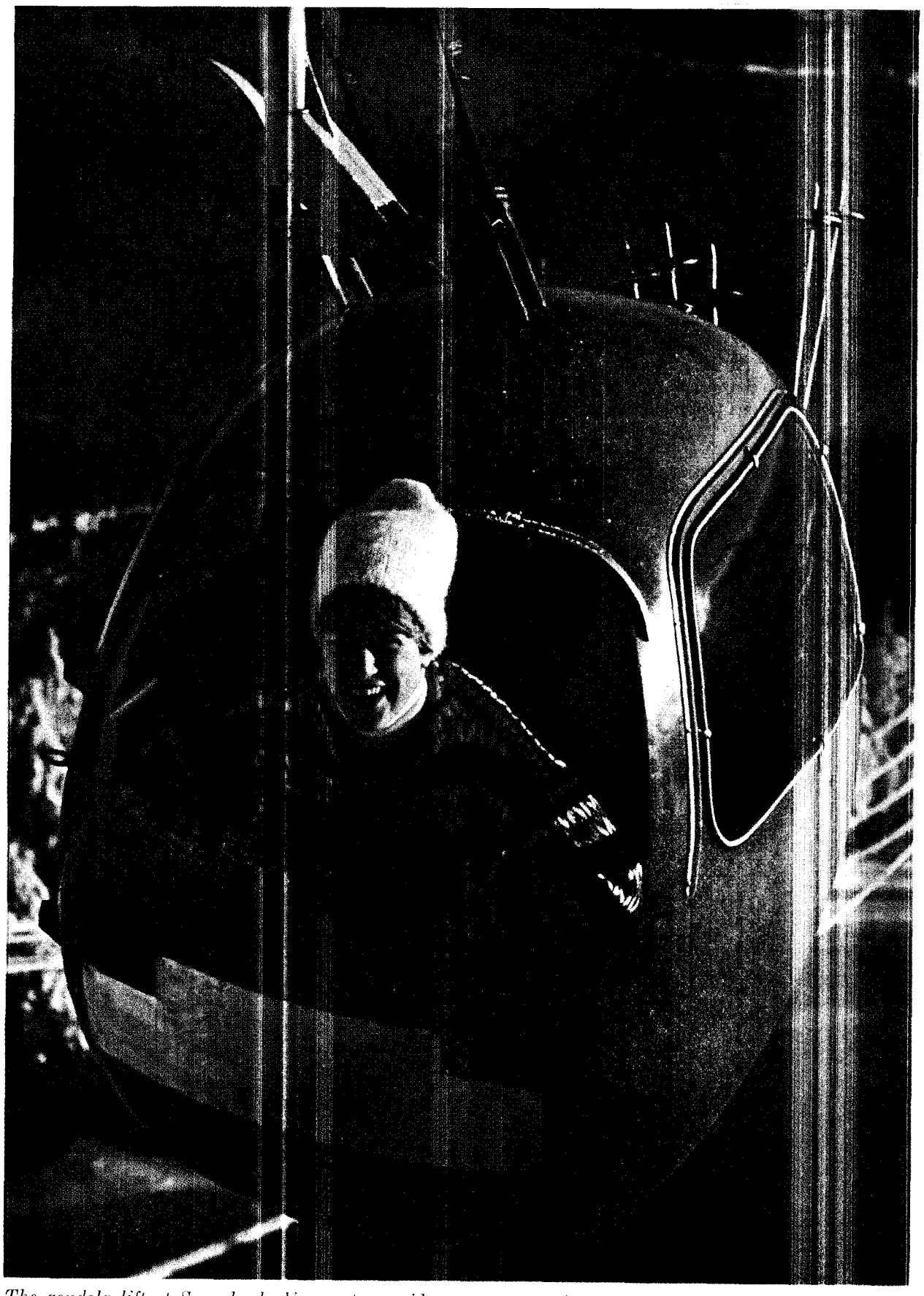
Purists of the ski slopes talk a curious neo-Austrian jargon and murmur of the exhilaration one feels, standing against the sky, crouching into the wind and jumping off. This, they say, explains America's furious rage to ski. Actually, the rage isn't that simple and it isn't that pure.

But schussing a steep slope at 30 miles an hour clears the mind and brightens the cheeks. And if your deepest impression is a sitzmark, it still beats being chairborne in the city smog. After you shake the snow off your ski boots and lift a Tom and Jerry you can say, "I feel more like I do now than I did when I came."

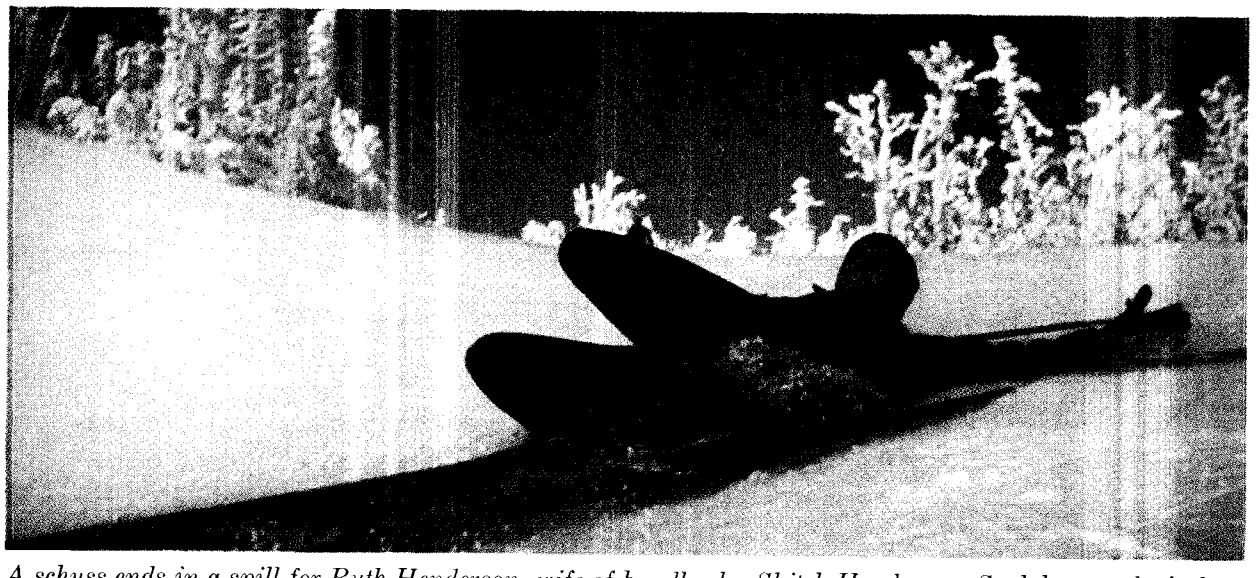
The urge to schuss and the lust for after-ski life brought almost 3,000,000 Americans to the slopes last season and prompted them to spend over $335,000,000 on equipment and accommodations. Today about 700 ski centers dot the United States, and 100 more are being rushed to completion. Mountains are being gorged, valleys are being cleared in the national surge to meet the urge to ski. Of all centers, none offers more exciting skiing than Vail Pass, Colo., 110 miles west of Denver on U.S. Highway 6. None offers a more heady after-ski life than Sugarbush, Vermont (see SOCIAL CLIMBING ON THE SLOPES, page 30).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

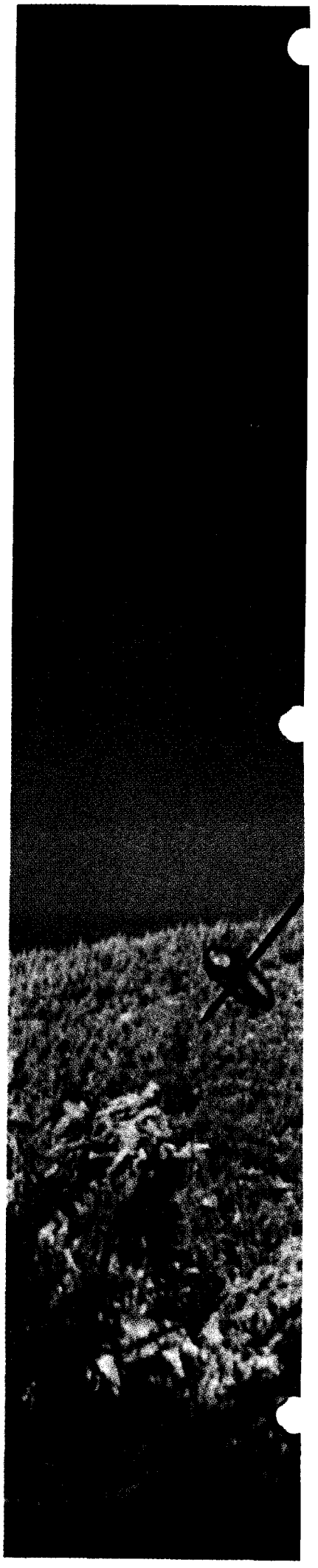
Skiing



The gondola lift at Sugarbush, Vermont, provides a snug 15-minute ride to the top. A multiride ticket costs $6.50 per day, and "ski bum" Dede Webster, 20, earns her fare by giving instructions to beginners.

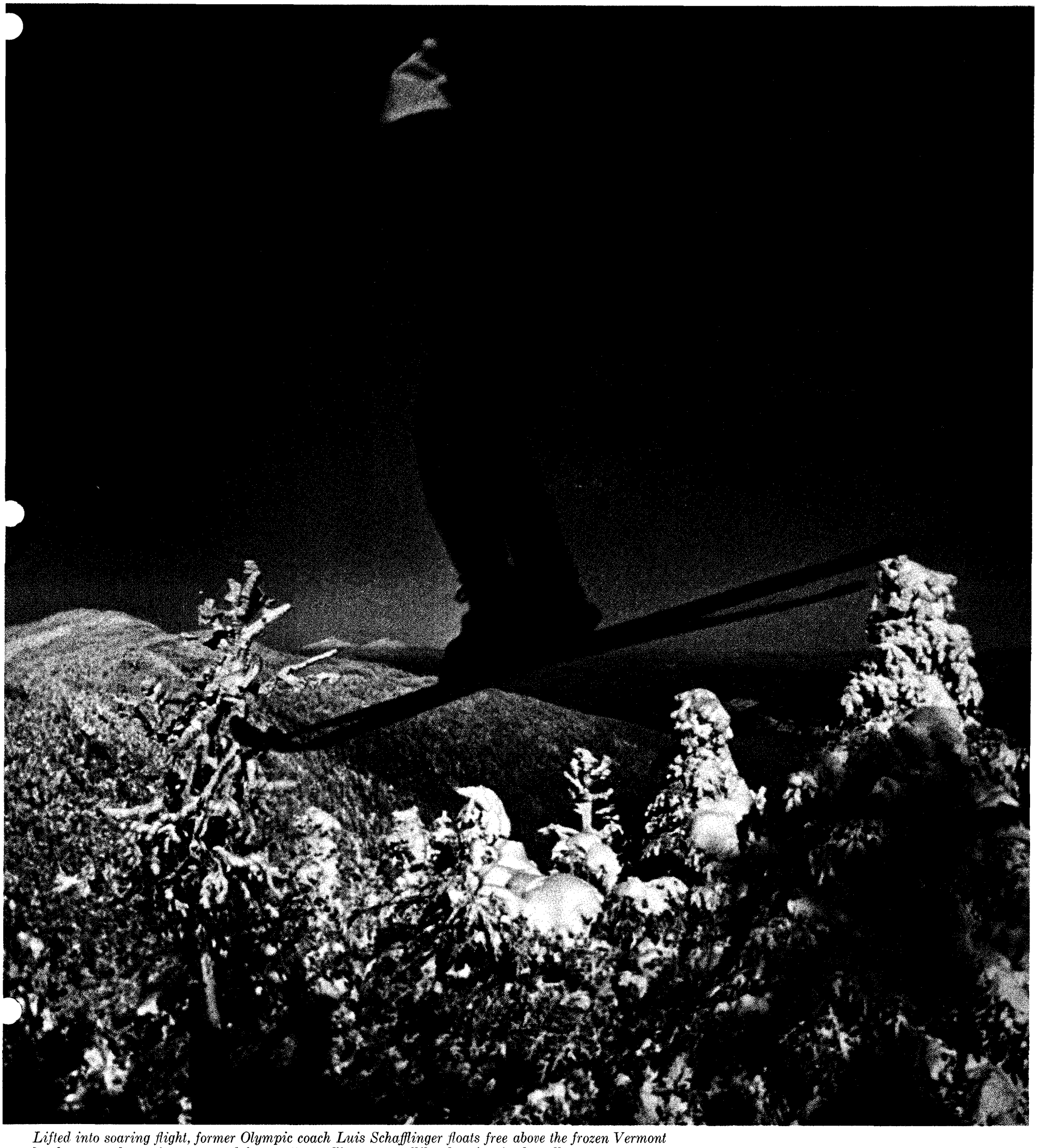


A schuss ends in a spill for Ruth Henderson, wife of bandleader Skitch Henderson. Such bumps don't deter the faithful: The Hendersons like skiing so well that she bought him a Vermont mountainside for Christmas.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each year the sport attracts new addicts, lured by spectacular scenery and the steep challenge of glistening mountain trails.



Lifted into soaring flight, former Olympic coach Luis Schafflinger floats free above the frozen Vermont landscape as he springs outward from a "mogul"—a moundlike elevation in the roller-coaster course.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Skiing

Skiing's principal appeal is fun—both on the ski slopes and back at the lodge.

During lunch breaks, skiing form takes second place to stylishness. At Sugarbush Valley, where elegance compares with that at more fashionable European winter resorts, chic weekenders dine on cheese and wine.

Guests at Sugarbush's Alpen Inn splash in the heated pool. A favorite after-ski refresher—recommended for the robust only—is a brisk roll in the poolside snow followed by a frantic leap into the steaming water.

In the winter forests, skis on snow make the only sound.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Social Climbing on the Slopes

At the snow spa of Sugarbush, Vermont, skiers ride safely to the mountaintop under glass, but the ascent toward status is rugged.

By GAY TALESE

Each Friday afternoon they gather along Park Avenue wearing their Aspen-raced ski parkas (mildewproof, crease-resistant and allergy-free) and their slim, zippered stretch pants (pickpocket-proof), and wait for the chalet bus that will transport them up to a ski weekend at Sugarbush, Vermont—where they might break a leg.

Such grim possibilities do not haunt them. "If you ski, you're going to break something sooner or later," said Mary Baker, an attractive brunette, casually shrugging her shoulders under her black fur parka. "And besides, breaking a leg is no worse than having a baby."

Though she spoke with somewhat limited authority—she has had two babies, but so far has broken only an arm—her friends standing along the sidewalk quickly agreed. They were all young people of great energy and optimism; their only problem was that merely three months of ski weather remained, and the chalet bus was already five minutes late. Finally somebody yelled, "Here it comes," and a big vehicle, driven by Johnny McBride, who used to chauffeur Count Basie's band, stopped and, amid a clatter of skis and a clinking of bottles, everybody hopped aboard.

"We've met somewhere," said a Wall Street broker to a slinky blonde, sitting across the aisle. "Was it Squaw Valley?"

"No," she said demurely.

"Kitzbühel?"

"I don't think so."

"Wait!" he exclaimed. "It was at Bunnie's wedding."

"Oh, yes," the blonde cried. Then the broker broke out a bottle of Scotch and handed the blonde a cup.

Meanwhile the bus moved on through suburbs and exurbs, dipped into the winding roads of smaller towns and, at last, climbed into the hills of New England, not stopping until, six hours and 288 miles later, it had crossed into Vermont and reached that frosty joyland, Sugarbush.

Sugarbush is the most chic snow spa in the Eastern portion of the United States. Opened in December, 1958, nicknamed "Mascara Mountain" and "El Morocco on the Rocks," it styles itself after the fashionable slopes of Europe. Its skiers, without having to risk a single hair blowing out of place, can ride to the summit of the 4,000-foot mountain within glass-enclosed, windproof gondolas which are globe-shaped and which look, as they hover over the white trails and trees, like an endless sky train of varicolored apples on the stick.

Dior provides the pants

It was too late for skiing when the Park Avenue bus arrived that Friday night, but by 10 the next morning the slopes were slippery with sophisticates. There were women in Christian Dior pants and parkas lined with Scottish fleece and rimmed with silver fox. There were men in Garmisch boots cut from the hides of sheltered Bavarian steers, and flamboyant, quilted parkas flapping with various cardboard tags indicating that either the parkas or the wearers—and possibly both—had skied in such storied European places as Chamonix, St. Moritz or Cortina d'Ampezzo.

The slopes of Sugarbush are superbly conditioned for social climbing. At the very top, though the group numbers fewer than 100 of the 2,400 who ski Sugarbush on a busy day, is café society's heralded jet set, which does not come by bus. The jet set, which travels to Europe a great deal and insists on having to its parties at least one Greek shipowner, a Ferrari auto racer and a cocktail of countesses, was not lured to Sugarbush through any enticement by the center's 36-year-old president Damon Gadd, a congenial but not effusive Yale man. It came, rather, because it was seeking a new cold-weather playpen and because one of its very favorite people was Sugarbush's chief ski instructor, Peter Estin, a slim, rich, 35-year-old former Dartmouth ski hero, a tennis player and wine-taster, a linguist, a cartoonist and a climate-hopping *bon vivant* whose current girl friend is a French baroness. Estin has had as many as three Greek shipowners to a single party.

With such credentials, Peter Estin had no difficulty getting the jet set to Sugarbush, and soon they decided that they liked the place so much they built their own small chalets on the mountain near Estin's. Sugarbush quickly achieved its posh, cosmopolitan image. Each weekend this winter the mountainside has been climbed by rising new cliques, but the jet set remains the envy of many of those below.

For one thing, jet-set skiers sleep late in the morning. Inasmuch as they have their own chalets, they may rise late for breakfast and are not subjected, as are ski-lodge guests, to the nine A.M. closing of dining-room doors. On this particular Saturday morning the jet set was the last to appear on the slopes. They were casual and calm in slipping on their parkas and their Italian goggles. They walked slowly, confidently toward the gondolas. They *knew* they would get seats.

At lunchtime the jet set did not have to submit to the clatter of the cafeteria. They retired, instead, to a private club, Skiclub 10, within which some of the most slumberously sleek and exquisitely elegant women ever to have schussed through a ski boutique sat on the dark blue banquettes, amid the smoke of Turkish tobacco, surrounded by music from *La Dolce Vita.*

They do not possess the sweet, college-girl look of most of those in the cafeteria, girls whose confidence comes from a surfeit of attention from college boys. Skiclub 10 women are somewhat older, between 27 and 32, and, as F. Scott Fitzgerald said in another time, they are "nourished on subtler stuff" and "choose apéritifs wisely." There is just the slightest trace of boredom in their manner, just the right amount of challenging coolness. Nearly all of them are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW SOUP *from Campbell*

TURKEY VEGETABLE

Here's bountiful goodness—a vegetable soup with turkey! Tender turkey, light and dark, bright garden vegetables, and golden shell macaroni. Taste that rich-with-turkey broth. Turkey Vegetable might soon become your favorite soup. Taste it!

Campbell puts more goodness in
...so you get more goodness out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When a lady breaks a leg, the medical teams avoid cutting

SOCIAL CLIMBING

excellent skiers, but they ski only when conditions are good. Otherwise they spend the afternoon—such as this one—at Skiclub 10 sipping orange juice mixed with white wine and playing bridge or backgammon with the men.

The men are also very attractive—or, if not attractive, very rich; or, if not rich, very talented; or, if not talented, very useful to the club. Here, with the outside temperature close to zero, Nan Kempner, a delicate beauty in an ocelot parka, played cards with Louise Collins, a blond actress who is the widow of Peter Collins, the British racing driver. At an adjoining table, suffering slightly from a touch of frostbite on the ear, was the musician Skitch Henderson. Across from him was Carlos de Borbón, son of Spain's Don Juan, and John Bragonca, pretender to the Portuguese throne. Everyone was having fun—everyone except Harry Theodoracopulos, the Greek shipping scion, who was not doing anything.

"Har-r-r-ry," cooed a throaty redhead from across the room, "br-i-i-dge?"

Harry shook his curly head. He is a very serious man of 29, a big, broad-shouldered bachelor who says, "I do not share in this Anglo-Saxon belief that if you are involved with a girl, you should marry." He works hard in his family's business, plays hard at tennis, drives a sports car, and took up skiing a few years ago under the tutelage of Peter Estin. Harry learned quickly, but he does not need the prestige of a broken limb, so he holds himself back. "What slows me down is I cannot afford to get hurt," he says. "I have to go to the office."

Harry Theodoracopulos is a typical member of the jet set. He is not in the moody, restless tradition of the European playboy who cavorts all night and sleeps through most of the afternoon. He, like most other men in the set, takes work very seriously. He plays hard, works hard. He tries to keep ever on the move, jetting here and there, spiking his life whenever possible with lovely women, delectable food and vivacious companions in fashionable places.

On the heels of the jet set is another rapid crowd of skiers. They are a little younger, a little less continental. While they are attractive and carefully dressed—a number of them came up to Sugarbush on the Park Avenue chartered bus on Friday night—they have not *yet* made it big in the professions and they are not *yet* ready to splurge on a private chalet on the mountain. They are, in a sense, still in the turboprop class, but they are formidable, up-and-coming types, sometimes called the "tourist-class jet set."

While they patronize the ski lodges and are forced to rise early before the breakfast room closes, they are always careful to be in the better lodges, such as the Alpen Inn, which is well-equipped and friendly and which has in the kitchen some ski "bums" listed in *The Social Register*. Or tourist jet-setters may stay at the Sugarbush Inn, which is a bit more formal, with tea served in the afternoon and the guests usually dining at night in jackets and ties.

Not all, possibly not even most skiers at Sugarbush are trying to climb the hills solely for social status. Many are seeking higher status, to be sure, but it is not only social. It is also the status one enjoys when one is an excellent skier in fast company. This status has romantic ramifications. Girls who ski well like to date boys who ski well, and the other way around. Chalet romances frequently result in marriage.

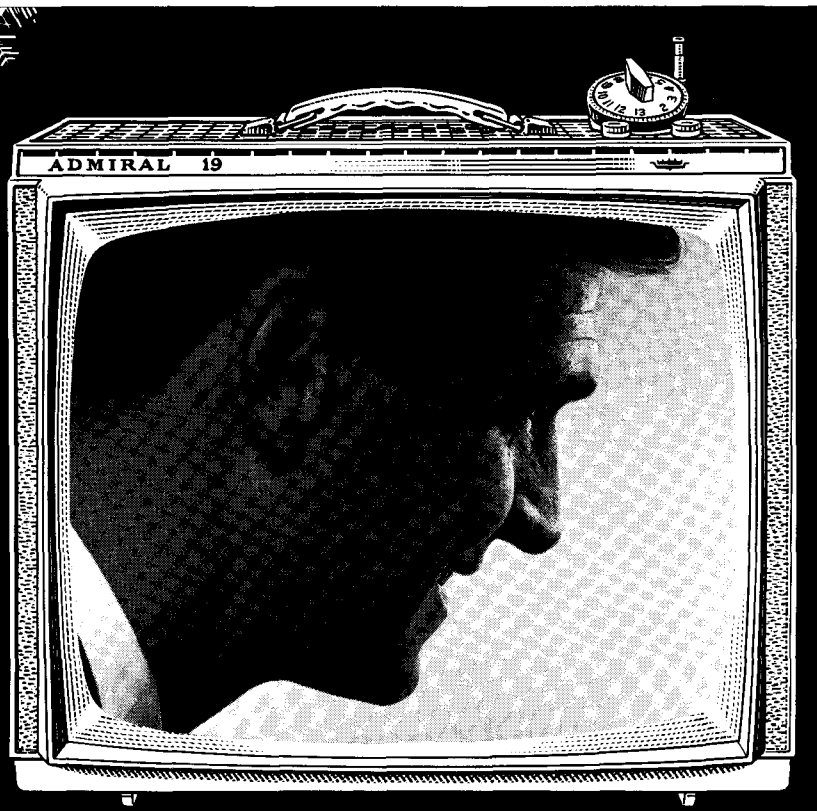
Conversely, many a relationship has failed because of his (or her) inability on skis. One such case, pure frozen Freud, concerns a lovely Sugarbush belle named Ann McAlpin. Miss McAlpin is a superb skier—her mother was an Olympic skier, her father a fine amateur hockey player—but at 22 she has come to believe that before she can marry any man he probably will have to conquer her on the slopes—that is, he will have to ski as well as, or better than, she: she being Olympic material.

"It would be silly if I married a nonskier," she said, recalling a few uneventful relationships with ungainly boobs and snowplowers. "Last fall, I remember, I had a blind date with a very nice boy, and we hit it off right away and used to see each other every weekend at Yale or in

Admiral Winter Specials!

Model P9509
$129.95 Special Value
until February 23, 1963

Save now on all-new 1963 quality Admiral 19" Portable TV!
19" overall diagonal
Get this $12.95 stand FREE with the purchase of any of these three! Limited time only!



Modern Admiral "Movie Square" styling
Sharper, brighter pictures, even in fringe areas. Built-in Telescopic Long Range Antenna. New Top Tuning. Slim, lightweight. Luggage-type carrying handle. P93K10 Series.
$139.95*
COMPLETE WITH ROLL-ABOUT STAND†

Admiral—pioneer and developer of the 19" picture tube—introduces another major breakthrough in 19" Portable TV! The precision-wired, precision-crafted chassis that sets a new standard of performance and reliability in TV! Admiral gives you Portable TV that's slimmer, lighter and luggage-styled for true portability . . . a big 20,000 volts of picture power for blacker blacks and whiter whites . . . new flat picture tube for sharper viewing from any angle . . . a new extra sensitive tuner that increases amplifying power for superior fringe area reception. See these three wonderful new Admiral Winter Specials now and save . . . at your Admiral Dealer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her stretch pants: "We wish to keep our skiers trim, even casualties."

Connecticut with his family. Then one day we went skiing. He was not," she said softly, "very good. Perhaps if our relationship had *really* been perfect, perhaps then he could have learned to ski better. I don't know. But, anyway, he got to hate skiing more and more, especially with me. He'd be in bad moods. So we stopped skiing together. Now it is over."

She recalled that a friend of her mother, a top skier on the 1936 Olympic team, once had much the same attitude, and today this woman is a spinster on a dude ranch in Wyoming. "I realize that if I do not learn to become less demanding," Miss McAlpin conceded, "the same thing could happen to me. But," she concluded, "if this has to be, this has to be."

While such a dedication to fine skiing is not uncommon, a high percentage of ski addicts find the sport irresistible for another reason—it offers escape. This, at least, is the opinion of a self-described escapist named Bob Pratt, 28, a graduate of Brown University, who said, during a late-afternoon recess from the snow, "You want the *real* lowdown on these people? Well, I'll tell you; a lot of them are simply running from the nine-to-five job, running from responsibility. This is especially true of the people who work all the time at ski resorts, the ski bums. This, in fact, is exactly what I've done.

"Look," he said, finishing his drink, "I'm a swinger. I got to have it all the time—kicks, I mean. It basically stems from a very deep lack of confidence in myself—*but not in my skiing ability*. In skiing, I probably am as good as the top six percent in the United States. I've gone as fast as 50 miles an hour. I'm a part-time instructor too, and in this kind of place the ski instructor is God. They know it too. They know that the girls are watching."

Also visible on the slopes of Sugarbush on this late Saturday afternoon was a small society of skiers who remained apart from the escapists or addicts, and yet who also stood aloof from the jet set. This group rebels against everything the jet set stands for. Composed mostly of college boys, its members bunk in the run-down ski lodges and often wear blue jeans instead of ski pants. There have been times when they've even skied at Sugarbush wearing long red underwear *over* their blue jeans.

But the college boys are fighting impossible odds. The world of high fashion has conquered the hills of Sugarbush, and so has the skier who wouldn't think of wearing the same fur parka two days in a row. Fur parkas, bushy fur hats and other expensive ski clothes are so common at Sugarbush that the general manager, Jack Murphy, can appraise almost to the dollar the value of each ski outfit that passes. (This helps him make up his mind on whether or not to cash a skier's check, and so far Sugarbush has had only two checks—total: $17.50—bounce.)

Even the ski patrol's medical teams have become fashion-conscious. "At almost any other place, when a lady skier breaks a leg, they automatically cut right through the stretch pants to attend the wound," one medic said. "But at Sugarbush we try to be careful never to cut pants; or, if we must cut, we try to cut along the seam. Sugarbush wishes to keep *all* its skiers looking trim," he said, "even its casualties."

At night, especially Saturday night, the fashions are even more dazzling. In one new nightclub, once a barn where horses used to stomp and kick, are now shimmering shapes in twisting gold-*lamé* pants and sparkling *après*-ski jackets lined with French satin. And in the lodges, too, the skiers are lost in nightlife—snowplowing through the bars, trying to romance a snow bunny, listening to the Vermont farm boys talking in the corner:

"You shoulda seen those stretch pants twisting earlier—one was flesh-colored."

"That wasn't flesh-colored—that was *flesh!*"

Though everybody seemed to be up late, most of them were on the slopes again early the following morning, perhaps because it was Sunday. And because, in a few hours, after a few more desperate runs down the hill, it would be all over for a while—and then there would be only the long ride through the narrow roads, and finally back again to the indoor world of elevators and telephones and tension. **THE END**

ADMIRAL
ADMIRAL
Out-front FM sound and up-front tuning
$149.95*
COMPLETE WITH ROLL-ABOUT STAND†
New transformer-powered horizontal chassis
20,000 volts of picture power. Out-front 5" oval speaker. Tone Control. Built-in Telescopic Long Range Antenna. Leather-look finish. Lighted Channel Indicator. Finished back. P9200 Series.
$159.95*
COMPLETE WITH ROLL-ABOUT STAND†
ADMIRAL
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elderly couple turned back into East Berlin by communist guards at Berlin wall

FREEDOM IS NOT LOST BY GUNS ALONE

The greatest threats to personal freedom may come from guns and terror outside our borders. But there's also a quiet threat within. It is the steady expansion of federal government in business—and into our daily lives.

For 30 years this threat has grown. Today the federal government owns many thousand businesses, from shoe repair shops to rope factories. In the field of electricity alone the output of federally owned plants has risen from less than 1% of the industry's total in 1935 to more than 15% today. And advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

They advocate a dangerous course. When government owns business, it can control both goods and jobs. It adds economic powers to its vast political powers. When it does that, it can tell you where to work and live, even what to do or say. Then freedom has slipped quietly away.

A quiet threat can be the deadliest. You may not know it's there until too late.

INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES ... *serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation*

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST / FICTION

This week: A condensation of the most startling book ever to be published in the Soviet Union. The truth about Stalin's prison camps.

One day in the life of Ivan Denisovich

by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Translated by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley

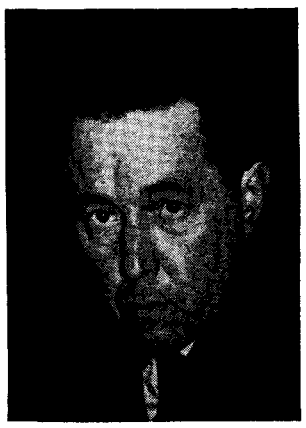
About the book: This compelling novel was news from the moment it appeared last November in the Russian literary magazine *Novy Mir* (*New World*). For it tells, in rough, brutal language, a truth that every Russian knows but no Russian has ever seen in print. This truth is that Joseph Stalin built the foundations of today's Russia, the Russia of steel plants and sputniks, by enslaving millions of innocent people.

In the decade since Stalin died, Nikita Khrushchev has been trying to "de-Stalinize," to liberate his people's creative energies without letting this partial liberation lead to revolt. It is a stormy process, and the treatment of Russian writers is a kind of barometer. Khrushchev approved the publication of a controversial second-rate novel called *Not by Bread Alone*, which argued that Stalinist bureaucrats were stifling the advance of true Communism; he banned Boris Pasternak's Nobel Prize-winning *Doctor Zhivago*, which hinted that the whole Russian Revolution might have been a disaster.

Last year *One Day* came before him. Several editors had rejected it, for obvious reasons. Alexander Tvardovsky, the editor of *Novy Mir* and one of the leaders in the effort to liberalize Russia, had argued that *One Day* should be published, "to unburden our minds of things thus far unspoken but which had to be said." Tvardovsky had submitted the manuscript to the Communist Central Committee. The committee turned to Khrushchev. The premier himself is no aesthete, and his tactics vary constantly. In recent weeks, amid drumbeats about "Western spying," he has attacked such Western artistic influences as jazz and abstract painting. But, as with the anti-Stalinist poems of the young Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the basic message of *One Day* apparently suited Khrushchev's purposes.

It is, necessarily, something of a compromise. It is a devastating portrait of Stalin's Russia, not only his prisons but implicitly his whole prison regime. It never hints, however, that Stalin and his prisons might be the inevitable result of the Communist system, in the past or in the future. Nor does it depart from the Soviet tradition of "Socialist realism," the idealization of the common people who work to build the new Russia. What differentiates Ivan Denisovich from other "hero workers," however, is that he is a prisoner, that he is innocent of any crime against his masters, that most of his fellow prisoners are equally innocent. And Solzhenitsyn scarcely bothers to denounce this outrageous fact; he simply takes it for granted. Yet Ivan Denisovich is not just a political symbol. Balding, weary, half toothless, cadging food and sharing it, stoically laboring through one more day in his three-and-a-half thousand days of frozen imprisonment, he is, above all, a man. —*THE EDITORS*

About the author:



A slender man who studied physics and mathematics at the University of Rostov, Alexander Solzhenitsyn was 23 when the Nazis invaded Russia in 1941. As an artillery officer he won two decorations for bravery—then was arrested in 1945. The official Tass biography now calls it "a baseless political charge," perhaps some offhand criticism of Stalin. Only in 1957 was he finally "rehabilitated." He settled in the town of Ryazan, outside Moscow, married a chemistry student, got a job teaching high-school mathematics and began to write down his prison experiences. And what of his sudden success as a writer? He prefers to let the work speak for itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One day in the life of Ivan Denisovich

Reveille was sounded as always at five A.M.—a hammer pounding on a rail outside camp HQ. The ringing noise came through windowpanes covered with ice more than an inch thick, and died away fast. It was cold, and the warder didn't feel like going on banging.

It was pitch black on the other side of the window, just like in the middle of the night when Ivan Denisovich Shukhov had to get up to go to the latrine, only now three yellow beams fell on the window—from two lights on the perimeter and one inside the camp. He didn't know why but nobody'd come to open up the barracks. And you couldn't hear the orderlies hoisting the latrine tank on the poles to carry it out.

Ivan Denisovich Shukhov never slept through reveille but always got up at once. That gave him about an hour and a half to himself before roll call, a time when anyone who knew what was what in the camps could always scrounge a little something on the side. He could sew someone a cover for his mittens out of a piece of old lining. He could bring one of the big gang bosses his dry felt boots while he was still in his bunk. Or he could run around to one of the supply rooms where there might be a little job. Or he could go to the mess hall to pick up bowls from the tables and take them to the dishwashers. That was another way of getting food, but there were always too many other people with the same idea. And the worst thing was that if there was something left in a bowl you started to lick it. You couldn't help it.

© 1963 Frederick A. Praeger, Inc.

And Shukhov could still hear the words of his first gang boss, an old camp hand who'd already been inside for 12 years in 1943. Once, he'd said to a new batch of men just brought in from the front, "It's the law of the jungle here, fellows. But even here you can live. The first to go is the guy who licks out bowls, puts his faith in the infirmary, or squeals to the screws." Though it didn't always work out that way with the fellows who squealed to the screws. They knew how to look after themselves. They got away with it, and it was the other guys who suffered.

Shukhov didn't get up at reveille. He'd been feeling lousy since the night before—with aches and pains and the shivers, and he just couldn't manage to keep warm. In his sleep he'd felt very sick and then a little better. All the time he dreaded the morning. But the morning came, as it always did.

Anyway, how could anyone get warm here, where a white cobweb of frost ran along the whole barracks? And a hell of a barracks it was.

Shukhov stayed in bed. He was lying on the top bunk, with his blanket and overcoat over his head and both his feet tucked in the sleeve of his jacket. He couldn't see anything, but he could tell by the sounds what was going on. He could hear the orderlies tramping down the corridor with one of the 20-gallon latrine tanks. This was supposed to be light work for people on the sick list—but it was no joke carrying the thing out without spilling it! Then someone from Gang 75 dumped a pile of felt boots from the drying room on the floor. And now someone from his gang did the same—it was also their turn to use the drying room today. The gang boss, Tyurin, and his assistant, Pavlo, quickly put on their boots, and their bunk creaked. The assistant gang boss would now go and get the bread rations. And then the boss would take off for the Production Planning Section (PPS) at HQ.

But this wasn't just the same old daily visit to the PPS clerks. Today was the big day for them. They'd heard a lot of talk of switching their gang—104—from putting up workshops to a new job, building a new "Socialist Community Development." But so far it was nothing more than bare fields covered with snowdrifts, and before anything could be built there, holes had to be dug, posts put in and barbed wire put up—by the prisoners for the prisoners, so that they couldn't get out.

You could bet your life that for a month there'd be no place where you could get warm—not even a hole in the ground. And you couldn't make a fire—what could you use for fuel? So your only hope was to work like hell.

The gang boss was worried and was going to try to fix things, try to palm the job off on some other gang, one that was a little slower on the uptake. Of course, you couldn't go empty-handed. It would take a pound of fatback for the chief clerk. Or even two.

Maybe Shukhov would try to get himself on the sick list so he could have a day off. There was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrations by Noel Sickles

no harm in trying. His whole body was one big ache.

Then he wondered—which warder was on duty today?

He remembered that it was Big Ivan, a tall, scrawny sergeant with black eyes. The first time you saw him he scared the pants off you, but when you got to know him he was the easiest of all the duty warders—wouldn't put you in the can or drag you off to the disciplinary officer. So Shukhov could stay put till it was time for Barracks 9 to go to the mess hall.

The bunk rocked and shook as two men got up together—on the top Shukhov's neighbor, the Baptist Alyoshka, and down below Buynovsky, who'd been a captain in the navy.

When they'd carried out the two latrine tanks, the orderlies started quarreling about who'd go to get the hot water. The electric welder from Gang 20 barked at them: "Hey!" And he threw a boot at them. "Shut up!"

The boot thudded against a post. The orderlies shut up.

The assistant boss of the gang next to them grumbled in a low voice, "Vasili Fyodorovich! The bastards pulled a fast one on me in the supply room. We always get four two-pound loaves, but today we only got three. Someone'll have to get the short end."

The whole gang heard him, and they all held their breath. Who was going to be shortchanged on rations this evening?

Shukhov stayed where he was, on the hard-packed sawdust of his mattress. If only it were one thing or another—either a high fever or an end to the pain.

While the Baptist was whispering his prayers, the captain came back from the latrine and said, sort of gloating, "Brace yourselves, men! It's at least twenty below."

Shukhov made up his mind to go to the infirmary. And then some strong hand stripped his jacket and blanket off. Shukhov jerked his quilted overcoat off his face and raised himself up a bit. Below him, his head level with the top of the bunk, stood the Thin Tartar. So this bastard had come on duty and sneaked up on them.

"S-854!" the Tartar read from the white patch on the back of the black coat. "Three days in the can, with work as usual."

The minute they heard his funny muffled voice everyone in the entire barracks—where 200 men slept in 50 bug-ridden bunk tiers—came to life and began to dress in a hurry.

"But what for, Citizen Warder?" Shukhov asked, and he made his voice sound pitiful.

The can was only half as bad if you were given normal work. You got hot food, and there was no time to brood. Not being let out to work—that was real punishment.

"Why weren't you up yet? Let's go to the commandant's office," the Tartar drawled—he and Shukhov and everyone else knew what he was getting the can for.

The Tartar turned around and looked for somebody else to pick on, but everyone was shoving his legs into the black, padded trousers with numbers on the left knee. Or they were already dressed and were hurrying for the door to wait outside till the Tartar left.

If Shukhov had been sent to the can for something he deserved, he wouldn't have been so upset. What made him mad was that he was always one of the first to get up. But there wasn't a chance of getting out of it with the Tartar. So he went on asking to be let off just for the hell of it, but meantime pulled on his padded trousers (they too had a worn, dirty piece of cloth sewed above the left knee, with the number S-854 painted on it), put on his jacket (this had two numbers, one on the chest and one on the back), took his boots from the pile on the floor, put on his cap (with the number in front) and went out after the Tartar.

It was freezing cold, with a fog that caught your breath. Searchlights were crisscrossing over the compound from the watchtowers at the far corners, and the lights inside the camp were on full force. There were so many of them that they blotted out the stars.

With their felt boots crunching on the snow, prisoners were rushing past on their business—to the latrines, to the supply rooms, to the package room, or to the kitchen to get their groats cooked. Their shoulders were hunched and their coats buttoned up, and they all felt cold, not so much because of the freezing weather as because

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DENISOVICH

they knew they'd have to be out in it all day. But the Tartar in his old overcoat with shabby blue tabs walked steadily on, and the cold didn't seem to bother him at all.

They went past the high wooden fence around the punishment block (the stone prison inside the camp), past the barbed-wire fence that guarded the bakery from the prisoners, past a post where—in a sheltered spot to keep the readings from being too low—the thermometer hung, caked over with ice. Shukhov gave a hopeful glance at the tube. If it went down to 42 below zero, they weren't supposed to be marched out to work. But today the thermometer wasn't pushing 40 or anything like it.

They went into HQ—straight into the warders' room. There it turned out—as Shukhov had already had a hunch on the way—that they never meant to put him in the can but simply that the floor in the warders' room needed scrubbing. Sure enough, the Tartar now told Shukhov that he was letting him off and ordered him to mop the floor.

The stove in the warders' room was blazing away. A couple of warders who'd undressed down to their dirty shirts were playing checkers, and a third was sleeping on a narrow bench. There was a bucket and rag in the corner.

Shukhov was real pleased and thanked the Tartar for letting him off: "Thank you, Citizen Warder. I'll never get up late again."

The rule here was simple—finish your job and get out. Now that Shukhov had been given some work, his pains seemed to have stopped. He took the bucket and went to the well.

The gang bosses reporting at the PPS had formed a small group near the post, and one of the younger ones, who was once a Hero of the Soviet Union, climbed up and wiped the thermometer.

The others were shouting up to him: "Don't breathe on it or it'll go up."

The fellow up the post said in a hoarse voice: "Seventeen and a half below—damn!" And after another look just to make sure, he jumped down.

"Anyway, it's always wrong—it's a damned liar," someone said. "They'd never put up one that works."

The gang bosses scattered. Shukhov ran to the well. His ears ached with the cold.

The top of the well was covered by a thick crust of ice so that the bucket would hardly go through the hole. And the rope was stiff as a board.

Shukhov's hands were frozen, so when he got back to the warders' room with the steaming bucket, he shoved them in the water. He felt warmer.

The Tartar had gone, but four of the warders were there quarreling about how much millet they'd get in January. (There was a shortage of food in the local "free" workers'* settlement, and though ration cards had ended a long time ago, the warders could still buy some foodstuffs at a cut rate the locals couldn't get.)

"Shut the door, you idiot! It's cold," one of them shouted.

It wasn't a good idea to get your felt boots wet in the morning. You didn't have anything extra to change into, even if you could run back to your barracks. During his eight years inside, Shukhov had seen all kinds of ups and downs in the footwear situation. There'd been times when they'd gone around all winter without any boots at all, but only shoes made of birch bark or shoes of the "Chelyabinsk Tractor Factory model"—made of strips of tires that left the marks of the tread behind them. Now the boot situation had begun to look up. In October—this because he'd once managed to wangle himself a trip to the stores with the No. 2 man in his gang—Shukhov had got a pair of sturdy boots with good strong toes that were roomy enough for two thicknesses of warm foot-cloths. For a week he went around knocking his new heels together with joy. Then felt boots were issued in December and life was great. You didn't want to die. Then some swine in the bookkeeping department put a bug in the commandant's ear: "Let 'em have the felt boots, but make 'em hand in the others." So Shukhov had to choose whether he'd get through the whole winter in the new boots or take the felt boots. He'd treated the new ones with loving care, rubbed them with grease to make the leather soft. During the whole eight years nothing had hit him more than having to turn in those boots.

Now Shukhov had an idea. He quickly kicked off his felt boots, stood them in a corner, threw the foot-cloths on top of them—the spoon he always kept in one boot clattered onto the floor—and knelt down in his bare feet and started sloshing water right under the warders' boots.

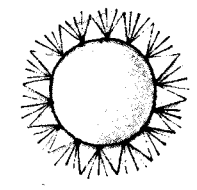
"Take it easy!" one of them shouted.

"Why are you using all that water, stupid?"

"There's no other way, Citizen Warder! The dirt's worked right into it."

*Terms marked with an asterisk are explained on page 48.

Enjoy The Grand Manner of Matson to Hawaii



Regal pleasures await you on Matson's Pacific—delights and comforts, charms and graces that have all but disappeared from life on land.

No maharajah could travel with greater ease. Nor be surrounded by more sumptuous comforts than you will know for 4½ days and 5 nights with Matson to or from Hawaii. Gay parties, gourmet dining, glamorous diversions and superlative service are but a few of the wondrous wealth of niceties that will attend your every moment.

Yet the Grand Manner of Matson is not costly.

Service is all First Class, with accommodations available to suit any budget. Modest, lavish and anywhere in-between. Economy staterooms, with bath nearby, are priced from $414, round trip. Staterooms with private bath start at $666, round trip.
And the price of your ticket includes all of the luxuries for which Matson's vacation-liners are renowned.

It's like no other vacation in the world.
Matson's 80-year tradition of pampering passengers at sea makes it so.

Why not make this your year to cruise away with Matson to Hawaii? See your travel agent or write Matson, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Matson Lines

THE VACATION WAY TO HAWAII

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Didn't you ever see your old lady wash the floor, stupid?"

Shukhov gave an innocent smile which showed that some of his teeth were missing—they'd been thinned out by scurvy at Ust-Izhma* in 1943, a time when he thought he was on his last legs. He was really far gone. He had the runs, with bleeding, and his insides were so worn out he couldn't keep anything down. He lost a lot of teeth, too, and had a funny way of talking.

"They took me away from her in 1941, Citizen Warder. I don't even remember what she was like."

Shukhov quickly finished up the job and cut across to the mess hall, past the bathhouse and the dark, cold recreation hall. He also had to make it to the hospital block—he was aching all over again. Then he had to keep out of sight of the warders in front of the mess hall. The commandant had given strict orders to pick up any stray prisoners and put them in the cells.

Today—this didn't often happen—there wasn't a big crowd lined up in front of the mess hall. So he went straight in. It was like a steam bath inside. The men were sitting at tables or waiting for places. Shouting their way through the mob, two or three prisoners from each gang were carrying bowls of gruel and mush on wooden trays and looking for a place for them on the tables. And they bump into your tray and you spill the stuff! And then you let them have it in the neck with your free hand.

On the other side of the table was a young fellow who was crossing himself before he started to eat. Must have been a Western Ukrainian* and new to the place. The Russians didn't even remember which hand you cross yourself with.

It was cold in the mess hall and most of the men ate with their caps on, chasing bits of rotten fish among the cabbage leaves and spitting the bones out on the table. When there was a whole pile of them, someone would sweep them off before the next gang came, and they were ground underfoot on the floor.

In the middle of the mess hall there were two rows of supports. Fetyukov, another fellow from Gang 104, was sitting by one of them and guarding Shukhov's breakfast. He didn't count for much in the gang—even less than Shukhov. To look at them, the gang was all the same—the same black overcoats, and numbers—but underneath they were all different. You couldn't ask the captain to guard your bowl, and there were jobs even Shukhov wouldn't do—jobs that were beneath him.

Fetyukov spotted Shukhov and gave up his seat with a sigh. "It's all cold now. I was going to eat it for you—I thought you were in the cooler."

Shukhov pulled his spoon out of his boot. He was very fond of this spoon, which had gone with him all over the North. He'd made it himself from aluminum wire and cast it in sand. And he'd scratched on it: UST-IZHMA, 1944.

Then Shukhov took his cap off his shaved head—however cold it was, he would never eat with it on—and took a quick look to see what was in his bowl. The cold gruel hadn't been ladled from the top of the caldron, but it wasn't the stuff from the bottom either. Camp gruel was usually hot, but what Shukhov had was now quite cold. Even so, he ate it slowly and carefully, as he always did. Apart from sleeping, the prisoners' time was their own only for 10 minutes at breakfast, five minutes at noon, and another five minutes at supper.

The fish was mostly bones. The flesh was boiled off except for bits on the tails and the heads. Not leaving a single scale or speck of flesh on the skeleton, Shukhov crunched and sucked the bones and spit them out on the table. He didn't leave anything—not even the gills or the tail. He ate the eyes, too, when they were still in place, but when they'd come off and were floating around in the bowl on their own, he didn't eat them. The others laughed at him for this.

Shukhov made a kind of saving today. He hadn't been back to his barracks to collect his bread ration, and now he was eating without it. Bread—well, you could always eat that by itself, and he'd feel less hungry later on.

He licked his spoon, pushed it back in his boot and went to the hospital block.

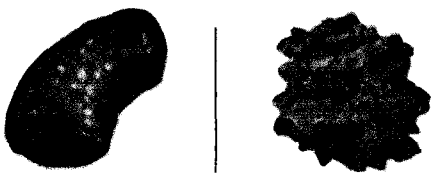
It was just as dark as it was at reveilie; but roll call would soon be sounded. Clubfoot's assistant—Clubfoot was a messhall orderly who kept an assistant out of his own pocket—had gone to summon Barracks 6 to breakfast. Number 6 was for invalids who couldn't work off the compound. Once more the Tartar dashed across the yard toward HQ. There weren't many people around. They'd all gone under cover and were warming themselves these last sweet minutes.

Shukhov ducked behind the corner of a hut to get out of the Tartar's way. If he caught him a second time he'd fix him good. Anyway, you had to be careful the warders didn't see you alone, but only in a crowd. They were always on the lookout for someone to pick on.

The Shape makes the difference in New Burgerbits

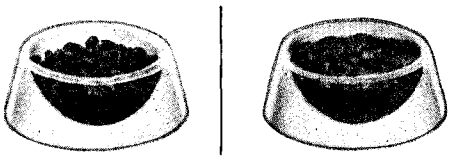
...gives your dog more flavor–more nutrition–more crunchability

New Burgerbits **Other Chunks**

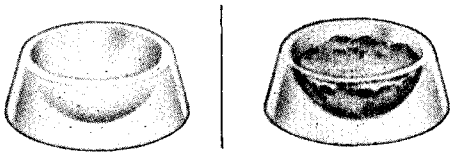


Burgerbits are smooth. *Other chunks are jagged.* The smooth shape permits Burgerbits to be completely coated with tasty natural meat fat. Result—More Tempting Flavor.

Burgerbits are concentrated. *Others are porous.* Result—bowl for bowl, Burgerbits' chunks have more protein, vitamins and minerals—More Body-building Nutrition for your dog.



Burgerbits stay crunchy. *Other chunks get mushy.* Result—More Crunchability even in liquids with Burgerbits to give your dog extra chewing exercise for healthy teeth and gums.



Burgerbits leave bowl clean. *Others can be messy.* Burgerbits are firm so that no sticky residue is left to "cake" in the bowl—no wasteful dusty crumbs are left in the bottom of the bag.

Feed your dog new Burgerbits. See if you don't agree it helps him **look better—live better—play better.**

See the difference New Burgerbits makes to your dog

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DENISOVICH

The Tartar went by. And Shukhov was just about to go on to the hospital when he suddenly remembered that the big Latvian in Barracks 7 had told him to come this morning before roll call to buy a couple of mugs of tobacco. The Latvian had got a package from home the evening before, and maybe by tomorrow there wouldn't be any left.

But Shukhov was near the hospital, so he went on up to the steps. The snow crunched under his feet.

The corridor in the hospital was so clean that he was scared to walk along it. The walls were painted a shiny white, and the furniture was all white as well.

But the office doors were shut. The doctors must still be in bed. One of the medics—a young fellow by the name of Nikolay Vdovushkin—was sitting in the orderlies' room at a nice clean desk, wearing a clean white coat. He was writing something. There was no one else around.

Shukhov took off his hat, as though this were one of the higher-ups, and he couldn't help noticing that Vdovushkin was writing a poem.

"Listen, Nikolay Semyonovich, I'm feeling kind of sick," he said.

Vdovushkin looked coolly up from his work. He wore a white cap to match his coat, and he had no number tags. "But why didn't you come yesterday evening? You know we can't take people in the morning. We've already sent the sick list to the PPS."

Shukhov knew all this. And he knew it wasn't any easier to get on the sick list in the evening either.

"But the trouble is, Nikolay, it doesn't feel so bad in the evening, when it should."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Well, when you get down to it, I just feel rotten all over."

Shukhov was not one of those who's always hanging around the hospital block, and Vdovushkin knew it. But he was allowed to excuse only two men in the morning and he'd already excused them.

"Here!" Vdovushkin took one of the thermometers sticking through gauze in a jar, and gave it to Shukhov.

Shukhov sat down on a bench by the wall. Vdovushkin went on writing.

Shukhov felt odd sitting by a bright lamp in such a clean room, where it was so quiet, and doing nothing for five whole minutes. He looked at his jacket. The number on his chest had got a little worn. He'd have to have it redone if he didn't want trouble. He felt his beard. It had got pretty rough since his last visit to the bathhouse about 10 days ago. But what the hell! There'd be another bath in about three days, and he'd have a shave then. Why waste time waiting in line at the barber's? He didn't have to look his best for anyone.

Now his one dream was to get sick, just sick enough to be sent to the hospital. He'd lie there, he thought, for three weeks without moving. But then Shukhov remembered that there was no peace even in the hospital nowadays. There was a new doctor, Stepan Grigoryevich, a loudmouth know-it-all who never let the patients alone. He'd had the bright idea of putting all the walking cases to work around the hospital, making fences and paths and carrying earth to the flower beds. And in the winter there was always snow to clear. He kept saying that work was the best cure for illness.

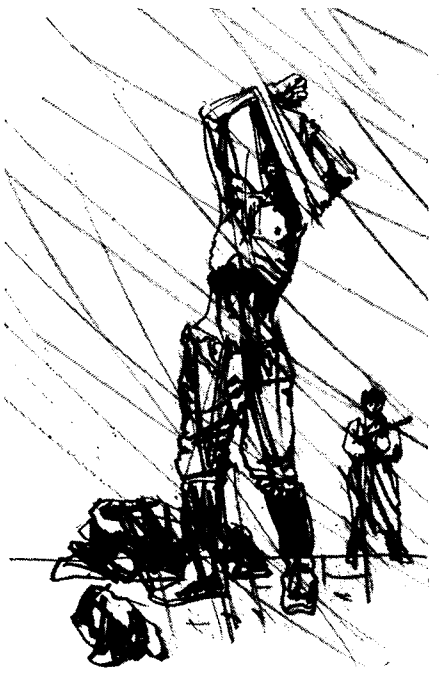
The signal for roll call came faintly through the double windows. Shukhov sighed and stood up. He still felt feverish, but it looked as though he had no chance to get out of work. Vdovushkin reached for his thermometer and squinted at it.

"Look, I can't let you off. Take a chance and stay if you want. If the doctor takes a look at you and thinks you're sick, he'll let you off. But if not, it's the cooler for you. You'd better go to work."

Shukhov said nothing. He rammed on his cap and went out.

When you're cold, don't expect sympathy from someone who's warm.

The air outside hit Shukhov. The cold and the biting mist took hold of him and made him cough. He trotted off to his barracks. The yard was absolutely empty. The escort guards were sitting in their warm barracks, leaning their heads against their rifles—it was no picnic for them, either, to kick their heels on top of watchtowers in this freezing cold. The guards in the main guardhouse threw



Prisoners with extra clothing had to strip it off in the cold.

some more coal in the stove. The warders in the warders' room were finishing their last cigarette before going out to search the prisoners.

The prisoners—they were now dressed in all their rags, tied around with all their bits of string, their faces wrapped in rags from chin to eyes to protect them from the cold—were lying on their bunks. Just a few seconds more until the gang boss would yell, "Fall out!"

Nearly all the men in Barracks 9, including Gang 104, were dozing. Only the assistant gang boss, Pavlo, was busy, moving his lips as he counted something with the help of a small pencil. And the Baptist Alyoshka, Shukhov's neighbor, was reading his notebook, in which he had half the Gospels copied down.

Shukhov went to Pavlo's bunk.

Pavlo raised his head. "Didn't they put you in the cooler, Ivan Denisovich? And are you still alive?" (They simply couldn't teach Western Ukrainians to change their ways—even in camp they were polite to people and addressed them by their full names.)

Pavlo handed him his bread ration from the table. There was a little white heap of sugar on top of it.

Shukhov was in a great hurry, but he answered just as politely—even an assistant gang boss is a big shot, and more depends on him than on the commandant. He scooped up the sugar with his lips, licked the bread clean with his tongue, and put one leg on the ledge to climb up and make his bed. He weighed the ration in his hand to see if it was the full pound due him. Shukhov had had thousands of these rations, and though he'd never had a chance to weigh a single one of them on a scale, he knew that the people who issued your bread wouldn't last long if they gave you honest rations.

It's about half an ounce short, Shukhov figured, and he broke the bread in two. He stuck half into his jacket, where he'd sewed a little pocket. He thought of eating the other half, the one he hadn't eaten at breakfast, right away, but food eaten quickly isn't food. It does no good, doesn't fill you. He made a move to shove his half ration in his locker but remembered the orderlies had already been beaten up twice for thieving.

So Ivan Denisovich widened the little hole in his mattress and hid the other half of his rations in the sawdust. He pulled a needle and thread out of his cap and sewed up the hole. Shukhov's whole body was tense; at any moment the work-controller would start yelling in the doorway.

The Baptist was reading the Gospels almost aloud. Maybe this was for Shukhov's benefit (these Baptists love to spread a little propaganda):

"But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evildoer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf."

Alyoshka was so clever at hiding his Bible in a hole in the wall that it hadn't been found on any of the searches.

From under the mattress Shukhov pulled out his mittens, a pair of thin footcloths, a bit of rope and a piece of rag with two tapes. He evened the sawdust in his mattress a little, tucked in his blanket all around, then climbed down and put on his foot wrappings.

Then Tyurin, the gang boss of 104, shouted, "Snap out of it, 104! Outside!"

Tyurin had been in camps for 19 years, and he wouldn't chase you out to the roll call one second too early. When he said, "Outside!" the time had really come.

Bulky, wearing everything they had, they edged out in single file, and nobody was in a hurry to get out first. They trudged toward the yard, and you could hear only the crunch of their boots.

It was still dark, and a nasty wind was blowing. This was the toughest moment—when you lined up for roll call in the morning. Into the bitter cold darkness with an empty belly—for the whole day.

Near the perimeter a deputy work-controller was going frantic: "Well, Tyurin, how long are we supposed to wait? Dragging your feet again, eh?"

Maybe Shukhov was frightened of him, but not Tyurin. He trudged on without a word. The gang came after him over the snow: tramp-tramp-tramp, crunch-crunch-crunch.

The boss must have slipped the fellow two pounds of fatback—Gang 104 was being lined up in its usual place. It was the other poor suckers who'd be marched off to the Socialist Community Development. God, it'd be hell out there today!

The boss needed a lot of fatback to slip to the people in the PPS and still have enough left for his own belly. He didn't get any packages from home, but he was never short of fatback. It was always handed over to him right away by anyone in the gang who got some. That was the only way you could live.

The chief work-controller made a note on a board. "Tyurin, you have one sick today and twenty-three to go out. Right?"

The boss nodded.

Who was missing? Panteleyev wasn't there. But was he sick?

And right away there was a lot of whispering in the gang. Panteleyev had managed to get out of it again. He wasn't sick at all—the security officer had kept him behind. He'd be squealing on somebody again.

The whole yard was black with prisoners' coats, and the gangs shuffled forward to be frisked. Shukhov noticed at once that another fellow from his gang, Caesar, was smoking—not his pipe but a cigarette—which meant there was a chance of cadging a smoke. But Shukhov didn't ask him outright. He stopped just next to Caesar, turned halfway toward him, and then looked past him, as if he didn't care, but he could see the rim of red ash move along the cigarette.

Right at this moment that scavenger Fetyukov latched onto them and stood right in front of Caesar and stared with burning eyes at his mouth.

Shukhov was tense all over, and right now he thought he'd rather have this butt than his freedom. But he wouldn't stoop as low as Fetyukov.

Caesar was a mixture of all races—whether he was a Greek, a Jew or a gypsy you just couldn't tell. He was still young. He'd been a cameraman for the movies, but they put him inside before he'd finished shooting his first film. He had a big, black, bushy moustache. They hadn't shaved it off here because this was how he looked on the photograph in his records.

"Caesar Markovich," Fetyukov drooled at him. "Please give me one little drag!" He was twitching all over.

Caesar's eyebrows went up, and he looked at Fetyukov. The reason he'd started smoking a pipe was so that people wouldn't bother him for butts. He didn't like having his thoughts interrupted.

Caesar turned to Shukhov and said: "Here you are, Ivan Denisovich!"

Shukhov took the burning butt quickly and thankfully, and smoked away till it burned his lips. The smoke seemed to go all through his hungry body and into his feet and his head.

Just as this wonderful feeling spread all through him, Ivan Denisovich heard a roar from the men:

"They're taking our undershirts away!"

Why shirts? They'd been issued by the commandant himself! No, something was wrong.

There were only two gangs ahead of them before the friskers, and everyone in Gang 104 spotted Lieutenant Volkovoy, the disciplinary officer. He'd come over from HQ and shouted something to the warders. And the warders, who'd been taking it easy, now really got busy and went for the men like wild animals. Their boss yelled, "Open your shirts!"

They said even the commandant was scared of Volkovoy. Not for nothing was he called Volkovoy*. And he always looked at you like a wolf. He was dark and tall and scowling, and always dashing around. He'd come at you from behind the corner of the barracks, shouting, "What's going on here?" You couldn't keep out of his way. In the early days he carried a whip of braided leather as long as his arm. And he'd sneak up behind someone during roll call and let him have it in the neck. "Get back into line, you scum." The fellow he'd whipped would take hold of his neck and wipe off the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blood and keep his trap shut so as not to get shoved into the cooler.

The prisoners held their coats open. They marched up by fives, and five warders were waiting for them. They put their hands inside the prisoners' coats and felt their jackets. They patted the pocket—the only one that was allowed—on the right knee.

What did they hope to find in the morning? Knives? But knives don't get taken out of camp, they get brought in. What they had to watch out for in the mornings was people carrying a lot of food to escape with. They also had to look out for anyone with civilian clothes under his camp uniform. They'd long ago taken away these clothes, and they said you'd get them back when your sentence was up. But nobody'd ever been let out of this camp yet.

Volkovoy shouted to the warders to give them a real going over, and the warders quickly removed their gloves, told the men to open their jackets—where each man had taken a little of the warmth from his barracks—and undo their shirts. Then they began to feel around to see whether extra clothes had been put on against regulations. Each prisoner was allowed a shirt and vest, and anything extra had to come off—that was Volkovoy's order. Anyone who was wearing extra clothing had to strip it off right there in the freezing cold.

Everything on Shukhov was regular issue. But they caught Caesar with a woolen shirt, and the captain with some kind of jersey. The captain kicked up a fuss, just like he used to on his ship—he'd only been here three months.

"You've no right to strip people in the cold! You don't know Article Nine of the Criminal Code!"

They had the right and they knew the article. You've still got a lot to learn, brother.

"You're not Soviet people," the captain kept on at them. "You're not Communists!"

Volkovoy could take the stuff about the Criminal Code, but this made him mad. He looked black as a thundercloud and snapped at him, "Ten days' solitary!" And a bit quieter, he said to the chief warder, "You can see to that in the evening."

They didn't like putting people in solitary in the morning because it meant losing a day's work. So let him break his back all day, and shove him in the cells at night.

The prisoners were standing in front of the gate, and a work-controller was shoving them in the back. "Come on! Come on!"

There was one gate at the perimeter, then a second gate. And there were railings on both sides.

"Stop!" yelled one of the guards. "Just like a bunch of sheep! Line up by fives!"

Now it was getting light. On the other side of the guardhouse the escorts' fire was almost out. They always lighted a fire before roll call to keep warm and to get some light for the count.

A guard was counting in a loud, harsh voice: "One, two, three!"

The men peeled off by fives and filed through, so you could see five heads, five backs and ten legs. Lieutenant Volkovoy watched. He was there to double-check the count.

The men meant more to a guard than gold. If there was one man missing on the other side of the wire, the guard would soon be taking his place.

The gang formed up again.

Now it was the sergeant who did the counting: "One, two, three!"

There were escorts all over the place. They ringed the column going to the power station, shouldered their tommy guns and pointed them straight at your face. And once again the prisoners were recounted by the escorts.

"It's always coldest at dawn," the captain explained. "Because that's the last stage of the loss of heat by radiation which takes place at night."

The captain liked to explain things. He could figure out the phases of the moon for any day of any year. The captain was clearly going downhill.

The cold here outside the camp bit Shukhov's face, even though it could take almost anything by now. He knew he'd have the wind in his face like this all the way to the power plant, so he tied his piece of rag over it. Then he covered the back of his neck with the flap of his cap and pulled up the collar of his jacket. Then he pulled down the front flap over his forehead.

The commander of the escort read the daily "sermon," which everyone was fed up with:

"Your attention, prisoners! You will keep strict column order on the line of march! You will not straggle or bunch up. You will not change places from one rank of five to another. You will not talk or look around to either side, and you will keep your arms behind you! A step to right or left will be considered an attempt at escape, and the escort will open fire without warning! Forward march!"

®

How one of the world's most important insurance companies chose this symbol...and why

Sure, Wausau has landmarks more impressive than this depot. And as for trademarks, Employers Mutuals' handsome office in Wausau would be a far better reflection of our coast to coast operations and our $325 million assets.

But there's another dimension to Employers Mutuals of Wausau. And when we set out to define it and describe it, we find the depot does it best.

Back in 1874, the first train puffed its way through the Wisconsin timberlands, summoned north to Wausau by the thriving lumber industry. From then on, the depot stood as proof that this community was no longer the "faraway place," as the early Chippewas had described it in giving Wausau its name.

This Wisconsin community is an integral part of the operating philosophy of Employers Mutuals of Wausau, just as it has been throughout the 52 years since this mutual insurance company was founded. Call this neighborly concern or "Main Street" friendliness and cooperation. It's a way of doing business our policyholders seem to like and we don't want to lose.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau is a large company now, but the Wausau Way is evident in our relationship with policyholders everywhere. We do business in all the principal cities of the nation through 145 offices. We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. We write group health and accident, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including automobile. We write only nonassessable policies. We're proud of our unbroken record of dividend-savings. And, as a mutual company, we're dedicated to the prevention of loss.

"Good people to do business with"

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DENISOVICH

The escort guards started along the road. The column swayed, men began to swing their shoulders, and the guards at either side of the column started off, their tommy guns at the ready.

There hadn't been any new snow for a week now, and the road was well trodden. They went around the edge of the camp, and the wind hit them sideways. Hands behind backs and heads lowered, the column started off. All you could see was the legs of the two or three people in front of you and the bit of trampled ground under your feet. From time to time a guard shouted, "Y-47! Put your hands behind you! . . . B-502! Keep up there!" Then even they began to shout less often. It was no fun for them either.

The column came out into the steppe with the wind right in their faces, and there was a red sunrise. Bare white snow lay as far as the eye could see, and there wasn't a tree in sight.

It was the beginning of a new year—1951—and Shukhov was allowed to write two letters home this year. He'd sent his last one off in July and had an answer in October. In Ust-Izhma there had been a different system—you could write once a month if you wanted. But what can you say in a letter? Writing now was like throwing stones into a bottomless pit. They fell down and disappeared, and no sound came back. What was the point of telling them what gang you worked in and what your boss was like? Anyway, they only wrote twice a year, and you couldn't make out how they were getting along.

The column stopped in front of the guardroom of the vast compound where the building site was. A little before that, two of the escorts had peeled off at a corner of the compound and made for the watchtowers at the far end. The prisoners would only be let in when the watchtowers were manned. The officer in charge, with a tommy gun over his shoulder, went to the guardhouse. They had a watchman there all night—a "free" worker, not a prisoner—so boards and cement wouldn't be stolen.

The big, red sun, covered in mist, was slanting through the wires of the gate. Alyoshka, at Shukhov's side, looked at the sun and rejoiced. A smile came to his lips. His cheeks were sunken; he lived only on his ration and didn't earn anything extra. What was he so pleased about? On Sundays he spent all the time whispering with the other Baptists. The camp didn't worry them—it was like water off a duck's back.

Shukhov's face-rag had got all wet from his breath, and it was frozen into an icy crust. He shoved it off his face.

He had an aching pain all the way from the small of his back to his shoulders, so how could he work? He looked around and caught sight of Tyurin, the gang boss, at the end of the column. He had powerful shoulders and a large face. He looked grim. He didn't stand for any nonsense in the gang, but he kept them pretty well fed. He was doing his second sentence and had lived practically all his life in the camps. What he didn't know about the camps wasn't worth knowing.

In a camp your gang boss is everything. A good one can give you a new lease on life, but a bad one will finish you off. Shukhov had known Tyurin in the old Ust-Izhma days. And when prisoners sentenced under Article 58 * had been switched from the ordinary camp at Ust-Izhma to the penal camp, Tyurin had picked him out. Shukhov never had any dealings with the commandant, the PPS, the work-supervisors or the engineers. The boss took care of all that sort of thing. He was like a rock. But he only had to raise an eyebrow or point a finger and you ran off to do what he wanted. You could cheat anyone you liked in the camp, but not Tyurin. That way you'd stay alive.

Shukhov wanted to ask him if they were going to work in the same place as yesterday or if they were going to another place, but he didn't dare break in on his thoughts. He'd only just wangled them out of the Socialist Community Development, and now he must have been figuring out how to get them good rates for the job. And their ration for the next five days depended on this.

The men were slapping their hands together and stamping their feet. The wind was brutal. The guards were already up

They hid the felt between them in order to deceive the guards.

on all six watchtowers, but the men were still not being let inside. They must have another security drive on.

Here it was! The officer in charge of the escort came out of the guardroom with an inspector. "Line up by fives! One! Two!"

The prisoners marched as though they were on parade. Once they got into the compound, they knew what to do without being told.

Just past the guardroom was the work office. The work-supervisor was standing there, calling over the gang bosses. And one of the foremen—a man called Der—went over to them. A real bastard. He was a prisoner himself, but he treated everybody else like dirt.

It was eight o'clock. The fellows in charge were scared stiff about the prisoners wasting time and ducking into shelters to keep warm. But the prisoners had a long day and took their time. As soon as they got into the compound, they started bending down to pick up pieces of wood. It all came in handy back in camp.

Tyurin told his assistant, Pavlo, to come to the office with him. Caesar went along too. Caesar was rich, got two packages from home every month, and bribed all the right people. He had a soft job in the office, helping the fellow in charge of the work sheets.

In the compound there were panels for prefabs covered over with snow, and the beginning of a brick wall they'd stopped work on. Then there was a broken part of a bulldozer. And a scoop and some metal scrap. There were ditches, trenches and holes all over the place. The vehicle repair shops were finished and on a rise there was a power plant where they'd started on the second story.

Everybody was out of sight—all but the six sentries standing on the watchtowers and the men bustling around the office. This was the best moment in the day for a prisoner. They said the chief supervisor had threatened no end of times to pass out the work orders the evening before. But it never really worked, because they'd always change their minds by morning. While they were figuring things out, you could find some warm spot before you started breaking your back. It was good if you could get near the stove to take your foot-cloths off and warm them a little.

Gang 104 went to the repair shops, where they'd put windowpanes in last autumn. Gang 38 was making concrete blocks. Some of these blocks were lying around in their molds, others were piled up, and there was steel meshwork for reinforcing the concrete. There was a high roof and an earthen floor, and it never really got warm here. But it was heated, and they weren't stingy with the coal—not so people could get warm but so the blocks would set better.

Of course, the men of Gang 38 were hogging the stove, drying out their foot-cloths. OK, so the rest of us have to sit in a corner. What the hell.

Shukhov perched on the edge of a wooden mold with his back to the wall. When he leaned back, his coat and jacket pulled tight around his body, and on the left side of his chest he felt something hard. This was the hunk of bread in his inside pocket, the half of his morning ration he'd saved for the meal break. He always brought this much with him to work and never touched it before the meal break. He felt a great hunger pang and wanted to eat it right away in this warm place. There were five hours till the meal break—it was a long time.

He put his mittens on his knees, undid his coat, untied the frozen face-rag from his neck, broke the ice to fold it up, and put it in his pocket. Then he took the bread in a piece of white cloth and cradled it behind the flap of his coat so as not to lose a single crumb.

He often remembered how they used to eat at home in the village—potatoes by the panful, pots of *kasha* and, in the early days before that, great hunks of meat. And they swilled enough milk to make their bellies burst. But in the camps this was all wrong. You had to eat with all your thoughts on the food, like he was nibbling off these little bits now, and turn them over on your tongue and roll them over in your mouth—and then it tasted so good, this soggy black bread. What had he eaten this eight years and more? Nothing at all. But the work he'd done on it!

Two Estonians, who were like blood brothers, were sitting on a low concrete block and smoking half a cigarette in turns from the same holder. They were both very fair, tall and thin. They stuck together as though they couldn't breathe without each other. The gang boss never separated them. They shared all their food and slept on the top level of the same bunk. And they were always talking to each other in slow, quiet voices. But they weren't brothers at all; they'd only gotten to know each other here in the gang.

That scavenger Fetyukov had scrounged together quite a pile of cigarette butts—he would even pick them up out of a spittoon—and now he was sorting them out on his knees and putting tobacco in a piece of paper. Fetyukov had three children "outside," but they'd all disowned him when he was arrested, and his wife had married again. So there was no one to send him things.

The captain kept looking at Fetyukov out of the corner of his eye, and then he yelled, "Hey, what are you collecting all that crap for? You'll get syphilis. Throw it out!"

The captain was used to giving orders. But Fetyukov didn't have to take orders from the captain. He didn't get any packages either. So he just leered at him in a nasty way and said, "Just wait, Captain, till you've been here eight years. You'll be doing the same thing. It's happened to better men than you."

"What's that? What's that?" Senka Klevshin said. He was rather deaf and couldn't hear what they were saying. He thought they were talking about the captain's trouble at roll call. "You shouldn't have yelled at them like that." He shook his head sadly. "It would've blown over."

Senka Klevshin was a quiet fellow and he'd had a very hard life. One of his eardrums had burst back in '41. Then he'd been taken prisoner by the Germans, but he got away. They caught him and stuck him in Buchenwald. He'd stayed alive by a miracle, and now he was here quietly doing his sentence. He said if you kicked up a fuss you were finished.

Alyoshka dropped his face into his hands. He was praying.

Shukhov ate his ration nearly to the end, but he saved a bare crust, a round piece from the top, because you couldn't clean out the mush in your bowl with a spoon like you could with bread.

Gang 38 got up. Some of them went to the cement mixer, some to get water, some to the steel meshwork. But neither Tyurin nor Pavlo had come back to the gang. And though they had been sitting down for barely 20 minutes, and the workday—a short winter one—went on only till six, they all thought this had been wonderful luck, and the evening didn't seem far off now.

"You know there hasn't been a blizzard for a long time!" the Latvian Kilgas said with a sigh. He had red cheeks and was well fed. "Not one storm all winter! What kind of a winter is that?"

When there was a snowstorm in these parts, they didn't dare take you out of the barracks—let alone to work. Without a rope slung between your barracks and the mess hall, you could get lost. If a prisoner froze to death in the snow, the dogs could eat him for all anyone cared. But what if he escaped? It happened sometimes. When there was a storm, the snowdrifts got packed down. Prisoners had gotten over the wire across these snowdrifts and made a run for it. But they didn't get far.

Come to think about it, snowstorms weren't much use. They kept the prisoners locked in. The coal was late coming in and the warmth was blown out of the barracks. They brought no flour into the camp, and there was no bread, and things got fouled up in the mess hall. And it didn't matter how long the blizzard lasted—a couple of days or a week—they counted the days they lost as days off, and the men were marched out to work for the same number of Sundays in a row.

Tyurin came in. He looked black. The men saw that they'd have to get to work.

"Now then!" Tyurin looked around. "Are you all here, 104?" And not checking or counting—because nobody could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have gone anywhere—he started giving them their working orders. He sent the two Estonians and Klevshin and Gopchik to get the big cement-mixing trough. The gang was being put on the unfinished power plant that they'd stopped work on in the autumn. He sent two others to the tool shop, where Pavlo was getting the tools. He told four others to clear the snow from around the plant, by the entrance to the generator room, and inside it, and from the ladders. He told another two to get the coal stove going there and to swipe some boards and chop them up. One man was to take cement there on a small sledge. Two were to carry water, two had to bring sand, and another had to clear the snow off the sand and break it up with a crowbar.

After all this, only two of them, Shukhov and Kilgas, the best workers in the gang, still hadn't got their orders. The boss called over and said, "After the meal break, you'll lay bricks on the second story. But now I want you to cover up the windows in the generator room. There are three big windows there, and the first thing is to board them up with something. I'll send some others along to help, but start thinking what you're going to do it with. We'll use the generator room for mixing the mortar and warming up. If we don't keep it warm, we'll freeze."

Gopchik ran up to him—he was a kid of about 16 with rosy cheeks—and complained that another gang wouldn't give them the cement mixer and were fighting over it. So Tyurin went there.

Shukhov and Kilgas had often worked together, and they looked up to each other because they were both skilled men. Shukhov was a carpenter and Kilgas a bricklayer. It wasn't easy to find anything in the snow to board up those windows with. But Kilgas said, "Ivan! I know a spot where there's a big roll of roofing felt. Hid it there myself."

Kilgas was a Latvian but spoke Russian like a Russian. There was a village of Old Believers* near where he came from, and he learned it when he was small. He'd been in the camps only two years, but he knew his way around, and he also knew that if you didn't help yourself, nobody else would help you.

They decided to get the roofing felt. But first Shukhov ran off to get his trowel from the half-finished repair shops. A trowel is a great help to a bricklayer when it's light and fits his hand. But on every working site it's a rule that at night you hand in all the tools they gave you in the morning. And it's a matter of luck what tool you get next day. But Shukhov had once managed to pull a fast one on the fellow in the tool shop and kept the best trowel for himself. Now he hid it in a different place every night and got it in the mornings if he was going to do any bricklaying. Now he rolled away a stone and stuck his fingers in a crack. There it was!

Shukhov and Kilgas left the repair shops and went over to the prefabs. This site of theirs was really big. It took quite a while to get across it. On their way they ran into some of the boys from Gang 82 who'd been put on digging holes again. They didn't want very big holes—only a few feet deep. But the ground here was frozen stiff. Hit it with a pick and it just skidded off. All you got were sparks, no earth at all. The fellows stood there by their holes and just looked around. There was nowhere to get warm. So they went at it again with their picks. That was the only way to keep warm.

Shukhov saw someone he knew among them—a fellow from Vyatka—and gave him a piece of advice. "Listen, fellows. Why don't you start a fire over these holes to thaw out the ground?"

"They won't give us any wood."

Shukhov and Kilgas went on till they came to the place where the prefab panels were buried under the snow. They picked up a board, then another, and there was the roll of roofing felt.

They took it out. But how could they carry it? It didn't matter about being seen from a watchtower. The guards only worried about people running away. You could chop up all the panels for firewood for all they cared. And if a camp warder ran into you, that didn't matter either. They were always on the lookout themselves for something that might come in handy. The only people who worried were the chief work-supervisor, who wasn't a prisoner, and Der, the foreman, who was, and that beanpole Shkuropatenko. Shkuropatenko was an ordinary prisoner, but he was paid for guarding the prefabs. It was Shkuropatenko who was most likely to catch them.

Shukhov said, "Let's carry it upright. We'll screen it with our bodies, and he won't see what we've got."

They picked it up and started off. All you could see from the side was two men walking close together.

"If the work-supervisor sees this on the windows later on, he'll guess what happened anyway," Shukhov said.

"We can say it was already there when we came to the power plant. They're not going to tell us to pull it down."

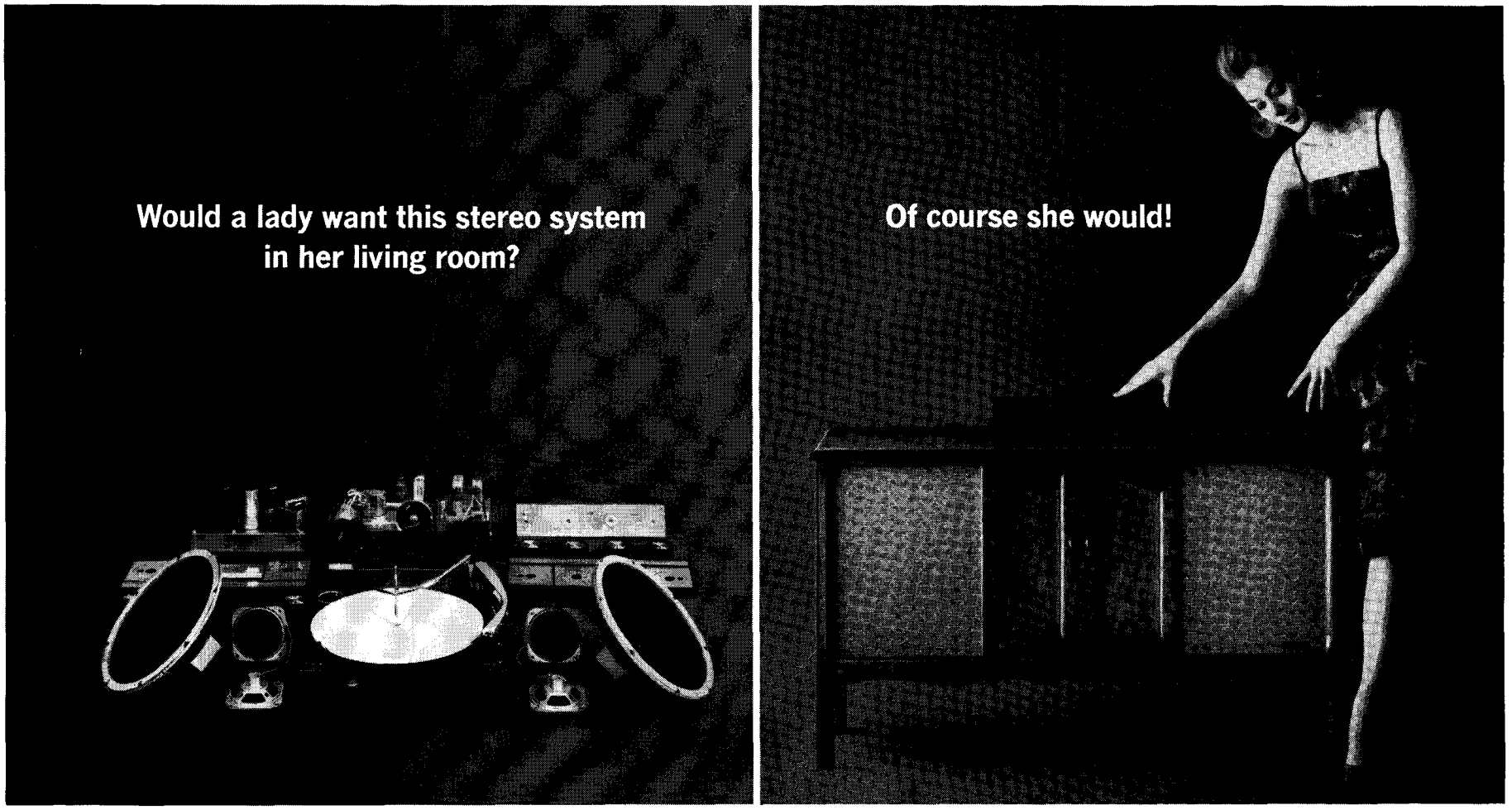
They walked over the untouched snow and came out on a sledge track that ran from the tool shop to the power plant. This meant they must have taken the cement there already.

The power plant was on a rise, and it was right at the edge of the compound. No one had been in it for a long time, and the snow all around it was unmarked. The men were clearing snow with wooden shovels, making a path for a truck.

It would be good if the hoist was working. But the motor had burned out, which meant they'd have to carry everything up to the second story themselves—the mortar and the bricks.

The cement mixer was right there by the entrance to the generator room, but it had come apart. The gang boss swore, but he saw that nobody was to blame. Then Kilgas and Shukhov came up, carrying the roofing felt. The gang boss was pleased and decided on a switch of jobs. He told Shukhov to fix the flue on the stove so they'd get it going as fast as possible. And Kilgas was told to patch up the mixer, with the two Estonians helping him. He gave Senka Klevshin an ax to cut laths to nail the felt on, because it wasn't the right width for the windows. Where could they get the wood? All they could do was take the boards used as handrails for the ladders up to the second story. They'd just have to go up carefully if they didn't want to break their necks.

You might well ask why a prisoner worked so hard for 10 years in a camp. Why didn't they say to hell with it and drag their feet all day long till the night, which was theirs? But it wasn't so simple. That's why they'd dreamed up these gangs—to make the prisoners keep each other on their toes. It was like this—either you all got something extra or you all starved. ("You're not pulling your weight,



Who wouldn't? Beautiful 1963 Sylvania Stereos add a note of grace and charm to any décor. They're long, low, lovely... styled in the tradition of great furniture. And... they sound as good as they look! Famous Power Balanced components give you perfect tonal clarity, thrilling sound separation, all the realism of the original performance. You can hear stereo records or new FM/stereo radio and the sound is rich, full and alive at every listening level. Because this is one stereo that doesn't have to be loud to be alive. See it yourself. Hear it yourself. Take yourself to the nearest Sylvania Dealer today. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

SYLVANIA POWER BALANCED COMPONENTS: Audio Control Center—includes amplifier and AM/FM tuner with built-in FM stereo. Acoustically balanced six-speaker system. Deluxe 4-speed Customatic record changer with 11" professional turntable and 1/10 oz. floating tone arm. Dual ceramic cartridge with diamond/sapphire styli.

SYLVANIA
SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS
Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you swine, and I've got to go hungry because of you. So work!")

Pavlo'd come with the tools already. All they had to do was pick out what they needed. And he also brought some stovepipes. True, there was nothing to fit them with, but there was a hammer and a small hatchet. They'd do it somehow.

Shukhov clapped his mittens together, placed the pipes end to end and started fixing them up, dovetailing the joints. He sent Gopchik to fasten the pipe at the window where it went out.

There was another potbellied stove in the corner with a brick flue. There was a red-hot iron plate on top of it to thaw out the sand and dry it. So they'd already got that one going, and the captain and Fetyukov were carrying sand there in hods. You didn't need any brains to carry a hod. That was why Tyurin gave this work to people who used to run things before they got to the camp. Fetyukov was once some kind of big shot in an office. He used to ride around in a car.

The boys tried to get near the stove with the sand to warm up, but Tyurin stopped them. "Get on with the job first, or I'll warm your butts for you!" he said.

Shukhov heard Tyurin say in Pavlo's ear, "You stay here and keep 'em at it. I've got to go and fix the work rates."

More depends on the work rates than on the work itself. A clever boss who knows his business really sweats over these work rates. That's where the ration comes from. If a job hadn't been done, make it look like it had. If the rates were low on a job, try to hike them up.

But come to think of it, who were these rates for? For the people who ran the camps. They made thousands on the deal and got bonuses on top for the officers. Like old Volkovoy, with that whip of his. And all you got out of it was six ounces of bread in the evening.

They brought two buckets of water, but it froze on the way over. Pavlo figured there was no point in carrying it. They could get it quicker by melting snow. They put the buckets on the stove.

Gopchik brought along some new aluminum wire, the kind electricians used.

He said, "Ivan Denisovich! This is good wire for spoons. Will you teach me how to make a spoon?"

Ivan Denisovich liked this little rascal Gopchik—his own son had died young, and he had two grown-up daughters at home. Gopchik had been arrested for taking milk to Bendera partisans* in the woods. They gave him the same sentence a grownup got. He was friendly, like a little calf, and tried to please everybody. But he could be sly too. He ate the stuff in the packages he got, all by himself.

They broke off some wire to make spoons and hid it in a corner. Shukhov made a sort of stepladder out of two planks and sent Gopchik up to fix the chimney. Then Shukhov put another piece of pipe on top where the flue came out. This was to stop the smoke from blowing back.

Senka Klevshin had already made some long laths. They told Gopchik to nail them on. He climbed up the windows.

The sun was higher now, the haze had gone, and it was all crimson. They put the stolen wood in the stove and lighted it.

"It's only cows who get warm from the sun in January," Shukhov said.

Kilgas finished hammering the cement mixer together, gave it a last tap and shouted, "Listen, Pavlo, this job'll cost the boss a hundred rubles. I won't take less!"

Pavlo laughed. "You'll be lucky if you get a little extra on your ration."

Pavlo gave Kilgas some helpers and told him to make hods for carrying the mortar. He sent someone else up to clear the snow off the scaffold and the walls. And he got another man to shovel hot sand from the stove into the mixer.

They heard a motor outside—a truck with bricks. Pavlo ran out to show them where to unload.

They nailed on one strip of the felt and then another. But what protection do you get from roofing felt? It's nothing but paper, really. All the same, it made it darker inside, so the stove looked brighter.

Fetyukov squatted down by the stove and put his felt boots right up to the fire, the dope. The captain pulled him up by the scruff of the neck and pushed him over to the hods. "Go and carry sand,

Clubfoot beat back the crowd as they charged the mess hall.

you bastard!" To the captain, camp work was like the navy.

Before long, all three windows were covered with felt. Meantime, three dump trucks had brought the bricks. Now the thing was how they could get them up to the top without a hoist.

"Hey, you bricklayers! Let's go up and take a look," Pavlo called.

Bricklaying was a job you could take pride in. Shukhov and Kilgas went up with Pavlo. The ladder was pretty narrow and Senka had taken away the handrails for firewood. And the snow had frozen to the rungs, so you couldn't get a grip with your feet. How the hell could they carry the mortar up?

They looked to see where to start laying. They'd start over here. They'd have to hack the ice off the bricks and then scrape them clean.

They figured out how they'd get the bricks up. It'd be best if they had four fellows down below throw them to the first scaffold, then another two throw them up from there to the second story. And then there'd be two more fellows up here to carry them over to the walls.

Shukhov looked up to the sky, and by the sun it was almost noon. It was a funny thing how time flew when you were working! But the end of your sentence never seemed to be any closer.

They came down again and found everybody huddled around the stove, except the captain and Fetyukov, who were carrying sand. Pavlo got mad and chased out eight of the fellows to get bricks, and told two of them to put dry cement and sand in the mixer. And he sent two others for water and coal.

Kilgas said to the fellows working with him, "Come on, let's finish these hods."

With a little more banging and hammering, they put together four hods.

"OK, let's sit down and warm up," Pavlo said to the two bricklayers. "Senka, you'll be laying bricks after the meal break too. So sit down and get warm."

This time they had every right to sit down at the stove. They couldn't start the job before lunchtime anyhow, and if they mixed the mortar too soon it'd freeze.

The stove was really going now. One thing you had to know was never to put your feet near the stove with your boots on. There weren't any more where they came from.

"Why should Shukhov worry?" Kilgas was kidding him. "He's got one foot out of here already. His sentence is almost up."

They'd given Kilgas 25 years. In the good old days it was always 10. But in 1949 they started slapping on 25, regardless. Maybe you could last 10 years and still come out of it alive, but how the hell could you get through 25?

Shukhov sort of liked the way they pointed at him—the lucky guy nearly through with his sentence. But he didn't really believe it. Take the fellows who should've been let out in the war. They were all kept in till '46—"till further notice." And then those with three years who'd gotten five more slapped on. They twisted the law any way they wanted. You finished a 10-year stretch, and they gave you another one. Or if not, they still wouldn't let you go home.

But sometimes you got a kind of funny feeling inside. God, just to think you might walk out and go home!

But old camp hands never said anything like that out loud. Shukhov said to Kilgas, "Don't start counting up all the years you've got to go. Whether you'll be here for the whole twenty-five years or not is anybody's guess. All I know is I've done eight of mine, that's for sure."

So you just went on living like this, with your eyes on the ground, and you had no time to think about how you got in and when you'd get out.

In his record it said Shukhov was in for treason. And it's true he gave evidence against himself and said he'd surrendered to the enemy with the intention of betraying his country, and come back with instructions from the Germans. But just what he was supposed to do for the Germans neither Shukhov nor the interrogator could say.

The way Shukhov figured, it was very simple. If he didn't sign, he was as good as buried. But if he did, he'd still go on living a while. So he signed.

It happened like this: In February of '42 his whole army was cut off on the Northwestern Front. They didn't send any food by air—there just weren't any planes. Then things got so bad they cut the hoofs off dead horses, soaked them in water to soften them up a little, and ate them. And they didn't have any ammo. The Germans tracked them down in the woods and rounded them up. Shukhov spent a couple of days in a POW cage in the forest. Then he got away with four others. They made their way back to their own lines. And when they got there, a machine gunner opened fire. Two of them were killed on the spot, and another died from his wounds. So only two of them made it. If they'd had any sense, they'd have said they got lost wandering in the woods—then nothing would have happened to them. But they told the truth and said they'd got away from the Germans. If all five of them had made it, maybe they'd have checked their story and believed it. But just the two of them didn't have a chance. It was quite clear, they said, that they'd fixed up their escape with the Germans.

"But what kind of camps were you in for those eight years, Ivan?" Kilgas asked.

He stared into the fire and remembered his seven years in the North. The way he'd hauled logs for three years to make crates and railroad ties. The campfire used to flicker just like this in the lumber camp—when they had to work at night, that is. The commandant's rule was that any gang that didn't do its quota in the daytime was kept on the job at night. They used to get back to camp after midnight and go out again in the morning.

"Don't kid yourself, fellows, it's easier here," he said. "Here you knock off the same time every day. Quota or no quota, they march you back to the camp. And the basic ration is six ounces more. You can live."

"The hell it's easier!" Fetyukov hissed. "They slit your throat here while you're in bed! You call that easy?"

"That happens only to squealers, not human beings!" Pavlo put a finger up, warning Fetyukov.

It was true enough. This was a new thing in the camp. Two stool pigeons had their throats slit right in their bunks. And then they killed a guy who was really straight. They must've got him mixed up with somebody else.

The mess hall on the working site was just a wooden shack with a stove in the middle. Inside, it was split up into a kitchen and an eating room. There were no floors in either part. The earth had been trampled down by people's feet and was full of pits and bumps. And what they called the kitchen had just a square stove with a caldron.

The kitchen was run by two people—the cook and a sanitary inspector. When they left in the morning, the cook got an issue of groats from the big kitchen in the camp. It worked out to about two ounces a head—about two pounds for each gang. That is, a little over 20 pounds for everybody working on the site. The cook didn't carry that stuff himself on the two-mile march from the camp. He had a trusty who carried it for him. He thought it was better to slip an extra portion of the stuff to a trusty at the expense of the prisoners' bellies rather than break his own back. It's easy to give away things that don't belong to you.

The rule was you had to eat inside the mess hall. So they had to bring bowls from the camp every day. (They couldn't leave them on the site overnight because they'd be swiped by "free" workers.) So they brought about 50 of them over and washed them for each new batch that came in to eat. (And the man who carried the bowls got his cut.)

All the cook did was put groats and salt in the caldron, and if there was any fat, he split it between the caldron and himself. Then his only job was to stir the mush when it was nearly ready. The sanitary inspector didn't even do that much.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He just sat and watched. When the mush was ready, the cook gave him some and he could eat all he wanted. And so could the cook. Then one of the gang bosses—they took turns—came to taste it and see if it was good enough for the men to eat. He got a double portion too. After all this, the whistle went off.

Pavlo, Shukhov and Gopchik went into the mess hall. The men were standing jammed up against each other. Some were eating sitting down, others on their feet. Gang 82, who'd been digging holes in the open the whole morning, came in first after the whistle and grabbed all the seats. Even if they'd finished eating, they still hung around to get a little warmth.

Pavlo and Shukhov pushed their way through. They'd come at a good time. One gang was getting its stuff, another was waiting in line, and the assistant gang bosses were standing by the hatch where you got your mush. This meant 104 was next in line.

"Bowls! Bowls!" the cook shouted through the hatch, and people were shoving them at him from the other side. Shukhov got some bowls too and shoved them through the hatch, not to get anything extra for himself but to speed things up. Some of the cook's pals were washing bowls in the kitchen. And they weren't doing it for nothing.

The assistant gang boss in front of Pavlo was getting the stuff for his men, and Pavlo shouted back over people's heads: "Gopchik! Call the gang!" Gopchik ran off.

The mush they were giving out today wasn't bad. It was the best kind, made of oats. It didn't come very often. It was usually *magara* twice a day, or flour mixed with water.

"Bowls! Bowls!" they were shouting from the hatch.

Gang 104's turn was coming. The assistant gang boss in front took his special double portion and cleared out.

Now Shukhov squeezed through to one of the tables and cleared enough room for 20 bowls. Next he had to take the bowls from Pavlo, count them over and make sure nobody swiped one from the table.

"Two! Four! Six!" the cook counted on the other side of the hatch.

"Two, four, six," Pavlo said after him into the hatch. And he passed them over to Shukhov two by two, and Shukhov put them on the table.

"Eight, ten."

Why wasn't Gopchik there with the gang yet?

"Twelve, fourteen."

Then they ran out of bowls in the kitchen. Over Pavlo's head and shoulders, Shukhov could see the cook put two bowls down on the ledge and stop with his hands still on them, like he was thinking about something. He must have turned around to bawl out the dishwashers. Just then a pile of empty bowls was shoved at him through the hatch. He let go of the two bowls and passed the empty ones back.

Shukhov took his eyes off the pile of bowls he had on the table, turned around and threw one leg over the bench, grabbed both the bowls and said, "Fourteen," but not loud. This was meant for Pavlo and not for the cook.

"Hey! Where're you going with those?" the cook yelled.

"They're ours! They're ours!" Pavlo shouted back.

"They may be yours, but don't make me lose count!"

"Well, it was fourteen," Pavlo said, and shrugged his shoulder. He wouldn't have gone in for this kind of thing on his own because he had his position to think of. But he could always get out of it by saying it wasn't his fault.

"I already said fourteen," the cook yelled like crazy.

"Sure you did, but you didn't give them out, you had your hands on them!" Shukhov shouted. "Come over here and count 'em if you don't believe me."

While he was shouting like this at the cook, Shukhov saw the two Estonians coming through the crowd and he slipped the two extra bowls to them. Then he turned back to the table again and counted up to see if all the bowls were still there.

The cook stuck his ugly red puss through the hatch. "Where are they?" He was getting nasty.

"Take a look. You're welcome!" Shukhov shouted. "Get out of the way! Don't block his view!" He gave somebody a shove. "Here's two!" He held up two bowls. "And here's the other twelve by rows of four. Count 'em!"

"Where's your gang?"

"They're not here yet," Pavlo said.

"What the hell do you mean taking bowls before your gang comes?"

"Here they are now," Shukhov shouted.

They could all hear the captain yelling in the doorway like he was still on the bridge of his ship: "What's everybody hanging around for? You've had your meal! Give somebody else a chance!"

The cook grumbled something. "Sixteen, eighteen." Then he ladled out the

If you're in business for yourself... your best partner is Farmers

Farmers Insurance Group gives you complete protection, especially tailored for your business.

Farmers works with the independent businessman—providing protection that includes liability, fire, theft, workmen's compensation, special life insurance as well as protection against loss of earnings!

Because every business has its special hazards and insurance needs, Farmers Insurance Group has set up insurance programs custom-tailored for *your* business—to give you the specialized coverage you need—with no dangerous gaps or costly overlaps—at rock bottom rates.

YOUR PERSONAL INSURANCE NEEDS ARE COVERED, TOO. Farmers provides complete coverage for your personal needs, including broad coverage, low-cost AUTO insurance, a comprehensive LIFE insurance line and finer FIRE and THEFT protection for your home and its contents.

And with ALL your insurance from Farmers you get the FAST, FAIR, FRIENDLY service for which Farmers Insurance Group is famous.

FARMERS NEW PAYMENT PLAN CONSERVES OPERATING CAPITAL. Now you can pay for ALL your Farmers insurance—personal as well as business—by the month, if it's more convenient. Farmers exclusive Prematic Payment Plan allows you to pay for protection as you use it, just as you pay your other bills. That way, you avoid drain on operating capital, keep your money working for *you*. Get the facts on this modern, businesslike way to pay for ALL your insurance.

Now is the time to look into the best insurance buy in America today.

Call your Farmers Agent for ALL your insurance.

FARMERS INSURANCE GROUP
Symbol of Superior Service

Fast · Fair · Friendly **Farmers Insurance Group**

AUTO · LIFE · FIRE · HOME · TRUCK · COMMERCIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DENISOVICH

last one, a double helping. "Twenty-three. That's it! Next!"

The other fellows in the gang pushed through and Pavlo handed their bowls to them. Some went over to another table. In summer they sat five men to a bench. But now, in winter, their clothes were so bulky they barely managed four.

Figuring he had a claim on one of the bowls he'd finagled, Shukhov started eating his own portion fast. He pulled the spoon marked "Ust-Izhma, 1944" from the top of his boot.

Now he had to give all his time to eating. He had to scrape the stuff out from the bottom, put it carefully in his mouth, and roll it around with his tongue. But he must hurry so Pavlo would see he'd finished and give him a second bowl. And now Fetyukov, who'd come in with the Estonians and seen the business with the two extra bowls, stood right across from Pavlo and ate standing up. He kept looking over at them. He was trying to make Pavlo see he ought to get at least half a helping more.

But Pavlo just went on eating, and you couldn't tell from his face if he could see the people next to him or not, or if he remembered about the two extra bowls.

Shukhov finished the first bowl. He reached into his inside pocket, took the round piece of crust out of the white cloth and started mopping up all the bits of oatmeal still sticking to the bowl. When he'd got enough of it together, he licked it all off and then started over again. When he was through, the bowl was clean like it had been washed. He handed the bowl over his shoulder to one of the dishwashers and went on sitting there for a minute.

Though it was Shukhov who'd finagled the bowls, it was Pavlo who doled them out.

Pavlo kept him dangling a little longer, till he'd finished eating. Pavlo didn't lick his bowl, only the spoon. Then he put it away and crossed himself. Then he touched the two extra bowls.

"Ivan Denisovich, take one for yourself. And take the other over to Caesar."

Shukhov remembered they had to take one bowl to Caesar in the office. (Caesar thought it was beneath him to go to the mess hall, either here or in the camp.) He bent down over his windfall and took his time over it, and he didn't even feel it when fellows from the new gang coming in pushed him.

The captain was sitting near them. He'd finished his mush some time ago and didn't know the gang had got any extras. He was feeling nice and warm here and didn't have the strength to get up and go out again in the freezing cold or back to that power plant. And now he was taking up space somebody else could use—just like the people he'd tried to chase out only five minutes ago when he shouted at them. He hadn't been in the camp very long. It was moments like this—though he didn't know it—that were very important for him. This was the sort of thing that was changing him from a bossy, loudmouth naval officer into a slow-moving and cagey prisoner. He'd have to be like this if he wanted to get through his 25 years in camp.

Pavlo said, "Captain! Hey, Captain!"

The captain started, like out of his sleep, and turned around. Pavlo handed him the mush. The captain's eyebrows went up, and he looked at the stuff as if he'd never seen anything like it.

"Take it, take it," Pavlo said. He grabbed the last bowl of mush for the gang boss and went out.

To Shukhov's way of thinking, it was only right to give it to the captain. The time would come when he'd learn the ropes, but he didn't know his way around yet.

After Shukhov finished his second helping he cleaned the bottom and sides of the bowl with his crust of bread, and ate the crust. He took Caesar's cold mush and went off.

"Going to the office," he said to the trusty at the door, who wasn't supposed to let people through with bowls, and pushed past him.

The office was a wooden shack next to the guardroom. Smoke was belching out of the chimney. The stove was kept going by an orderly who also worked as a messenger and was given a piece rate for this. The office never ran out of firewood.

It was real hot inside—like a steam bath, he thought. Just sit down for a minute in that heat and you'd go to sleep.

There were two rooms in the office. The second one, the work-supervisor's, had the door slightly ajar. You could hear him shouting in there: "We're overspending on wages and we're overspending on building materials. The prisoners are chopping up expensive boards and prefab walls and burning them in their shelters. But *you* don't see a thing. And the other day they were unloading cement at the depot in a high wind and carting it a few yards in hods. So we were ankle-deep in cement all over the area around the depot, and they went away covered with the stuff. All this waste!"

From the sound of things, the supervisor was having a conference. Must have been with the foremen.

An orderly was snoozing on a bench in a corner by the door. Next to him was B-219, Shkuropatenko. He was like a bent beanpole. He was staring through the window and watching so nobody swiped his precious prefabs. He'd been caught napping over the roofing felt, the sucker!

Caesar was lolling in his chair at a table and smoking his pipe. He had his back to Shukhov and couldn't see him.

K-123 was sitting across from him. He was a scrawny old man who'd done 20 years. He was eating mush.

"You're wrong, pal," Caesar, the movie photographer, was saying. "One must say in all objectivity that Eisenstein is a genius. Now isn't *Ivan the Terrible* a work of genius? The *oprichniki** dancing in masks! The scene in the cathedral!"

"All show-off!" K-123 snapped. He was holding his spoon in front of his mouth. "Too much art is no art at all. Like candy instead of bread! And the politics of it is utterly vile—vindication of a one-man tyranny. An insult to three generations of Russian intellectuals!"

"But what other treatment of the subject would have been let through?"

"Ha! *Let through*, you say? Then don't call him a genius! Call him a toady, say he carried out orders like a dog. A genius doesn't adapt his treatment to the taste of tyrants!"

Shukhov cleared his throat. He was afraid to butt in on this learned conversation. Caesar looked around and stretched out his hand for the mush, as if it had just come to him out of thin air. He didn't even look at Shukhov and went back to his talk.

"But listen! It's not *what* but *how* that matters in art."

K-123 jumped up and banged his fist on the table.

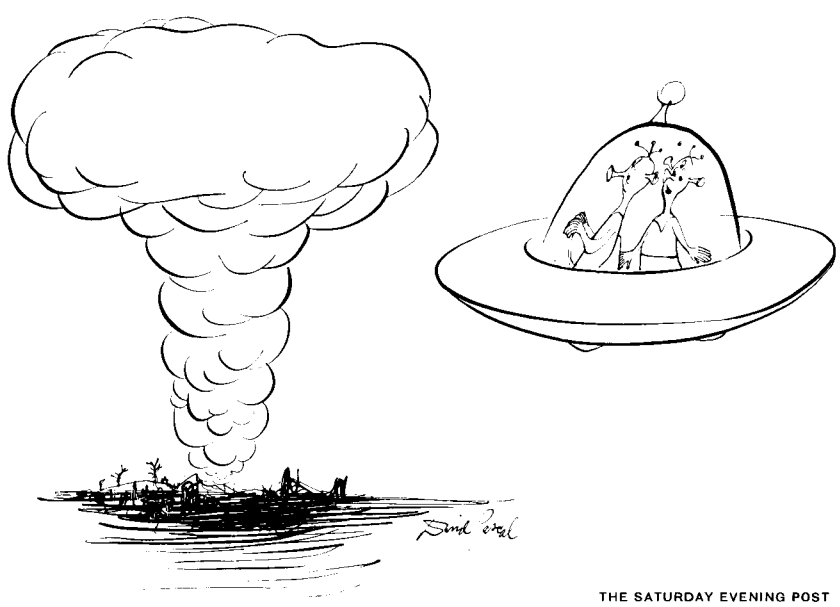
"No! Your *how* can go to hell if it doesn't raise the right feelings in me!"

After he'd handed over the mush, Shukhov went on standing there. He thought Caesar might give him a little tobacco. But Caesar'd clean forgot he was there behind him. So Shukhov turned and walked out.

Shukhov walked along a path. He saw a chunk of metal in the snow. It had broken off a steel plate. He could think of no particular use for it, but you never know when something might come in handy. He picked it up and put it in the knee pocket of his pants.

When he got to the power plant, he first took his trowel from its hiding place and stuck it behind his rope belt. Then he ducked into the shed where they made the mortar.

The men were huddled around two stoves—the one Shukhov had set up and the one where the sand, steaming a little, was being heated. They were a little more cheerful. They told Ivan Denisovich that the boss had managed to wangle better rates for them. What sort of work he'd dreamed up for them was his business. What had they done in the morning? Nothing. They had nothing coming to them for the stove and the shelter. This didn't count as output. But something had to go down on the work sheet. Maybe Caesar would monkey with the cards for them too.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They probably don't realize some mushrooms are deadly."

Tyurin got "better rates," which meant they'd have good bread rations for five days. Well, maybe four. The higher-ups always cheat on one day out of five. On the "guaranteed" day off they put everybody on equal footing, share and share alike. They saved something on this, and it came out of the men's bellies. So what? A prisoner's belly can stand anything. They ate four days for every five they worked.

The gang was quiet. It was a family, your gang. They were listening to the boss, Tyurin, tell a story. He never wasted his breath on talk, and if he got going with a story it meant he was in a good mood.

"I was scared enough in front of the major," he was saying, "but now I was up in front of the colonel. 'Private of the Red Army Tyurin reporting,' I say. He stared at me and his eyebrows were fierce. 'What's your first name and your father's first name?' he asks. So I tell him. 'And your date of birth?' I tell him that too. I was twenty-two then, in 1930, just a kid. 'Well, how are you serving,* Tyurin?' 'I serve the working people!' He blew up and banged both his fists on the table: 'You serve the working people, but what are you, you bastard?' I boiled up inside but I held myself in. 'Machine gunner first class. Top marks in military and political ——' I say. 'What do you mean, first class, you swine? Your father's a kulak! Here are the papers from Kamen! Your father's a kulak and you ran away. They've been hunting you for two years now!' I got pale all over and said nothing. I didn't write home for a year so they wouldn't get on my track. I didn't know whether my folks were still alive and they knew nothing about me. 'You've got no conscience,' he bawls, 'deceiving the Workers' and Peasants' Government!' and his four shoulder straps were shaking. I thought he was going to beat me up. But he didn't. He signed an order for me to be kicked out in six hours. It was November. They stripped off my winter uniform and gave me a worn-out summer one with an overcoat that was too short. I was all fouled up and didn't know I could have kept the other uniform and told them to go to hell. And they gave me a lousy discharge: 'Dismissed from the ranks as the son of a kulak.' Some chance of getting a job with that! It was a four-day train ride home, and they didn't give me a ticket—or any food either.

"By the way, in 'Thirty-eight I met my old sergeant in the Kotlas transit camp. He'd got ten years too. Well, I got to know from him that this colonel and his commissar were both shot in 'Thirty-seven. It didn't make much difference then whether they were proletarians or kulaks, whether they had a conscience or not. I crossed myself and said: 'There's a God in heaven after all. He's long-suffering, but when He hits you, it hurts.'"

After the two bowls of mush, Shukhov wanted a smoke real bad. And figuring he could buy a couple of mugs of tobacco from the Latvian in Barracks 7 and pay back the loan later, he said quietly to the Estonian fisherman, "Listen, Eino, lend me a little till tomorrow—just enough for one cigarette."

Eino looked Shukhov straight in the eyes and then looked at his bosom pal. They always shared and shared alike and wouldn't use a single shred of tobacco without the other knowing. They said something to each other under their breath and Eino got out his pouch. He took some tobacco and put it in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shukhov's hand—just enough to make a cigarette but no more.

Shukhov had some newspaper. He tore a piece off, rolled a cigarette, and lighted it with a cinder. And then he dragged and dragged on it, over and over again! He had a giddy feeling all over his body.

The minute he started to smoke, he saw a pair of green eyes flashing at him from the other end of the shed. It was Fetyukov. He might have taken pity on that scavenger, but he'd been cadging already today. Better leave the butt for Senka Klevshin. He couldn't hear the boss's story, poor devil, and was just sitting there in front of the stove with his head on one side.

The boss's face—it was all pock-marked—was illuminated by the fire. He told his story without self-pity, like it wasn't about himself:

"I sold the junk I had for a quarter of its worth and bought two loaves of bread on the black market. I thought I'd get home by riding freights, but they'd just put out some tough laws against that. And you couldn't get tickets then, even with money. You couldn't even get into the station—they had militiamen at the gates and guards on the tracks. The sun was going down and the puddles were freezing over. Where could I spend the night? I climbed a brick wall, jumped over with my two loaves of bread, and got into the station latrine. I hid out there for a while. Then I came out, just like I was a passenger, a soldier in uniform. The Vladivostok-Moscow was standing right there on the track. There was a great scramble for getting boiling water, and people were hitting each other on the head with their kettles. There was a girl in a blue dress with a large teakettle. 'Here, hold these,' I said and gave her my loaves. 'I'll get it for you!' By the time I got it, the train was already moving. She was standing there with my loaves and crying. 'Run!' I shouted. 'Run! I'll come after you!' So she made a dash for the train. I caught up with her and pushed her into the coach and then jumped on myself. The conductor didn't try to push me off—there were other soldiers in the coach, and he thought I belonged with them."

Shukhov nudged Senka in the ribs for him to take the butt. He gave it to him in his wooden holder. Senka was a real character. He put his hand on his heart and bowed like an actor on a stage.

The boss went on: "There were six other girls in the compartment—students from Leningrad going back home from some fieldwork. They had bread and butter and all kinds of fancy things on the tables in front of them. They didn't know what real life was—they'd had it easy all the way. . . . We talked and joked and had tea together. Then they asked me what coach I'd come from. I sighed and told them the truth. 'Girls,' I said, 'in the coach I come from you can't live.'"

It was quiet in the shed. The stove was blazing.

"After a lot of oh-ing and ah-ing they had a little talk and hid me under their coats on the top bunk. They got me all the way to Novosibirsk like that. . . ."

"Maybe I should start making the mortar?" Pavlo asked the boss in a whisper.

But Tyurin didn't hear him. He went on with his story: "I got home late one night and went in through the back garden. I went away again the same night and took my kid brother with me. I took him down south, to Frunze, where it's warmer. I had no food for him or me. They were making tar in a caldron on one of the streets there, and a gang of young thugs was sitting around it. I went and sat down with them and I said, 'Listen here, gentlemen of the gutter, take this kid brother of mine and give him an education. Teach him how to live.' And they did. Sorry I didn't go off with them myself."

"And you never saw your brother again?" asked the captain.

The boss yawned. "No, I never saw him again." Then he said, "Don't worry, boys! We'll make ourselves at home in the power plant. You boys making the mortar'd better get busy. Don't wait for the whistle."

That's how it was in your gang. The higher-ups had a job to get a prisoner to work even in working hours, but your boss only had to say the word, even if it was the meal break, and you worked. Because it was the boss who fed you. And he wouldn't make you work if you didn't have to.

If they didn't start making the mortar before the whistle, the men laying the bricks would be held up.

Shukhov sighed and got up. "I'll go and clear the ice."

He took a hatchet and a wire brush for the ice, a bricklayer's gavel, a yardstick and a plumb line.

"Hold it, Ivan, I'll come along too," Kilgas said.

"Will there be three laying the bricks?" Pavlo asked the boss. "Should we put another man on? Or won't there be enough mortar?"

The boss frowned and thought awhile. "I'll be the fourth man myself, Pavlo. And what's that about the mortar? The mixer's so big you could put six men on the job. You take the stuff out at one end while it's being mixed at the other. You just see we're not held up a single minute!"

Pavlo jumped up. He was a young fellow and he still had a good color. "If you lay bricks," he said, "I'll make the mortar. And we'll see who works the fastest!"

Shukhov went up with Kilgas. They could hear Senka coming up the ladder after them. He'd got the idea, deaf as he was.

The walls for the second story had only just been started. Three rows of bricks all around and a little higher in places. This was the quickest part of the job—from knee level up to your chest and no need to stand on scaffolds.

You could see a lot from the top of the plant—the whole compound covered with snow, the black watchtowers, and the pointed poles with barbed wire. And close by, you could see the steam engine that made the power. It was smoking like hell. Then it started breathing hard. It always wheezed like a sick man before it sounded the whistle. There it came now.

"Hey, Stakhanovite! Hurry up with that plumb line!" Kilgas tried to hustle him.

"Look at all that ice on your part of the wall!" Shukhov jeered back at him. "Do you think you can clear it off by the evening? That trowel won't be much good to you if you don't!"

Then the boss shouted up at them. "Hey there! We'll work two to a wall so the mortar doesn't freeze in the hods. You take Senka on your wall, Shukhov, and I'll work with Kilgas. Meanwhile Pavlo'll clean off Kilgas's wall for me."

Shukhov and Kilgas grabbed their picks. Shukhov studied the wall in front of him—from the left-hand corner where it was waist-high to the right-hand corner where it joined up with Kilgas's. He showed Senka where to hack off the ice, and he hacked away at it himself with the head and blade of his pick. He was doing a good job and he was fast, but his mind wasn't on it. In his mind, he could see the wall under the ice. He didn't know the man who'd worked on it before, but that guy sure didn't know his job. He'd messed it up. One brick was too far in, and he'd have to lay three rows all over again to make it flush, and also lay the mortar on thicker. Then in another spot the wall was bulging out a little, and he'd have to make that flush too. He figured how he'd split up the wall. The part he'd lay himself from the beginning, on the left, and what Senka'd lay as far as Kilgas, to the right. There on the corner, he guessed, Kilgas would do some of Senka's job for him so it would be a little easier on Senka. The minute they started bringing bricks up, he grabbed hold of Alyoshka: "Bring 'em over to me! Put 'em right over here!"

Senka was hacking off the last of the ice, and Shukhov picked up a wire brush and got the ice out of the grooves. While he was still busy with his brush, Tyurin came up and set his yardstick up at the corner.

"Hey!" Pavlo shouted from down below. "Here we come with the mortar!"

Shukhov got in a sweat. He hadn't put up his leveling string yet. While he was putting up the string, he told Senka with words and signs where to start laying. He got it, deaf as he was. He bit his lips and squinted over at the boss's wall as if to say, "We'll show 'em." And he laughed.

Now they were bringing the mortar up the ladder. There'd be eight men on the job, working in twos. The boss told them not to put troughs with mortar near the bricklayers—the mortar'd only freeze before they got to use it—but to have the stuff brought up to them in the hods so they could take it out right away, two at a time, and slap it on the wall. And so the guys who brought up the hods wouldn't stand around freezing up here on top, they'd carry bricks over to the layers. And when their hods were empty, the next two came up from below, and the first two went down again.

Two hods came up together, one for Kilgas's wall and the other for Shukhov's. When you slapped the mortar on the wall with your trowel, you had to work quick so it wouldn't freeze. If it did, you couldn't get it off again, either with your trowel or the back of your gavel, and if you laid a brick a little out of place it froze to the spot. Then the only thing to do was pry it off with the back of the pick and hack the mortar away again.

But Shukhov never made a mistake. His bricks were always right in line. He'd scoop up some steaming mortar with his trowel, throw it on, and remember how the groove of the brick ran so he'd get the next one on dead center. Then he'd level off the mortar with a trowel and drop the brick on top. He had to even it out fast and tap it in place with his trowel if it wasn't right, so the outside wall would be straight as a die and the bricks level both crosswise and lengthwise.

He was hard at work now, working like crazy on the outside row to meet Senka halfway. Now Senka was getting closer to Shukhov. He'd started together with the boss at the corner, but the boss was now going the other way. Shukhov signaled the fellows carrying the hods to bring the stuff up to him on the double. He was so busy he didn't have time to wipe his nose.

When he and Senka came together, they started taking mortar out of the same hod. There wasn't enough to go around.

"Mortar!" Shukhov yelled over the wall.

Another hod came along, and they used up what was still soft. But a lot of it was frozen to the sides and they told the fellows to scrape it off themselves. There was no sense in them carrying all the frozen stuff down again.

"OK, that's it. Next one."

Shukhov and the other bricklayers didn't feel the cold any more. After an hour they got so hot the sweat dried on them.

Tyurin kept shouting for more mortar, and so did Shukhov. Any fellow who really worked hard always became a sort of gang boss for a time.

At first it was the captain and Fetyukov who carried the stuff up together. The ladder was steep and slippery, and for a time the captain went pretty slow. Shukhov tried to push him a little: "Come on there, Captain. We need more bricks, Captain."

But the captain got better all the time, and Fetyukov got slacker and slacker. He kept tilting the hod—the son of a bitch—and spilled some of the mortar to ease the load.

Once Shukhov gave him a poke in the back. "You lazy slob. I bet you really took it out on the fellows in that factory you managed!"

"Boss," the captain shouted, "give me a man to work with. I can't go on with this dope."

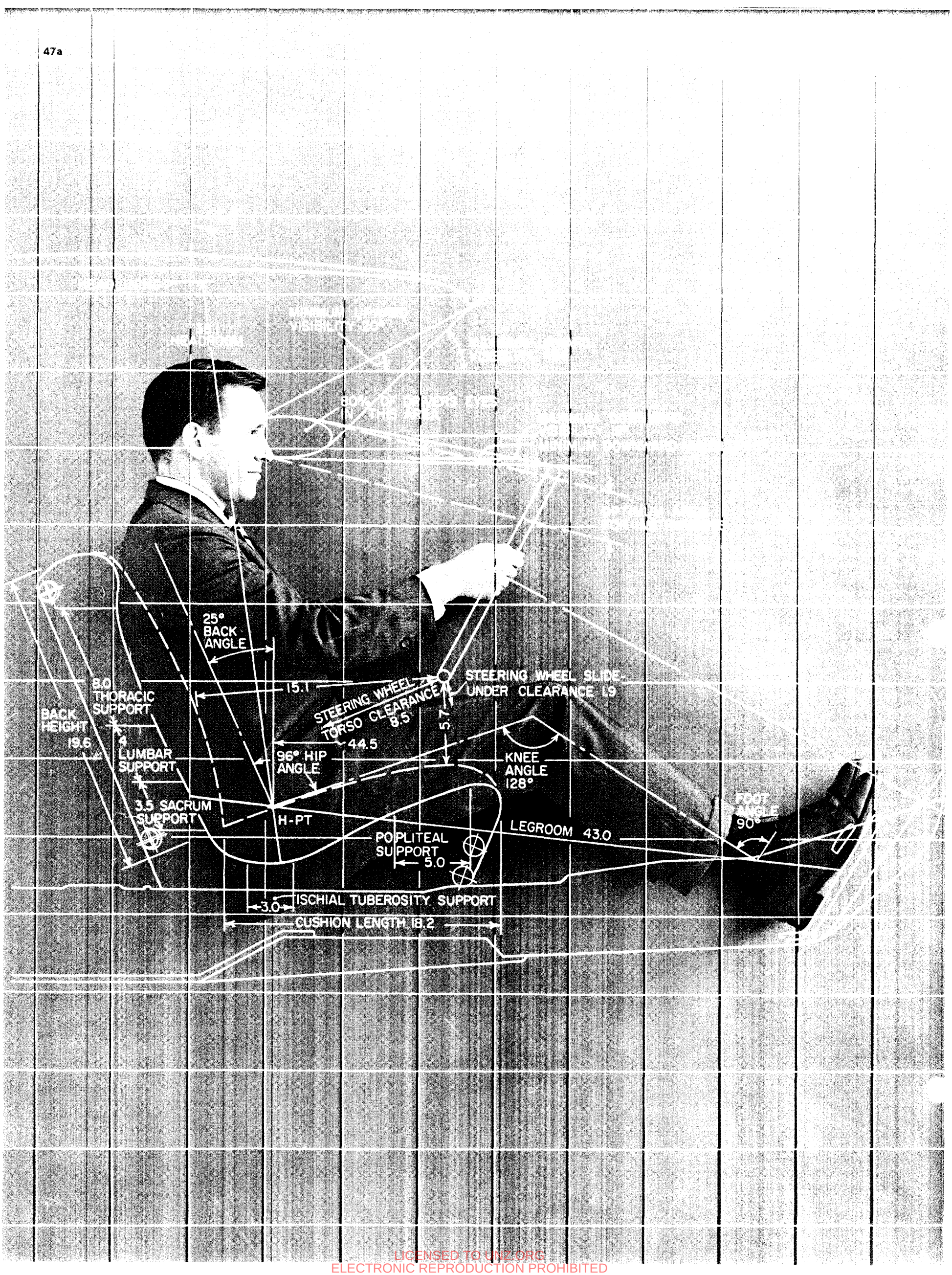
So Tyurin switched them around. He put Fetyukov on the job throwing bricks up to the scaffold in a place where they could see how much work he was doing. And he put Alyoshka with the captain. Alyoshka was a quiet fellow, and he took orders from anybody who felt like giving them. "Full steam ahead, sailor," the captain shouted at him. "Look at the way they're laying those bricks."

Alyoshka gave him that meek smile of his. "If we have to go faster, then let's go.

"Why do you keep his head covered?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chrysler Corporation engineers use "Anthropometrical" figures like this in designing cars to "fit" man's physical needs – for optimum comfort and safety at the wheel.

Man is a challenge – the biggest one we face

Man is all shapes and sizes. So is his family.

Man is the car owner who expects paint to last forever.

Man is the motorist who can sense steering-wheel vibrations as minute as forty millionths of an inch.

Man is the astronaut in outer space.

Man is the engineer on whose skill and imagination great dreams depend.

Man is the car dealer who must back up his promises.

Put all these aspects of man together – his needs, interests, failings and aspirations – and you have the biggest challenge any company must meet.

How does Chrysler Corporation meet it?

By selecting the best engineers for intensive training and advanced degrees at Chrysler Institute of Engineering.

By controlling the quality of Chrysler-built cars and trucks so carefully that they can be covered by the first five-year or 50,000 mile warranty* in the industry.

By analyzing sound and vibration so scientifically as to cause the entire literature of sound to be re-written.

And, by being a prime contractor for America's missile and space vehicle program.

Man, though the biggest challenge of them all, is one of many met by Chrysler Corporation in the course of its highly diversified activities as the twelfth largest industrial business in the United States, with understandable confidence in its own growth and the future of this country.

PLYMOUTH • VALIANT • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL • DODGE
DODGE DART • DODGE TRUCKS • SIMCA • DEFENSE AND SPACE
PRODUCTS • PARTS DIVISION • AMPLEX • AIRTEMP • CHEMICAL
DIVISION • MARINE DIVISION • INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

*Your authorized Chrysler Motors Corporation Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts; transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch); torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (excluding dust covers), rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Motors Corporation Certified Car Care schedules. Trucks are included, but are subject to additional limitations of 1500 hours operation if mileage does not accurately reflect the extent of actual use and operation of parts covered by the warranty. Coverage will not apply to trucks subjected to prolonged power-take-off or off-highway use.

SEE "EMPIRE" IN COLOR, NBC-TV, TUESDAYS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever you say." And they went down the ladder. A meek fellow like that is a real godsend in any gang.

Down below, the boss was swearing—something about the hoist. A couple of the hodmen came up and told Shukhov an electrician had come to fix the motor on the hoist. If they could fix the hoist now, they could use it to bring up the bricks and mortar.

Shukhov was already on his third row of bricks when another of those higher-ups who were always looking over your shoulder came up the ladder. This was the building foreman, Der. He was from Moscow. They said he'd once worked in a ministry there. Shukhov was standing close to Kilgas and he jerked his thumb over at Der.

"Aha." Kilgas just shrugged. "I don't have anything to do with that sort, but if he falls off the ladder just call me."

Der would now sneak up behind them and watch them work. Shukhov just couldn't stand these nosy guys. Der was trying to rise in the world and get himself made an engineer, the damn swine. He'd once tried to show them how to lay bricks and Shukhov just laughed himself sick. To his and everybody else's way of thinking, you should build a house with your own hands before you started talking about being an engineer.

Der didn't fall off the ladder, he only tripped a couple of times. "Tyurin," he yelled, and his eyes were popping out of his head. "Tyurin!" Pavlo ran up the ladder after him with his shovel in his hands. Der was wearing a quilted coat like everybody else in the camp, but it was new and clean. He had a good leather cap on his head, but he had a number on it like everybody else—B-731.

"What is it?" Tyurin came up to him with his trowel.

Something was up. Shukhov didn't want to miss it, but the mortar was freezing in his hod. He kept right on working while he listened.

"What the hell is this?" Der bawled. "You'll get more than a stretch in the can for this. This is a criminal matter, Tyurin. You'll get another sentence for this on top of the two you already have."

Now it hit Shukhov what it was all about. It was the roofing felt! Der had seen it on the windows.

God, the way the boss's face twitched all over. The way he threw his trowel on the floor and went over to Der. Der looked around. Pavlo was standing there with his shovel up. He hadn't brought it up with him for nothing. And Senka, deaf as he was, had seen what it was all about. And he came up with his hands on his hips. He was strong as an ox. Der started blinking. He was worried and he looked around for a way out. The boss leaned over close to Der and said quietly, "Times have changed for scum like you, handing out new sentences! If you say a word, you bloodsucker, you won't be alive much longer. Get it?"

"Take it easy, boys. Take it easy," Der said. He was all pale, and he edged away from the ladder a little.

The boss didn't say another word. He straightened his cap, picked up his bent trowel and went back to his wall. And Pavlo went slowly down the ladder again with his shovel. Very slowly.

Der was scared to stay up here, and he was scared to go back down the ladder too. He went and stood near Kilgas.

Kilgas laid bricks like a druggist weighing out medicine. He had a face like a doctor and he was never in a rush. He stood with his back to Der like he hadn't seen him.

Der sidled up to the boss. He was singing a different tune now. "What do I say to the work-supervisor, Tyurin?"

The boss didn't turn his head. "Tell him—*it was there before*. Say it was here when we came."

Der hung around a little longer. He saw they wouldn't kill him now. He took his time going down the ladder.

"You fix up that hoist for me," Tyurin shouted after him. "What do you think we are, mules or something, hauling bricks up here by hand?"

"You get a rate for haulage," Der answered, but he wasn't shouting any more.

Somebody came up and said the electrician had gone away and hadn't managed to fix up the hoist. So they just had to go on doing the work of mules.

Shukhov had been on lots of different jobs and it was always the same story. Machines either broke down themselves or they were broken by the prisoners. He remembered how they'd broken the conveyor belt in the lumber camp. They put a stick in the works and pressed on it. They wanted a rest.

"More bricks, more bricks, more bricks!" the boss was yelling, and he told them to go to hell, the whole damn bunch of them, the hodmen and the fellows bringing the bricks.

Things were really moving fast now—they were on the fifth row of bricks. They'd had to bend double for the first one, and now the wall was up to their chests. It was easy enough with no windows and no doors—just two solid walls and all the bricks in the world.

Gopchik spread the word that Gang 82 had gone to hand in their tools. Tyurin looked murder at him. "Get on with the job, you little squirt. Keep those bricks moving."

Shukhov looked around. Yeah, the sun was going down. It was all red, and there was a kind of gray haze around it. And just when they'd got into stride.

"Hey, you guys, hey!" He started badgering the men bringing the bricks and mortar. "Can't you get those bricks over here?"

The captain would have done it gladly, but he didn't have the strength. He wasn't used to this sort of work. But Alyoshka said, "OK, Ivan Denisovich, whatever you say."

From way over on the other side of the compound they could hear them pounding the rail. The signal to knock off! They'd made too much mortar. That's what came of trying too hard.

"Mortar! Mortar!" the boss shouted.

They'd just mixed a lot more, so they'd have to go on laying now. If they didn't empty the mixer, they'd have to smash it up the next morning because the mortar would be hard as iron.

"Come on, keep at it, fellows!" Shukhov was shouting.

Now that the others were going full blast, Shukhov slowed down and took a good look at the wall. If there was any trouble with the corners they'd lose a lot of time the next morning.

"Stop!" He grabbed a brick from Pavlo and laid it himself. Then he saw at the other end that Senka was doing the wrong thing at his corner. He dashed over and straightened things out with a couple of bricks.

The captain trudged up with another hod. He was as willing as an old cart-horse. "Two more to come!" he shouted. He could barely stand on his feet any more, but he kept on going.

The sun was really going down now. All the other gangs had handed in their tools and were crowding over to the guardroom.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Don't worry about all that. Who cares about it? Get down and empty out that mixer. Take the stuff and put it in that hole over there and cover it over with snow so nobody can see it. We'll just finish off these two hods here."

They rushed over and grabbed Shukhov's gavel out of his hand. Then the hodmen and the brick carriers beat it down the ladder. Tyurin went around and looked at what they'd done. He was pleased. Not bad, eh, for one afternoon's work? And without that hoist too.

Shukhov saw Kilgas still had a little mortar left. He was worried about Tyurin getting hell in the tool shed for not bringing the trowels back on time.

"Listen, boys." Shukhov had a bright idea. "You give yours to Gopchik so he can take 'em over, and I'll finish off the job with mine. They don't know I've got it, so they won't have to check it in."

The boss laughed. "What the hell are we going to do without you when you've served your time? We'll all be crying our hearts out for you." Shukhov laughed too and then went on with the job. Kilgas went off with the trowels. Senka started passing bricks to Shukhov and pu Kilgas's mortar into his hod. The rest o 104 started off for the guardroom.

Slap on the mortar! Slap on the bricks! Press 'em down and look 'em over! Mortar, brick, mortar, brick. . . .

"That does it," Senka shouted. "Let's get the hell out of here."

He grabbed the hod and went down the ladder. But Shukhov ran back to have a last look. He looked over the wall from left to right. His eye was true as a level. The wall was straight as a die. His hands were still good for something!

He ran down the ladder. Senka was already halfway down the rise.

"Come on, come on," Senka said over his shoulder.

The two of them ran off together, panting. They were late, and that meant trouble with the guards. But the boss was over there at the guardroom, and he'd think of something to tell them.

Now they were almost back with the others, and it frightened them. A hundred voices bawled at them: "Scum! Bastards!" It's a terrible thing when hundreds of men start shouting at you all at once. What really bothered them was what would the escort guards do to them?

But it looked as though the guards didn't give a damn. Tyurin was here at the back of the crowd. He'd taken the blame on himself.

"Line up by fives!"

They didn't open the gates. They weren sure everything was all right yet. And they shoved the crowd back—they'd all pushed up to the gate, the dopes, as if that'd get 'em out sooner.

"Line up by fives!"

And they started moving forward by fives, a few yards at a time, as they were called.

They were being counted now. The captain and Shukhov were the last in line.

The escort guards got worried and looked at the board they were checking off from. Somebody missing! It wasn't the first time. If they could only count!

By their count it was 462, but they had an idea there ought to be 463. They pushed the men back from the gates—they'd crowded up to them again. And now it started all over: "Line up by fives! One, two!"

The worst thing about these recounts was it cut into *your* time, not *theirs*. And you still had to walk those two miles back to the camp and line up in front of the friskers before they let you in. So everybody from all the sites was in one hell of a hurry to make it inside the camp before anybody else. The first ones inside had a head start—they were first in the mess hall, first to get their packages if they had any, first to pick up letters from home, first to the censors to hand in a letter for mailing, first to the barbers, th medics and the bathhouse—in fact, firs everywhere.

The escorts got mixed up in the count again. Shukhov thought when they started letting them through by fives there'd be three in the last row, but no, it was two again. The fellows keeping count talked it over.

The chief shouted, "Boss of 104!"

Tyurin moved up half a step. "Here!"

Explanatory Notes

The following notes refer to terms asterisked in the text, in the order in which they appear.

"Free" workers The term used by the prisoners about the people "outside." These "free" workers employed on construction sites in the vicinity of Soviet concentration camps were mostly former prisoners themselves who, after serving their sentences, either had no home to go back to or were not allowed to return to their former places of residence.

Ust-Izhma One of the many camps on the river Pechora, which flows into the Barents Sea. In these camps, the prisoners were employed mostly in cutting timber.

Western Ukrainian A native of that Ukrainian territory which until World War II belonged to Poland and was subsequently annexed by the Soviet Union. The implication of the passage is that the people in this region still had not lost some of the manners of non-Soviet society.

Volkovoy A name derived from the Russian word "volk," meaning "wolf."

Article 58 The notorious article of the Soviet Criminal Code that covers a wide range of "anti-Soviet" offenses—espionage, sabotage, propaganda against the regime—and was interpreted to cover the activities of any "socially dangerous elements." Under Stalin, it was applied indiscriminately to untold numbers of people (like Shukhov in this novel) on mere suspicion of disloyalty or disaffection.

Old Believers Schismatics of the Russian Orthodox Church who refused to accept certain reforms introduced by the Patriarch Nikon in the seventeenth century. They were persecuted under both the Czars and the Soviets.

Bendera Stepan Bendera, the leader of the Western Ukrainian nationalist partisans who at first collaborated with the Germans against the Soviets during the war, but then became disillusioned with the Germans and continued guerrilla warfare on Soviet territory until about 1950. Bendera was assassinated by Soviet agents in Germany in October, 1959.

Oprichniki Ivan the Terrible's janissaries, who in the sixteenth century were used to crush all opposition to the Czar.

"How are you serving?" . . . "I serve the working people." A standard form of address between officers and men in the Soviet Army.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do you have anybody on at the power plant still? Think!"

"No."

"Use your brains or I'll beat 'em out."

"No, I say."

But he looked sideways at Pavlo. Maybe somebody'd fallen asleep in the power plant.

"Line up by gangs!" the chief of the escort shouted. But they were standing by fives, all mixed up and not by gangs. Now they started shoving into each other and shouting, "Over here, 76!" "Here I am, 13!" "This way, 32!"

Gang 104 was at the end of the line, and they formed up there. Shukhov saw most of them had nothing in their hands. They'd been so busy they hadn't picked up any pieces of wood, the crazy bastards. Only two of them had small bundles.

It was the same game every day. Before the signal to knock off, the men picked up scraps of wood, sticks and broken laths to take back to camp. First they frisked you for it by the guardroom coming out. If one of them was standing there, they told you to throw it on the ground. But what the prisoners figured was if every man from every gang brought just one little piece back with him, it'd be that much warmer in the barracks.

At the same time Shukhov was looking around the place to see if there was anything to pick up, the boss counted them all and said to the chief escort, "One-oh-four all here."

Now everybody started shouting: "Man missing in 32! In 32!"

The assistant gang boss from 32 and another fellow shot off to look in the repair shop. The men in the crowd were asking who it was and what it was all about. Shukhov heard it was that short, dark Moldavian. Which one of them did they mean? The one they said was a Romanian spy, a *real* one?

There were five spies in every gang. But it was all phony. It said they were spies in their records, but it was just that they'd been POW's. Shukhov was that kind of spy.

But the Moldavian was a real one. The chief of the escort looked at his list, and his face turned black. If a spy'd got away, he'd really be in for it. Shukhov and the whole crowd got mad too. Who did he think he was, this skunk? It was dark already, and the night cold was getting fiercer, and now this son of a bitch had to go and get lost.

Shukhov had clean forgot how he'd kept on working himself a little while back and got mad because people were going over to the guardroom too early, but now he was standing there freezing and bitching along with the others. And if that Moldavian kept them hanging around here another half-hour, he thought, and the escorts handed him over to the crowd, they'd tear the bastard to pieces like wolves.

Some guys were asking if the Moldavian could've got away. If he'd beat it in the daytime, it was one thing, but if he was hiding out now and waiting for the guards to leave the watchtowers, he had another guess coming—they'd never leave without him. If there was no mark under the wires to show where he'd got away they'd keep the fellows up there on the watchtowers till they found him. For a whole week if need be. That was the rule, and every old camp hand knew it. If anybody got out, it was hell on the guards, and they were kept on the go without food or sleep. It made them so mad they often didn't bring the fellow back alive.

The prisoners started screaming: "Yaaaaah!" They saw three shapes coming out of the repair shop. So they'd got the Moldavian. The crowd at the gates booed. And when they got a little closer: "Bastard, crock, no-good son of a bitch!" And Shukhov joined in too. It was no joke robbing 500 men of half an hour.

"Halt!" one of the guards shouted, and started writing in his book. "K-406, where've you been?"

The sergeant came over to him, and he was twisting the butt of his rifle. Some of the crowd went on yelling, but some shut up when they saw the sergeant toying with his rifle. The Moldavian backed away.

The assistant boss of 32 came up front and said, "The bastard was up there on the scaffold for the plasterers. He went up there to get away from me, and he got warm and fell asleep." And he rammed his fist into the back of the fellow's neck. He let him have it real good. That was just to get him clear of the guard.

The guard lowered his rifle and the chief of the escort bawled out: "Get away from those gates. Line up by fives!"

So they were going to do another count, the dirty dogs.

The moon was really shining bright. They'd lost their evening! That damn Moldavian, those damn guards. What a rotten lousy life!

The number was right now, thank God.

"Get away from the gates!" the guards yelled again.

But the men didn't grumble this time. They could see the soldiers coming out of the guardroom on the other side of the gate and ringing off the ground outside. Which meant they were getting ready to let them through.

There was no sign of the work-supervisor or his foremen—they were "free" workers. So they might get their firewood through this check.

They opened the gates wide, and the chief escort was standing outside by the wooden railings with another fellow who had to double-check.

"First, second, third . . . !" he yelled.

If the count came out right this time they'd take the sentries off the watchtowers.

Somebody was asking the captain in the row next to Shukhov: "How come you know so much about life in the British navy?"

"Well, you see, I spent a whole month almost on a British cruiser. I was on convoys as a liaison officer. Then after the war some British admiral who should've had more sense sent me a little souvenir with an inscription that said, 'In gratitude.' I was really shocked and I ——"

"Forward march—and make it snappy!"

The hell they'd make it snappy! They trailed along with their eyes on the ground like they were on their way to a funeral. They didn't have a thing to lose now. They'd be the last back in camp anyway. The guards hadn't given *them* a square deal, so let 'em yell their heads off as much as they liked.

But now all at once something happened in the column, like a wave going through it, and they all got out of step. The column sort of jerked forward and buzzed like a swarm of bees. The fellows in the back—where Shukhov was—had to run now to keep up with the men out front.

Way over on the plain there was another column heading for the camp, right across their path. These fellows must've spotted them too and put a spurt on.

Those must be the fellows from the tool factory. There were about 300 of them. So they'd had lousy luck too and been kept waiting around! What had happened with them? Sometimes they had to stay on to finish work on some machine or other. But it wasn't so tough for them. They were inside all day.

Now they'd have to see who'd make it first. They started to run, and the guards ran with them. The escort chief was yelling: "No straggling back there! Bunch up at the back!"

Everybody forgot what they'd been talking or thinking about. There was only one thing they had their minds on now—get ahead of those other guys and beat 'em to it!

So everything was turned upside down. Everything was all mixed up now—bitter was sweet and sweet was bitter. Even the guards were with them. They were all in it together. The people they hated now were the guys over in that other column.

They all felt better, and they weren't half as mad.

"Come on, get going up there!" the fellows in back were shouting. They were bound to beat those others to it!

Another reason they had to get in ahead of that bunch from the tool works—those guys got a real going-over from the friskers and took up the longest time at the guardroom of anybody. It all started with the killing of those stool pigeons—the higher-ups had got the idea it was the fellows in the tool works who'd made the knives and brought them in. Way back last fall they started yelling at them every time: "Take your boots off, tool works! Hold them up in your hands!"

So they had to stand there in their bare feet for the frisk. And now, in the freezing cold, the guards made them take off just one of their boots and they pointed at the one they wanted. "Come on, take off your right boot! And you there, take off the left one!" So they had to hop around on one leg and shake out their footcloths to show they didn't have a knife. But knives were still turning up all over the place.

They went past the new recreation hall on the double, past some houses and the carpentry shop, and turned a corner on the stretch that went up to the guardroom. The column let out a great roar. This was just the spot they wanted to be, where the two streets came together. The fellows from the tool shop were way behind—500 yards down the road. Everybody in the column was on top of the world.

Now they were back at the camp. It was the same as they'd left it in the morning—it was night then and it was night now. There were lights around the fence, but the place the friskers were waiting for them was light as day.

But before they could get there the second-in-charge of the escort yelled, "Halt!" He handed his gun to a soldier and ran up close to the column—they weren't supposed to come too near the men with their guns. "All those on the right with firewood, throw it over here!"

The fellows on the outside weren't trying to hide it. Little bundles of firewood started flying through the air. Some of them tried to pass the stuff to men in the middle of the column. But these other guys yelled at them, "They'll take it away from everybody else and all because of you! Throw it over there like he tells you!"

Who is the prisoner's worst enemy? The guy next to him.

"Forward march!" the second-in-charge shouted. So they went over to the guardroom.

Five streets came together at the guardroom. An hour before they'd all been crowded with the men coming in from the other sites. When all these streets were finished, the main square in the town they were building would be right here by the guardroom where they were going to frisk them. And the people who'd be coming to live in this new town would parade here on the big days, just like the prisoners were pouring in now.

The warders were already at the guardroom warming themselves. They came out and stood across from the prisoners: "Open up your coats and jackets!" And they put their arms out, sort of getting ready for the frisk. Same as in the morning.

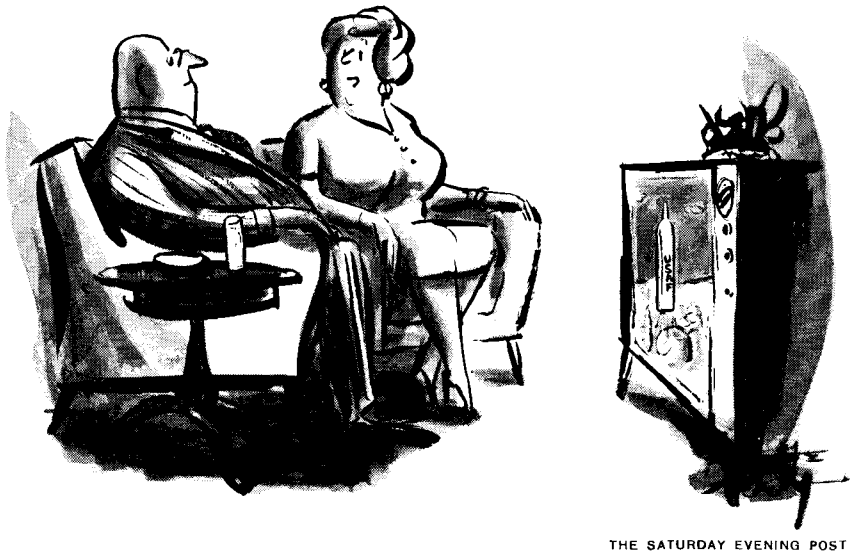
It wasn't so bad opening up their clothes now. They were nearly home. That's just what they said—"home."

They were frisking the guys at the front of the column now, and Shukhov went over to Caesar and said, "Caesar Markovich, when we're through, I'll go to the package room right away and hold a place for you in line."

"What's the point in that, Ivan Denisovich? Suppose I don't have any package?"

"Maybe not, but what the hell! I'll hang around for ten minutes and if you don't come I'll go over to the barracks."

What Shukhov had at the back of his mind was—even if Caesar hadn't got anything, he could sell his place in the line to some other guy.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It must be nice—that feeling of weightlessness."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DENISOVICH

"OK, Ivan Denisovich. But don't wait more than ten minutes."

They were getting close to the friskers now.

And though Shukhov didn't think he had anything on him he shouldn't, his eight years in camps had made him careful. So he shoved his hand in his pocket to make sure. And there was the piece of steel he'd picked up on the site!

He didn't mean to bring it back—but he had. He could grind it down into a small knife for mending boots or making clothes. He had to think fast. He could throw it out in the snow or he could try and get it through. If they found it on him and said it was a knife, he could get 10 days in the can. He slipped it in one of his mittens.

Now the row of five in front was ordered up to the friskers, so there were just three of them left out there under the bright light—three of them to five warders, so Shukhov could play it smart and choose between the two on the right. He picked the old one instead of the young one. Of course the old man knew his stuff and would have no trouble finding it if he wanted, but the thing was he was old, so he must be fed up with his job. Then Shukhov took off both mittens, the one with the piece of steel and the other, and held them in one hand—he stuck the empty mitten out a little in front. He put the piece of rope he used for a belt in the same hand, opened his jacket wide and lifted up the sides of his coat.

The old man ran his hands over Shukhov's back and sides and felt the pocket on his knee and the sides of his coat and jacket, but there was nothing there. He tried the mitten with nothing in it that Shukhov had stuck under his nose. Shukhov was in a sweat. He prayed hard as he could: *God in heaven, help me and keep me out of the can!* Then the warder reached out for the second mitten. But the chief warder—he wanted to get the thing over with as soon as he could—shouted to the guards: "Let's have the fellows from the tool works."

So the old man waved him through.

Shukhov raced over to the package room, and Caesar strolled over the other way, where people were swarming around a post with a plywood board nailed to it. The names of all the people with packages were written up there with a pencil.

There was always some scrounging to be done around this post by people who hadn't been working outside. They'd find out from this board who'd got a package, go and meet him at the gate, and tell him the number. You could pick up a cigarette or two that way.

The package room was a sort of lean-to with an entryway. Men were standing in a line all around the wall. Shukhov got in it too. There were 15 fellows ahead of him, so there'd be an hour's wait, and that'd take him up to lights out. Over inside, behind the door—Shukhov hadn't got a package since he'd been in this camp, but he knew from what people said—a warder pried open the wooden box with your stuff in it, took it all out and went through it real careful. He cut things up, broke them in pieces, and gave them a good going-over. If it was anything liquid they opened it and poured it out for you. All you could do to try and catch it was cup your hands or get a bag under it. If there was any pastry or candy or something fancy like that, or any sausage or fish, the warder always bit off a hunk. Anybody who got a package had to give handouts all along the line, starting with the warder. They sometimes hustled you so much you left something behind on the counter. And it was no use coming back for it. It wouldn't be there.

Back in the Ust-Izhma days Shukhov had got packages a couple of times. But he wrote to his wife and told her not to send any more, because there wasn't much left by the time it reached him. Better keep it for the kids. He knew the price they paid for these packages, and he knew he couldn't go on taking the bread out of their mouths for 10 years. So he'd rather do without.

All the same, every time anybody in his gang got a package—and this was nearly every day—he felt a pang inside because it wasn't him. And though he told his wife she must never send him anything, even for Easter, still he sometimes had the crazy idea somebody might run up to him one day and say, "Shukhov, what are you waiting for? You've got a package!"

The line wasn't moving very fast. Three fellows—a camp barber, a bookkeeper and one of the guys from the Culture and Education Section—pushed up front, and they weren't too polite about it either. These weren't just poor slobs like the rest, but high-and-mighty trusties and the biggest bastards in the camp.

Now Caesar came along. He shot a smile at Shukhov.

"Caesar Markovich, is it all right if I go now?" Shukhov asked.

"Of course, of course." Caesar lifted his black moustache up from the paper. "But tell me now, who's in front of me and who's behind me in the line?" Shukhov told him where his place was.

And he didn't wait for Caesar to think of it himself but asked him about his supper. "Want me to bring you your supper?" He was thinking, *You're not going to be stingy now, are you, and not let me have your supper?* They didn't get any mush for supper but only thin gruel.

"No, no." Caesar smiled. "You eat it yourself."

That was all Shukhov was waiting for. He tore out of the package room, chased across the compound and ducked into his barracks. There was one hell of a racket inside—somebody's bread ration had been swiped while they were all out at work, and everybody was shouting at the orderlies, and the orderlies were shouting back. There was nobody from 104 there.

He ran to his bunk, taking his coat off on the way. He threw it up on top, and his mittens with the piece of steel, too, and felt inside his mattress. That hunk of bread was still there! Good thing he'd sewed it in.

So he dashed out again and went to the mess hall. There were four big steps up to the mess hall, and they were in the shadow. There was a little bulb over the door, and it was swinging and creaking in the freezing cold. And there was a kind of rainbow around all the lights, but it was hard to say if this was from the frost or because they were so dirty.

Each gang had to march up to the mess hall two by two. Then, when they got to the steps, they had to line up again by fives and stand there till the mess-hall orderly let them up. This was Clubfoot's job, and he wouldn't let go of it for anything in the world. With that limp of his he'd got himself classed as an invalid, the bastard, but there really wasn't a thing wrong with him. He had a stick cut from a birch tree, and he lashed out with it from the top of the steps if anybody tried to go up before he gave the word. But he was careful who he hit. He never went for anybody who could hit back and let him have it in the puss. He only beat a fellow when he was down.

And this was the kind they called "orderlies," but if you thought about it they didn't take orders from anybody. And they were in cahoots with the cook.

Today a lot of gangs must have crowded up at the same time, or maybe they were having trouble keeping order. The men were all over the steps. There were three of them up there—Clubfoot, the trusty who worked under him, and even the fellow in charge of the mess hall—and they were trying to handle things on their own.

The manager of the mess hall was a fat slob with a head like a pumpkin and shoulders a yard wide. He had so much strength he didn't know what to do with it, and he bounced up and down like on springs, and his hands and legs jerked all the time. His cap was made of white fur, soft as down, and he didn't have a number on it. He had a lamb's-wool jacket and there was a number on it the size of a postage stamp—just big enough to keep Volkovoy happy—but he didn't have a number on his back. He didn't give a damn for anybody, and all the men were scared of him. He had a thousand lives in the palm of his hand.

Shukhov would be in trouble if 104 had gone in already. Clubfoot never let anybody through if he wasn't with his own gang. The fellows sometimes climbed the rails going up the steps and got in behind Clubfoot's back. Shukhov had done this too. But you couldn't get away with it when the manager was there. He'd knock you all the way from here to the hospital block.

Shukhov had to get over to the steps fast and see if 104 was still here. But there were so many of them milling around now like they were storming a fortress. What could they do? It was getting close to lights out.

"Stop, you sons of bitches!" Clubfoot yelled, and hit out at them with his stick. "Get back or I'll bash your heads in!"

"What can we do?" those up front yelled. "They're pushing from the back!"

Then Clubfoot held his stick across his chest to make a kind of barrier. And he threw all his weight behind it. His trusty got his hand on the stick too and helped him push. Even the manager took hold of the stick. They shoved real hard. They had plenty of strength, with all that meat they ate. Those up front were pushed back and fell on the men behind.

The manager went back inside, and Clubfoot stood on the top step and shouted, "How many times do I have to tell you to line up by fives, you blockheads!"

Shukhov thought he saw Senka Klevshin's head way up front. He started pushing his way through. But he couldn't make it.

"Hey, 27!" Clubfoot shouted. "Get moving!" Gang 27 ran up the steps and inside on the double. The rest rushed the steps again. Shukhov pushed for all he was worth.

Shukhov could see Pavlo go up the steps to Clubfoot. Pavlo'd taken charge of the gang because Tyurin didn't like to get mixed up in this kind of mob.

"Line up by fives, 104!" Pavlo shouted from up there. "Let 'em through, you guys up front!"

The hell they'd let 'em through!

The manager looked out from the door and said to Clubfoot, "Let's have another two gangs."

"One-oh-four!" Clubfoot yelled.

Shukhov ran into the mess hall and started to pick up empty trays. The mess hall looked the same as ever—great clouds of steam, and men jammed tight at the tables like corn on a cob, or trying to push through with trays full of bowls. Shukhov spotted S-208 carrying a tray with only five bowls on it for one of the other gangs. The tray wasn't full, so it meant this was the last time he'd need it.

Shukhov got over to him and said in his ear from behind, "Gimme that tray when you're through, pal."

"But there's another guy waiting for it."

"Let him wait."

So they made a deal—S-208 put his bowls on the table, and Shukhov snatched the tray. But the other guy ran over and grabbed it by the end. He was smaller than Shukhov. So Shukhov shoved it at him and sent him flying. He put the tray under his arm and dashed over to the hatch. Pavlo was standing in line, and he was sore because there were no trays. He was glad to see Shukhov.

"One-oh-four!" Pavlo called into the hatch. There were five of these hatches—three for dishing out the food, one for men on the sick list, and one for handing back the bowls. Here the men fought to see who'd get to lick them out.

The cook picked up a big ladle and stirred the stuff in the caldron—it'd just been filled nearly up to the top. There

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I told Josephine what you said, doctor, and she thinks you're some kind of nut."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 7 AND 10 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • ©1963, OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
OLD CHARTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, distilled from fine grains by the old, time-proven method. This whiskey is seven years old
distilled by Old Charter Distillery Co.
Louisville, Kentucky
SEVEN YEARS OLD

Napoleon Lyre Clock designed by Festeau Le Jeune, Paris (Circa 1830), from the Old Charter Clock Collection

Tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . the Bourbon that didn't watch the clock . . . many long years!

EXCLUSIVE EDITION! *Rarer than rare—Old Charter at 10 years old is now available in limited bottling to Bourbon connoisseurs who relish the rare quality only extra aging gives to a fine whisky.* Send us your dealer's name, we'll see he has some.

Only a superior whisky improves with age. Old Charter—when it goes into the cask—is the finest whisky obtainable. Long years later, it emerges with all the subtle bouquet, flavor, and mellowness nature can bestow. Isn't it time you tried Kentucky's Finest Bourbon?

OLD CHARTER

Kentucky's Finest BOURBON

7 years old or 10 years old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were clouds of steam coming out of it. Then he picked up another ladle that held one and a half pints—enough for four bowls—and began to dish out. But he didn't dip down very deep. "One, two, three, four . . ." Shukhov watched to see which bowls he filled before the good part settled back on the bottom of the caldron and which had only the watery stuff off the top. He put 10 bowls on the tray and went away. Gopchik was waving at him. "This way, Ivan Denisovich, over here!"

It was tough enough carrying one bowl in that crowd without spilling it, let alone 10. But he got them over to the end of the table Gopchik had cleared off and didn't spill a drop. And he managed to place it so the two best bowls would be on the side he was going to sit at.

Yermolayev brought over another 10. And then Gopchik ran back to the hatch and came back with Pavlo. They were carrying the last four in their hands.

Kilgas brought their bread ration on another tray. Today the ration was according to output. Some got six ounces, others eight. Shukhov got 10. He took his 10—it had a lot of good crust on it—and Caesar's six from the middle of the loaf. Now the men in their gang were coming from all over the mess hall to get their supper. Shukhov put his spoon in one of the two good bowls to stake a claim.

Shukhov checked over the helpings with Pavlo and everything looked all right. He pushed one of the good bowls to Pavlo for Tyurin. Pavlo poured it in a flat German army canteen—it was easy to carry it under his coat.

Pavlo sat down to his double helping, and so did Shukhov. They didn't say another word to each other. These minutes were holy.

It wasn't bad. He found a little bit of fish even. The gruel was always thinner than in the morning—they had to feed you in the morning so you'd work, but in the evening they knew you just flopped down and went to sleep.

He started with the watery stuff on the top and drank it right down. The warmth went through his body, and his insides were sort of quivering, waiting for that gruel to come down. This was what a prisoner lived for, this one little moment.

Shukhov didn't have a grudge in the world now—about how long his sentence was, about how long their day was, about that Sunday they wouldn't get. All he thought now was, *We'll get through! We'll get through it all! And God grant it'll all come to an end.*

When he finished eating, he licked his spoon and pushed it in the top of his boot. He jammed his cap on his head, took his own bread ration and Caesar's, and went out. He had a full belly and he felt good. He thought he might look in on the Latvian and try to get some tobacco, though there wasn't much time to go before lights out. So he headed for Barracks 7.

The moon was way up now. And the sky was clear and the stars were as bright as could be. The last thing he had time for now was looking at the sky. But he saw one thing—the cold wasn't letting up. Some of the fellows had heard from the "free" workers outside that it'd go down to 20 below in the night and 40 by morning.

Shukhov would have to pay the same as always for the tobacco—one ruble a mug, though "outside" it cost three rubles, and even more for the better stuff. Prices in the camp were not like anywhere else, because you couldn't have money here. Not many people had any, and it was very expensive. In the tough camps they didn't pay you a penny. And if you got any money from home, they didn't hand it over to you but put it in an account in your name. Once a month you could spend something out of this account in the stores for fancy soap, moldy cookies and "Prima" cigarettes. And you had to write to the commandant beforehand and tell him what you wanted to buy, and if you didn't like the stuff you could either take it or leave it, and if you didn't take it you could say good-bye to your money—they'd already taken it out of your account.

Shukhov got his money by doing odd jobs: making slippers—for two rubles—out of the rags the customer gave you, or patching up a jacket.

Barracks 7 was not like 9, where he was. His had two big halves, but 7 had a long passageway with 10 doors off it, and each gang had a room to itself, seven bunks to a room. Shukhov went into the part where the Latvian was. He was lying on a lower bunk with his feet up on the ledge, and he was jabbering in Latvian with the fellow next to him. Shukhov sat down on the bunk and said hello, and the Latvian said hello but didn't take his legs down. In small rooms like these the men pricked up their ears to see who'd come and what he was after. That's why Shukhov sat there talking about nothing very much. ("How're things?" "Not bad." "Very cold today." "Yes.")

Shukhov waited till the others got back to their talk. Then he leaned close to the Latvian. "Got any tobacco?"

"Sure."

"Lemme see."

The Latvian sat up. He was real tight-fisted, this Latvian, and when he put the stuff in the plastic mug, he was always scared he'd give you one smoke more than you paid for.

He got his pouch and opened it. Shukhov took a little tobacco and put it on his hand. He saw it was the same as last time, the same color and the same cut. He held it to his nose and smelled it. Yes, it was the same stuff, but what he said to the Latvian was, "Don't look the same to me."

"Yes it is." The Latvian got mad. "I always have the same."

"OK," Shukhov said. "Pack that mug for me and I'll have a smoke out of it, and then maybe I'll take another mug."

He said "pack" because this fellow always sprinkled it in sort of loose.

The Latvian got another pouch from under his pillow—it was fatter than the other one. He took his mug out of the locker and started filling it.

"Press it down now, press it down!"

The Latvian got mad again and pulled the mug away and pressed down himself—but not so hard.

Meantime Shukhov opened his jacket and found the place in the lining where he kept his two-ruble bill. He eased it along through the wadding till he got it to a little hole he'd made and sewed up with two stitches. He pushed the bill this far, pulled out the stitches with his nails and took it out of the hole. It was old and limp and didn't rustle any more.

Somebody in the room was yelling, "You think that old bastard in Moscow with the moustache is going to have mercy on *you?* He wouldn't give a damn about his own brother, let alone slobs like you!"

The great thing about a penal camp was you had a hell of a lot of freedom. Back in Ust-Izhma if you said they couldn't get matches "outside" they put you in the can and slapped on another 10 years. But here you could yell your head off about anything you liked.

Shukhov haggled a little more with the Latvian and emptied another mugful into his pouch. He handed over his two rubles and left. Then he chased back to his own barracks so he wouldn't miss Caesar when he came back with that package.

But Caesar was already sitting in his lower bunk and gaping at the stuff. He'd spread it all out on his bed. Shukhov bent down, got between the captain's bunk and Caesar's and handed over the bread ration. "Your bread, Caesar Markovich."

He didn't say, "So you got it," because this would've been hinting about how he stood in line for him and that he had a right to a cut. He knew he had, but even after eight years of hard labor he was still no scavenger.

But he wasn't master of his eyes. Like all the others, he had the eyes of a hawk, and in a flash they ran over the things Caesar had laid out. But though he still hadn't taken the paper off them or opened the bags, Shukhov couldn't help telling by this quick look—and a sniff of the nose—that Caesar had got sausage, canned milk, a large smoked fish, fatback, crackers with one kind of smell and cookies with another, and about four pounds of lump sugar. And then there was butter, cigarettes and pipe tobacco.

Caesar was in a real state like he was drunk—people who got packages were always like this—and he waved the bread away. "You keep it, Ivan Denisovich." Caesar's gruel and now his six ounces of bread—that was a whole extra supper—and this, of course, was as much as he could hope to make on that package. And he stopped thinking right away that he might get any of this fancy stuff, and he shut it out of his mind. It was no good aggravating your belly for nothing.

He took his boots off and climbed up to his bunk. He got that piece of steel out of his mitten and had a good look at it. He figured he'd look for the right kind of stone tomorrow to grind it down for a knife he could use to mend shoes. But meantime he'd have to hide it. He pushed it between the boards of his bunk and hid it there. Alyoshka the Baptist and the two Estonians could see him doing it from their bunks. But he didn't have to worry about them.

Fetyukov came through the barracks, and he was crying. He was all hunched up, and there was blood on his lips. So he must've got beat up again for trying to scrounge somebody's bowl. He went past the whole gang, didn't look at anybody and didn't bother hiding his tears. He climbed up to his bunk and dug his face in his mattress. You couldn't help feeling sorry for him if you thought about it. He'd never live out his time in the camp. He just didn't know how to do things right.

And now the captain came along in a good mood with a potful of tea. But it wasn't the kind they got in the camp. They had two tubs with tea in the barracks, but who'd call that tea? It was lukewarm and had the right color, but it was really just slops, and it smelled of rotten wood from the tub. Well, the captain had got a fistful of real tea from Caesar and run off to get some boiling water. He looked pleased with himself and set it up on the locker. "I nearly scalded my fingers under the faucet," he said, as if he were proud of it.

Caesar stood up and peered over at Shukhov and winked. "I say, Shukhov, be a good fellow and loan me that 'ten days' of yours, will you?" What he wanted was Shukhov's little penknife—you could get 10 days in the cooler if they found something like this on you. Shukhov had made this knife himself and always kept it sharp. He stuck his hand under the board again and got it out. Caesar gave him a nod and ducked down out of sight.

So now Caesar owed him for the use of the knife too. Shukhov pulled out his pouch. He took out as much tobacco as he'd borrowed earlier that day, reached it over to the Estonian in the top bunk across from him, and said, "Thanks."

It was getting very near the night check. Before long the warders would be snooping around the barracks.

Shukhov started breaking off pieces from one of his hunks of bread. He could hear what the captain and Caesar were saying while they drank their tea.

"Help yourself, Captain. Don't wait to be asked! Have some of the smoked fish, and there's some sausage here too!"

"Thank you, I don't mind if I do."

"And put some butter on your bread. Real French bread from Moscow, you know."

"I must say it's hard to believe they still make this sort of bread anywhere. All this luxury reminds me when I was in Archangel once. . . ."

Shukhov saw Snubnose, one of the warders, coming into the barracks. He had a piece of paper in his hand, and you could see from this that he was after somebody. "Where's 104?"

"Right here," they told him.

"And where's your boss?"

"What d'you want?" Tyurin said from his bunk.

"What's happening about the reports those two guys of yours were supposed to hand in about their extra clothing?"

"They're writing them," Tyurin said, and he didn't bat an eye.

"They should've been handed in already."

"The trouble is they can't hardly read or write, so it's not easy." (It was Caesar and the captain he was talking about! He was a great guy, the boss; he was never at a loss what to say.)

"See you get those reports to the warders' room tomorrow morning! And they should say they've turned in those things they're not supposed to have to the Personal Property Stores. Got it?"

"I get you."

Looks like the captain made it, Shukhov said to himself. The captain hadn't heard what was going on. He was too busy telling his story and eating that sausage.

"One more thing," the warder said. "Is S-311 here? Is that one of yours?"

"Let me take a look at the list," Tyurin said, just to stall. "How can anybody remember all these damn numbers?" He was playing for time, trying to drag things out till they called the men for the night check, and maybe then the captain wouldn't have to go to the cooler that night.

But Snubnose shouted out: "Is Buynovsky here?"

"What's that? Yes, I'm here," the captain called out from his bunk. (Some people move too fast for their own good.)

"Let's go!"

"Where?"

"You know."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The captain just gave a sigh and grunted. It must've been easier for him to sail his destroyer on a dark night in the stormy sea than it was to break off talking with his friend now and go to that freezing cell.

"How many days?" he asked, and his voice was kind of low.

"Ten! Come on, make it snappy!"

Just then the orderlies started yelling, "All out for the night check! All out for the night check!"

"Well, good-bye, fellows." The captain gave a kind of sheepish look at 104 and went off with the warder.

Some of them shouted after him, "Keep your chin up! Don't let 'em get you down!" What could you say?

The fellows from 104 had built the place themselves, and they knew how it looked—stone walls, a concrete floor and no window. There was a stove, but that was only enough to melt the ice off the walls and make puddles on the floor. You slept on bare boards and your teeth chattered all night. You got six ounces of bread a day, and they gave you hot gruel only every third day.

Ten days! If you had 10 days in the cells here and sat them out to the end, it meant you'd be a wreck for the rest of your life. And the fellows who did 15 days were dead and buried.

"Come on, get out!" the trusty in charge of the barracks shouted. "If you're not all out by the time I count to three, I'll take your number."

So people started moving and crowding up to the door, and they jumped off the top bunks looking like bears. Everybody was making for that narrow door.

Shukhov hopped down from his bunk and stuck his feet in his felt boots. But he didn't go right away, because he was sorry for Caesar, who shouldn't have spent all that time fussing with his package and should've got it to the storeroom before night check. He could've eaten the stuff later, but what could he do with it now? If he took that damn bag out with him to the check, he'd just make a laughingstock of himself in front of 500 men. But if he left it here, it might be swiped by the first man back.

Shukhov saw Caesar was all in a sweat, but it was too late. He was hiding his package under his mattress and stuffing the sausage and fatback in his jacket. He thought maybe he'd carry that along with him even if he couldn't save anything else.

So Shukhov told him what to do. "Stay here till the last man leaves, Caesar Markovich, and get back in your bunk where it's dark, and don't budge till the warder and the orderlies come through. And then you tell 'em you're sick. I'll go out now and get in the front of the crowd and I'll be the first back." He ran off and went out on the steps.

Five men came down the steps of Barracks 9, and then another three. Shukhov went in with these three to make up the next row of five. It wasn't so bad standing here when you'd eaten a little bread and had a cigarette.

More men came straggling out the door, and there were a couple of rows of fives behind Shukhov now. The fellows coming out were mad as hell at the guys still stalling around inside. They had to stand here and freeze till those bastards came out.

The night check was around nine o'clock. Only it never finished at nine. They always kept you hanging around while they double-checked, and sometimes it was more than twice. You never got to bed before 10.

They were all pouring out down the steps now. The fellows who'd been first in line outside shouted at them: "Thought you were being smart, didn't you, you bastards? If you'd got out here before, we'd be through already."

They were all outside now. There were 400 men in a barracks, and that made 80 rows of five lined up one after the other. The rows right in front of the barracks kept their lines of five, but the fellows in back just bunched up any old way.

"Line up by fives, you at the back!" the trusty yelled down from the steps. But the hell they would, the bastards!

Caesar came out of the door all hunched up and doing his best to look sick. There were two orderlies behind him, and two others with some lame fellow. They chased Caesar to the back and lined up in front of all the others. So Shukhov was now in the third row.

The warder came out on the steps.

"Line up by fives!" he shouted to the men at the back.

"One, two, three. . . ."

Every row of five shot into the barracks when it was called. They were through now for the day.

Shukhov wasn't the first to get back to the barracks, but he didn't take his eyes off the fellow who was. He ran right over to Caesar's bunk and sat on it, and kept his eyes on Caesar's package so no one could swipe it from under the mattress.

Caesar was coming back now. "Thank you, Ivan Denisovich," he said.

Shukhov nodded at him and jumped up on his own bunk like a squirrel. He could finish off that bread now or smoke another cigarette or go to sleep.

But Shukhov had had such a good day—he didn't even feel like sleeping, he felt so great. He put his head on the pillow stuffed with shavings, tucked his feet in the arm of the jacket, and spread his coat on top of the blanket. And that was that, the end of another day! "Thank God," he said.

Alyoshka was on the other side of the bunk, turned so he got the light from the bulb. He was reading the Gospels again.

Alyoshka'd heard Shukhov thank the Lord, and he turned to him. "Look here, Ivan Denisovich, your soul wants to pray to God, so why don't you let it have its way?"

Shukhov looked at Alyoshka and sighed. "I'll tell you why, Alyoshka. Because all these prayers are like the complaints we send in to the higher-ups—either they don't get there or they come back to you marked 'Rejected.'"

In front of HQ barracks there were four boxes with seals, and one of the security guys came along every month to empty them. A lot of fellows put slips in those boxes, and they counted the days—a month or two months—waiting to hear. Either there was nothing or it was "Rejected."

"The trouble is, Ivan Denisovich, you don't pray hard enough, and that's why your prayers don't work out. You must pray unceasing! And if you have faith and tell the mountain to move, it will move."

Shukhov grinned and made himself another cigarette. He got a light from one of the Estonians.

"Don't give me that, Alyoshka. I've never seen a mountain move. But come to think of it, I've never seen a mountain either. And when you and all your Baptists prayed down there in the Caucasus, did you ever see a mountain move?"

The poor fellows. All they did was pray to God. And were they in anybody's way? They all got 25 years, because that's how it was now—25 years for everybody.

"But we didn't pray for that, Ivan Denisovich," Alyoshka said, and he came up close to Shukhov with his Gospels, right up to his face. "The only thing of this earth the Lord has ordered us to pray for is our daily bread—'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

"You mean that ration we get?" Shukhov said.

But Alyoshka went on, and his eyes said more than his words, and he put his hand on Ivan's hand.

"Ivan Denisovich, you mustn't pray for somebody to send you a package or for an extra helping of gruel. Things that people set store by are base in the sight of the Lord. You must pray for the things of the spirit so the Lord will take evil things from our hearts."

"But listen. The priest in our church in Polomnya ——"

"Don't tell me about that," Alyoshka begged, and he winced with pain.

"No. But just listen." And Shukhov bent over to him on his elbow. "The priest is the richest man in our parish in Polomnya. Suppose they ask you to build a roof on a house, your price is thirty rubles for plain people. For the priest it's a hundred. That priest of ours is paying alimony to three women in three towns, and he's living with a fourth. And he's got the bishop under his thumb. And it doesn't matter how many other priests they send. He always gets rid of 'em. He doesn't want to share the pickings."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's face it, Daddy. I'm just another dumb blonde."

"Why are you telling me about this priest? The Orthodox Church has got away from the Gospel. And the reason they don't put them in prison is because they have no true faith."

Shukhov looked straight and hard, and went on smoking. "Alyoshka," he said, and he moved the Baptist's hand away, "I'm not against God, understand. I believe in God, all right. But what I don't believe in is heaven and hell. Who d'you think we are, giving us all that stuff about heaven and hell? That's the thing I can't take."

Shukhov lay back again and dropped the ash off his cigarette between the bunk and the window. He was thinking his own thoughts and didn't hear Alyoshka any more, and he said out loud, "The thing is, you can pray as much as you like, but they won't take anything off your sentence and you'll just have to sit it out, every day of it, from reveille to lights out."

"You mustn't pray for that." Alyoshka was horror-struck. "What d'you want your freedom for? What faith you have left will be choked in thorns. Rejoice that you are in prison. Here you can think of your soul."

Shukhov looked up at the ceiling and said nothing. He didn't know any longer himself whether he wanted freedom or not. At first he'd wanted it very much, and every day he added up how long he still had to go. But then he got fed up with this. And as time went on he understood that they might let you out, but they never let you home. And he didn't really know where he'd be better off.

Alyoshka was talking the truth. You could tell by his voice and his eyes he was glad to be in prison.

"Look, Alyoshka," Shukhov said, "it's all right for you. It was Christ told you to come here, and you are here because of Him. But why am *I* here? Because they didn't get ready for the war like they should've in 'Forty-one? Was that *my* fault?"

The barracks was quiet. Caesar reached up and gave him two cookies, two lumps of sugar and a slice of sausage.

"Thank you, Caesar Markovich."

He tucked his legs in the arm of his jacket again and put the blanket and then his coat on top. He'd sleep now. He thought of Alyoshka.

"Here, Alyoshka." Shukhov reached over and gave him one of the cookies.

Alyoshka smiled. "Thank you, but you haven't got very much yourself."

"Go ahead. Eat it." It was true he didn't have very much, but *he* could always earn something. And he put the piece of sausage in his mouth and chewed it. The taste of that meat, and the juice that came out of it! He'd eat the rest of the things before roll call, he thought. And he pulled the thin, dirty blanket over his face.

Shukhov went to sleep, and he was very happy. He'd had a lot of luck today. They hadn't put him in the cooler. The gang hadn't been chased out to work in the Socialist Community Development. He'd finagled an extra bowl of mush at noon. The boss had got them good rates for their work. He'd felt good making that wall. They hadn't found that piece of steel in the frisk. Caesar had paid him off in the evening. He'd bought some tobacco. And he'd got over that sickness. Nothing had spoiled the day, and it had been almost happy.

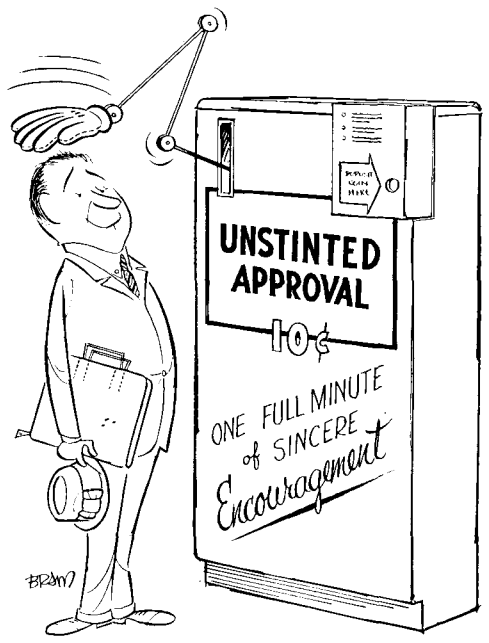
There were 3,653 days like this in his sentence, from reveille to lights out.

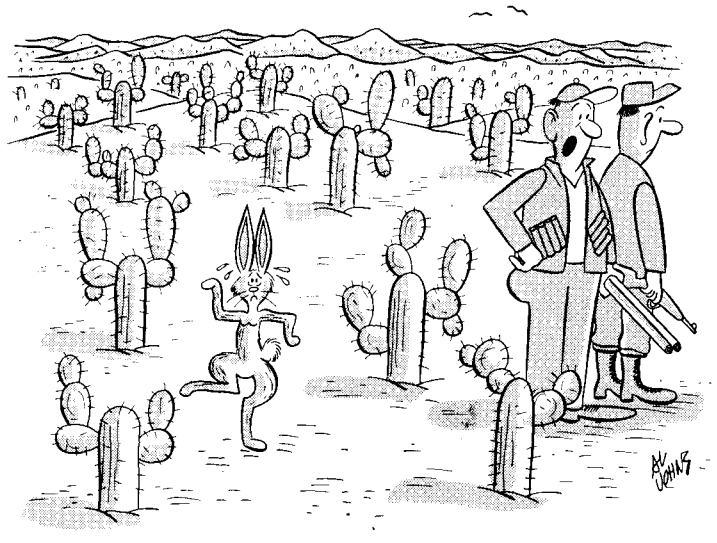
The three extra ones were because of the leap years. **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

"If you want my honest opinion, I think it's a lousy idea."





"I could've sworn I saw a rabbit here a minute ago."

ODE TO A VANISHED OPERATOR IN AN AUTOMATIZED ELEVATOR

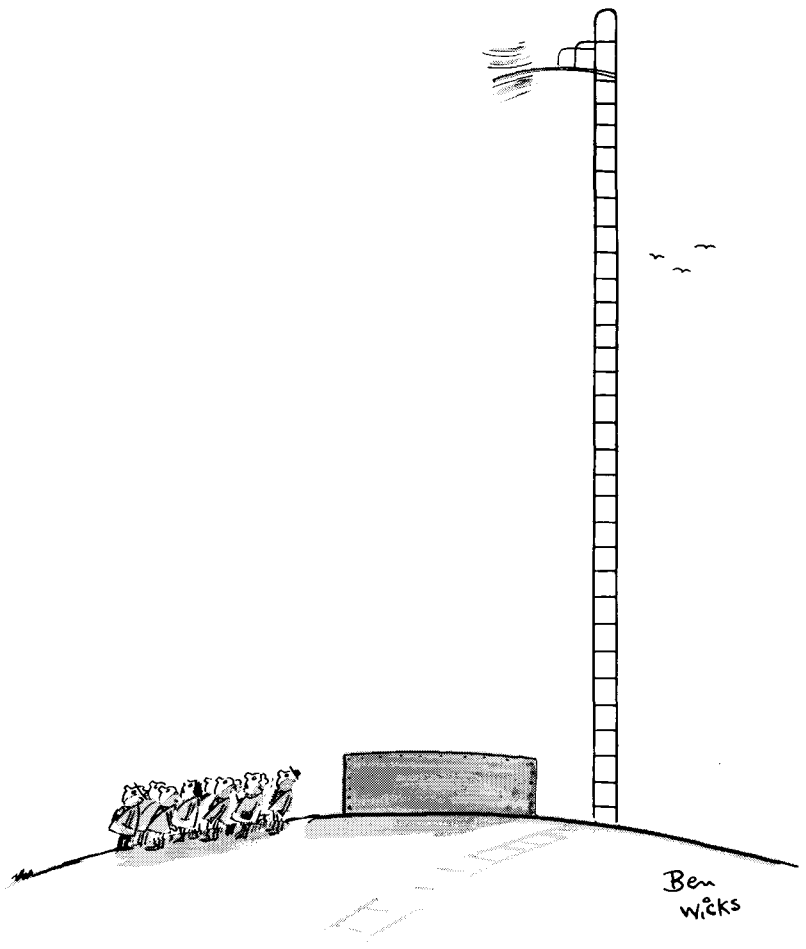
Where once you stood alert, alive
  And wreathed in smiles at nine and five
Now lights and bells and whooshing doors
  Bewilder me on all the floors;

I loved the lilting way you laughed
  As we went joshing through the shaft
And no one knows how much I've missed
  My vertical psychiatrist;

You slapped the big shots down with ease
  By simply saying, "Next car, please,"
And always kept the doors ajar
  Till all of me had left the car;

To stall between the floors was fun,
  But not when I'm the only one—
I'm having a lonely time, my dear;
  Both UP and DOWN wish you were here.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

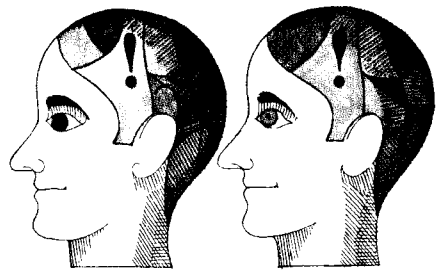


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LeSABRE VALUE CARNIVAL

CELEBRATING BUICK'S SMASHING SUCCESS!
YOUR CAR IS WORTH MORE NOW IN TRADE THAN IT EVER WILL BE AGAIN.
DON'T DELAY! BE MONEY AHEAD! TRADE NOW!

Think Twice



You're probably paying the price of a LeSabre by Buick—why not own one!

(Fact: 7 out of 10 full-size cars sold, including the "low-price names", are in the LeSabre price range or above.)

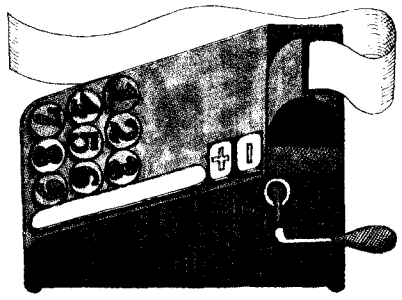
Savings Will Be Fun

Improved carburetion for better gas mileage in '63 ◈ 15″ wheels stretch tire life ◈ Finned aluminum front brakes—linings last longest ◈ Buick's high quality engineering cuts upkeep costs ◈ Long-life aluminized muffler.

ADD UP THE VALUES

Luxurious interiors ◈ 307 decorator trims, durable vinyl or fabric ◈ Exclusive Advanced Thrust engineering ◈ Arrow-straight tracking ◈ Wildcat 401 V-8 Action ◈ Surging Turbine Drive* ◈ Substantial Buick ride ◈ Front and rear floor "mountain" gone.

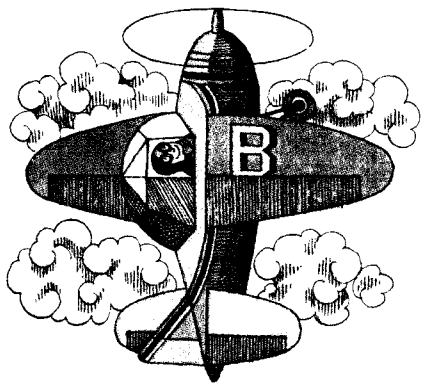
*Optional at extra cost



Buick resale value flying high

Example: a 1960 LeSabre 4-door hardtop retains an average of $256 more of its original cost today than did a comparable '58 model sold in 1960*. ◈ Today's quality Buick stays new longer!

*Source: NADA Guide Books, Nov., 1960, 1962



Wide choice of full-size LeSabre models: Wagons, Convertible, 2- and 4-door Hardtops and Sedans

Beautiful **LeSabre** *By* **BUICK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Bill Davidson

Stan Freberg / His private war

A comic genius harpoons the pompous, lampoons the ridiculous.

One of the most upsetting influences in American life today is a tall, roundheaded, bespectacled, Scandinavian-visaged, wildly ingenious man of 36 named Stan Freberg, whom the late Ernie Kovacs once called "a multiple incarnation of Fred Allen, Don Quixote and Donald Duck." Freberg is a writer and composer who performs his own works on records, radio and television—and shortly will do the same in a Broadway musical revue. As to why he is upsetting, the following is illustrative. It concerns a TV series which he proposed to the three networks.

"The name of the series," says Freberg, "is *The Shaft Theater*. Every week we do a show like *Lassie*, but the dog kills the kid and says, 'Now, you smart brat, it's *really* my show.' Or we do *Father of the Bride*, but he turns out to be a lush. Or we do *The Untouchables*, and Eliot Ness says to Frank Nitti, 'Pull the trigger. There's only blanks in it.' So Nitti pulls the trigger and Ness is killed. What a way to get out of the Wasteland." All three networks have rejected *The Shaft Theater*.

For 17 years Freberg has waged a private war against some of the more glaring ludicrousnesses of American life. He has won few victories, but it is profitable. Freberg earns about $300,000 a year from two operations. First there is Freberg the writer and performer. Then there is Freberg the president and resident genius of a small advertising agency called Freberg Limited (But Not Very). The agency, whose coat of arms bears the Latin motto *Ars Gratia Pecuniae* (Art for Money's Sake), turns out commercials.

More than anything else, Freberg Limited (But Not Very) exemplifies Freberg's problems as a satirist in a world in which satire does not sit well with many people who hold power. Lately, for example, Freberg's firm has been specializing in commercials that spoof other commercials. For a chow-mein manufacturer he wanted to use the slogan that only a housewife's grocer would know for sure whether she uses the canned product or the take-home variety from a Chinese restaurant. He was restrained from doing so by a hair-tint company which advertises its product in somewhat the same way.

In his private war Freberg has occasionally scored spectacular successes. In 1957 his 15-week radio series on CBS (the last of the radio network comedy shows) attracted 5,000,000 devoted listeners a week. He lampooned Lawrence Welk in a skit in which an entire ballroom floated out to sea on an oversupply of champagne bubbles; he interviewed the Abominable Snowman (who wore orange sneakers from Abercrombie and Fitch) with all the pomposity of certain television journalists, and he devastated TV variety shows by presenting a flock of "tuned sheep" whose trainer played *Lullaby of Birdland* by tapping bells hung around the animals' necks. His most successful records have kidded soap opera, Harry Belafonte, the over-commercialization of Christmas (*Green Chritma*) and the John Birch Society view of American history (*Stan Freberg Presents the United States of America*).

The latter is a full-scale 45-minute musical-comedy score on a record, with music, lyrics and book by Freberg. It will be expanded into a Broadway revue by producer David Merrick this spring. It contains such irreverent scenes as that of George Washington raising the devil with Betsy Ross because she has made the American flag red, white and blue, with stars and stripes, instead of the lavender polka dots on chartreuse that Washington had ordered.

A satirist's defeats are often more interesting than his victories, however. So I went to see Freberg in his natural habitat to talk about some of his lampoons that were snuffed out by the enemy and never reached the public. The habitat is split into two parts. One is a Hollywood office lined with the entire pre-1930 series of Tom Swift books (Freberg's remark: "'Ho, ho,' laughed Tom merrily. That's the kind of dialogue I like") The other is his home, a Spanish-style Beverly Hills mansion which he calls Stan Simeon and which is graced with such art treasures as a Spanish antique mirror with three angels on the frame, identified by brass plates as Patty, La Verne and Maxine—the Andrews Sisters. The house where Freberg lives with his pretty blond wife, Donna, and his pretty blond daughter, Donna Jr., also has a bar hidden behind a bookshelf panel which can be opened only by pressing a volume called *The House of Mirth* by Edith Wharton.

Tried to make oleo of Fats

"What was the biggest defeat in your private war?" I asked Freberg. "Oh, well," he replied, "I guess the biggest in size was when I wanted to carve 300-foot likenesses of Mary Margaret McBride and Fats Domino out of oleomargarine on Mount Rushmore—but my oleomargarine sponsor wouldn't let me. In scope the biggest was when I did a pilot script for a TV series about a children's amusement park called Fredergland, where the kiddies could see a huge glass head with draining sinus cavities, and all like that. The network turned the script down, saying it didn't have enough scope. So I did another script called *Scope*. They turned that one down too."

Recalling the squeals of protest from victims (they included the late Senator Joe McCarthy) of his barbed satire, I asked him, "How about radio? They must have left you alone there."

He drawled, "Well, no. I had a nice little routine: 'You remember radio. It's like when the TV tube blows and you just get the sound.' Then a little old lady tried to remember radio and asked me, 'What in the world did people look at?' and I said, 'Each other.' The CBS boys roared, 'Not funny!' I said, 'But how can you do a radio show in the television age without mentioning radio? It's the theater of the mind.' 'Out!' they roared. It was like trying to get by in a kosher delicatessen without a mustard paddle."

Freberg continued, "Then I wrote a satire on Las Vegas, a city I detest. I called it 'Incident at Los Voraces,' and it was about two hotels—El Sodom and Rancho Gomorrah—vying for customers. First, one hotel booked the World Orchestra, with Segovia and Presley on guitar, Cliburn and Truman on piano, and all the bands in the world combined into one. The second hotel came back with the world's largest swimming pool, with Florence Chadwick attempting to swim it twice a night while Coast Guard helicopters fed her nourishing broth. The first hotel countered by booking the Gaza Strip. They cut the strip into sections and had it flown piecemeal to the New Suez Room, and El Sodom had a war three times a night, with real bullets. To top this, Rancho Gomorrah rolled back the walls, made room for 1,000,000 spectators, added 100,000 new slot machines, and on the big night the hotel's owner, Nebbi Chad nezzar, announced, 'Rancho Gomorrah proudly presents, for one time only—the hydrogen bomb!' He then pushes the button, and that, of course, is the end of Los Voraces.

"A harmless conceit, no? But CBS made me change the Gaza Strip to 'an international incident' for fear of offending Israeli and Egyptian listeners, and the hydrogen-bomb sequence came out. Too grisly. Instead I was allowed to kill everybody by having Rancho Gomorrah book an earthquake into its New San Francisco Room."

I said, "Television, I suppose, is even rougher for the satirist." Freberg rolled his eyes heavenward. He said, "I did the Summer Chevy Show for NBC in 1958 and 1959. I worked with a little puppet named Orville, a spaceman from another planet. In one show he wanted to work out a cultural exchange with the earth, taking back some smog, Las Vegas, some Louella Parsons columns, Governor Faubus, outdoor advertising and the back of a bus. The Parsons and Faubus items were cut immediately.

"Then the censors said, 'What about this back of the bus? Is that an integration joke?'

"I said, 'No, it's a carbon-monoxide joke.'

"'Oh,' they said, and they let it stay in.

"Another time Orville was furious because the Miss Universe contest wouldn't let his girl friend, Miss Moon, compete. He said, 'She's a beauty, two feet one inch in high wheels, dimensions 39-39-39.'

"I said to Orville, 'Maybe we can have another contest for other planets?'

"He said, 'You mean separate but equal?' Well, sir, the censors fought with me over that separate-but-equal line for days. I finally gave in."

I said, "You don't seem to have too much trouble getting your barbs across in your records. Is that the best medium for a satirist?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stan Freberg's own caption: "Thwarted on all sides by peabrains, I fight my way out of a corner."

"Someone has got to expose ludicrousness or we'll have a very sick society."

He replied, "Right now, Capitol Records digs my stuff. But in the old days, wow! I wanted to do a record kidding *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. Capitol's legal department wouldn't let me use the word 'search'—afraid of infringement—and Murphy was out 'because you can't offend the Irish.' 'OK,' I said, 'what nationality can I offend?' 'None,' they said. 'In fact, the only name we'll let you use is one that we can't find in either the Los Angeles or New York telephone directories.' So the record came out as *The Quest for Bridey Hammerschlagen*."

I asked Freberg, "Is there really no medium in which a satirist can operate with complete freedom?" He answered, "Yes, there are books and there is the Broadway stage. It would be a lot easier for me to give in and become just another comic, but *someone's* got to expose ludicrousness. If you don't hold it up to ridicule, it gets worse and worse, and you have a sick society.

Interviewing Benjamin Franklin

"For example, I think pomposity is a disease, and there is a certain pompous news magazine that I satirize in the new revue. A reporter for this magazine comes to interview Benjamin Franklin and says, 'We heard through the grapevine that portly, dynamic Ben Franklin this week capped his multifaceted career with his surest-fire gimmick since the Franklin stove.' When the reporter sees electricity travel down Franklin's kite string he shouts, 'Why, it's a miracle! [See Religion] What a discovery! Tonight mankind has taken a great leap forward. [See Sports]'"

I noted that this type of biting humor had not been seen on Broadway since the heyday of Alexander Woollcott and George S. Kaufman in the 1930's. "Yes," said Freberg moodily. "Sometimes I think I was born twenty-five years too late." Perhaps he was. When he was a boy in Pasadena, California, the son of a Baptist minister, he avidly read everything he could about the great wits of the time—Woollcott, Kaufman, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley—who gathered regularly about the Round Table in the Algonquin Hotel in New York.

A few years ago, when Freberg first went to New York, he eagerly checked into the Algonquin. He went to the dining room and asked where the famous Round Table was. "Round table?" said the maître d'hôtel. "All our tables are round, sir, and they're all good." Freberg asked the bellhops about Robert Benchley, and they all said, "What's the name again?" Finally Freberg asked an elderly men's-room attendant, "Did *you* know Robert Benchley?" The answer was, "'Deed I do. What's he doing now?" Freberg replied gently, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Benchley passed away a few years ago."

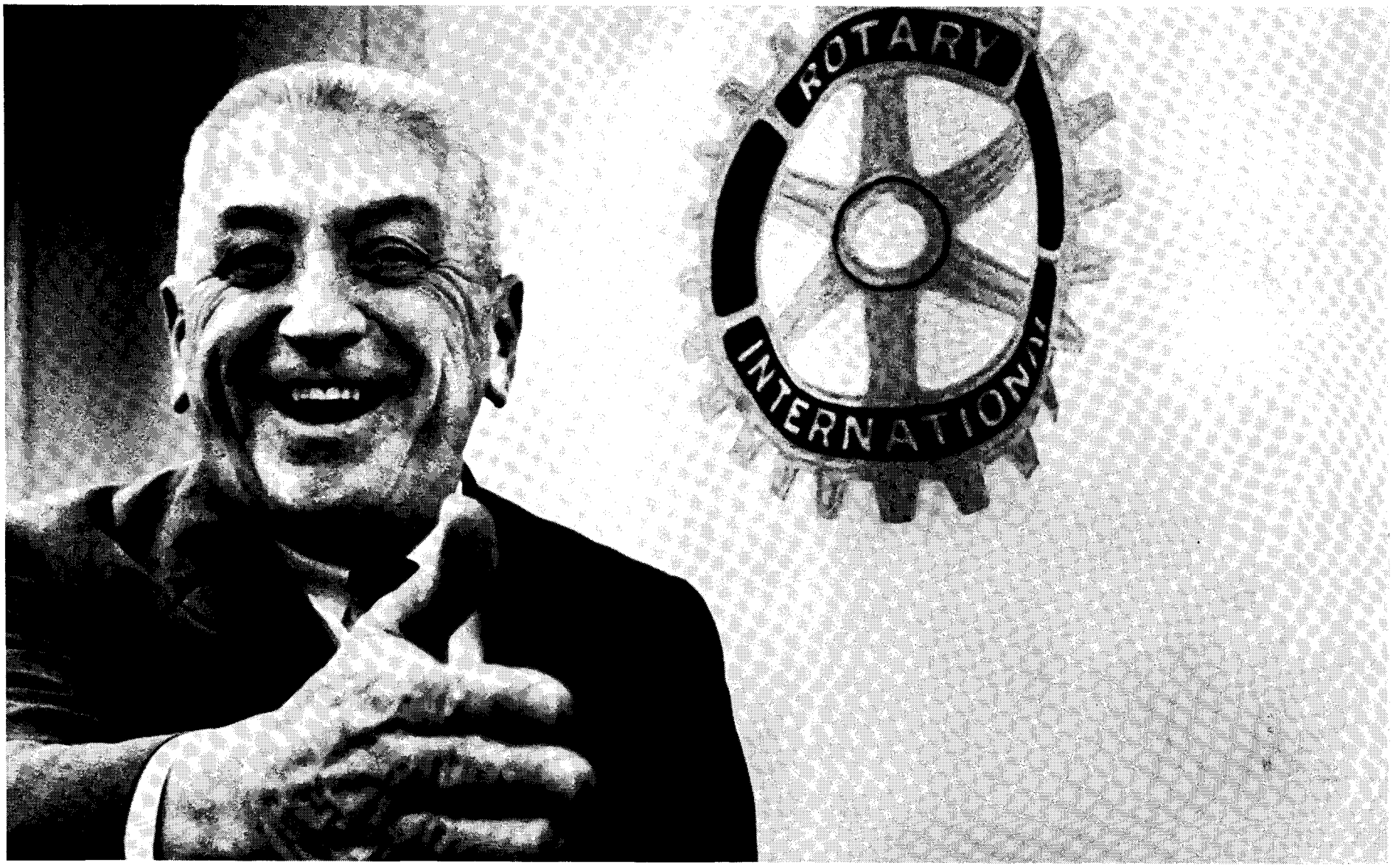
And he trudged wearily up to his room and to the typewriter—his lonely outpost in the Private War of Stan Freberg. **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WONDERFUL, WIDE, BACKSLAPPING WORLD OF ROTARY

Once a mutual-aid society for Midwestern businessmen, Rotary busily promotes peace and good brotherhood on a global scale.

By JOHN BIRD



With typically Rotarian put-it-there gusto, Herbert Dunbar of Dormont-Mt. Lebanon (Pa.) Rotary Club welcomes fellow members to the weekly meeting.

Nitish Chandra Laharry is soft-spoken and dignified, as befits an elderly Hindu gentleman and a philosopher of sorts, but he doesn't wince at all when new American friends slap him on the back and call him by his first name—sometimes mispronouncing it. In fact, he warmly first-names them right back in cultured English, touched with a slight Bengali accent.

The philosophy which Nitish (correctly pronounced Ni*th*ish) expounds is no mystical Eastern creed but a concept as mid-American as hybrid corn. For he is the current president of Rotary International, the granddaddy of the business fellowship organizations which now form a network all over the world.

Glad-handing and crusading is part of Nitish Laharry's job—a one-year post which pays no salary, only expenses, and is a tough grind for a retired business executive of 68. "I don't know why, out of two billion people in Asia, they had to pick this old man," he says. But he tackles his mission with the zeal of a prophet, looking something like a Mahatma Gandhi in a well-tailored business suit.

Laharry's home office is at Rotary International headquarters in Evanston, Illinois, a glittering, hospital-tidy, X-shaped building decorated with the club motto: SERVICE ABOVE SELF—HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST. But the Rotary International's first Asiatic president spends almost half of his time circling the globe, meeting with business and professional men of various nationalities, colors and creeds, preaching a doctrine of self-propelled, man-to-man fellowship as the best hope of humanity. In support of his theme he quotes no economic tracts but instead cites the works of Rabindranath Tagore ("Thou has brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger."), Woodrow Wilson ("If we can harness the moral conscience of the world, we will have a force greater than armies.") and Cardinal John Henry Newman ("Lead, kindly Light . . .").

Laharry realizes, of course, that it is impossible for him to sing, lunch and talk with all Rotarians everywhere, from Addis Ababa to Zanzibar, during a one-year tenure or even a lifetime. At last count more than 529,000 men wore the blue-and-gold gearwheel button of Rotary in 11,404 clubs in 128 countries. And any census of the brethren is quickly outdated because new clubs are proliferating at the rate of one per day.

The process is akin to cell division. Rotary has no paid organizers; it relies on members to spread the faith. One of Laharry's pleasant duties is to sign charters for the new clubs, and while many have American locations—White Pigeon, Michigan, or Reynolds Corners, Ohio—the majority have an exotic ring. New Rotarians now meet in such places as Ibadan, Nigeria; Kfar Sava, Israel; Potgietersrust, South Africa; and Gingoog, the Philippines—testimony that the service-club movement is conquering fresh territory in emerging and industrially expanding nations.

Rotary goes to considerable pains to see that neophyte clubs get the official catechism perfectly straight—and this

Singing lustily, out-of-towner Charles Venner (right) of Bloomfield, N.J., visits the Johnstown, Pa., club.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cerebral-palsy victim Mike Marinkovich learns exercises at Rotary-founded Beaver County (Pa.) Society for Crippled Children home.

Rotary helps Judith Mushnir of Pittsburgh study nursing.

Sharon Teichman takes a speech lesson at Beaver County Society.

"Rotary wasn't going anywhere until

WORLD OF ROTARY

isn't always easy when dealing with 35 different languages. A new club adopts the standard Rotary constitution in its native tongue and, just to be sure there has been no slip-up, Rotary International retranslates the draft into English. This has proved a politic precaution; in one case the rubric "He profits most who serves best" came back as "He gets it best who gets it first."

Some of the new clubs are so far out in the boondocks that just getting the official communications to them can involve bizarre hazards. The people in the Rotary's mailroom recall a plaintive letter from a club in a remote part of India asking that a shipment of educational materials be replaced because the original package, along with the mailman, had been eaten by a tiger.

The extraordinary penetration of a Chicago-born service club to every corner of the world pleases but doesn't astonish Nitish Laharry and his cohorts in Rotary's hierarchy. They see it as reassuring evidence that man is capable of evolving from bloodthirsty tribalism to enlightened international friendship—and they are working hard to quicken the process. Laharry even frowned when I referred to Rotary as a "service club." Sternly he said, "We're *not* just another trade association. Rotary is a way of life. Our goal is world fellowship."

Perhaps not all Rotarians share Laharry's vision, but they do display remarkable loyalty to their club, engage in a multitude of good works for their communities and promote an impressive array of projects designed to improve international fellowship and understanding. Among other things Rotary clubs are building schools for underprivileged children, providing vocational training for young men and women, helping juvenile delinquents to go straight, running "hospitality houses" in big cities, establishing clinics and hospitals in backward countries, aiding disaster areas and operating a whole network of international student exchanges. And, while not officially listed as a good work, the Rotary custom of keeping club activities open to wives—rather cutely called "Rotary Anns"—has helped break down the seclusion of women in eastern countries such as Japan and India.

Perhaps only the bison and the elephant have stronger herd instincts than Rotarians, who manifestly enjoy one another's company and flock together in a variety of local, district and regional conclaves. They congregate annually in gargantuan conventions—the largest to date being the 1961 session in Tokyo, where 23,000 delegates and their wives showed up, some by chartered ocean liner. Today a man wearing a Rotary button in his lapel or pinned to his robes usually finds a meeting of the brethren wherever he may go. This is a matter of some importance, because a poor attendance record quickly converts a Rotarian into an ex-Rotarian. Some members, worried by the hazard of being caught in midocean on meeting days, are agitating for an amendment to the by-laws to allow make-up credit for gatherings aboard such ships as the *Queen Mary* and the *United States*.

True, a peripatetic member will find that club customs vary from place to place. Not all the brethren abroad like to warble the rousing "*R-O-T-A-R-Y—That Spells Rotary*." In Vienna, where they prefer a lighter, more lilting type of music, the local Rotarians lift their voices in a club song written especially for them by the late Franz Lehár, composer of such renowned operettas as *The Merry Widow*. Nor do all clubs subscribe to the first-name habit. The Taipei Rotary in Formosa sizes up a member's appearance, attitude and profession and "sells" him an appropriate tag such as Gorilla, Electric, Buffalo, Sunny or Labor. When a Mr. Pong joined, he naturally bought the name of Ping.

Camaraderie can go too far

Traveling Rotarians also may find themselves a bit diffident about backslapping certain of the fellows whom they meet along the way. At Bangkok they might run into Phyra Srivisar, an active club worker and privy councilor to the King of Thailand. If they attended a meeting in Colmar, France, they might wonder whether "Al" would be a proper name for the distinguished honorary member who periodically appears at his hometown Rotary, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the renowned philosopher and medical missionary. In Washington, D.C., the meeting at the Mayflower Hotel every Wednesday at 12:15 often attracts Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, long a loyal and active Rotarian. In Stockholm King Gustav VI Adolph, a warm patron of the club, occasionally has his court chamberlain call up the Rotary Club president to report, "His Majesty is planning to take part in your meeting today." And His Majesty does just that.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about Rotary is that it survived its early days. The organization was born in commercially ruthless, politically isolationist Chicago in 1905. Its founder was Paul P. Harris, an idealistic young lawyer educated in Iowa, who found the city a cold, unfriendly place. He suggested to three business acquaintances—a coal dealer, a mining engineer and a tailor—that they form a get-acquainted circle which would meet in rotation in members' offices, hence the name Rotary. The group represented Scottish, Irish, German and Swedish ancestry, and Protestant, Catholic and Jewish religions, thus starting on a note of tolerance. But one of the purposes of the club was business back-scratching; it admitted only one representative from a given business or profession, and members were supposed to throw their trade to one another.

There wasn't much in these origins to forecast a new movement of any scope. The club grew modestly at first. By 1907, it had 87 members, enough for it to be criticized around the Loop as a snobbish, selfish outfit, perhaps a business cartel. Stung by these barbs, the members talked things over. They resolved to stick to their rule of one man per business, thus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it discovered community service."

getting a cross section of the business community, but they also decided to undertake projects for "the advancement of the best interests of Chicago."

The first such project showed practical sympathy for long-suffering humanity: The club came out strongly for installation of public toilets in City Hall. The downtown department stores, with a monopoly of sorts on such service and traffic, opposed the move as being a blow against free enterprise. Rotary rallied local forces, however, and won the fight. This might seem a trivial victory, but Dr. Ralph T. Collins, of Rochester, New York, a psychiatrist who specializes in industrial psychology, tells me that it probably was a vital breakthrough, not only for Rotary, but for the whole business-club movement.

"Rotary wasn't going anywhere until it discovered community service," diagnoses Doctor Collins, himself a Rotarian. "You can't hold men together, not for very long, for purely selfish purposes. Loyalty to an organization is in direct proportion to the worthwhile things it does. Voluntarism—the giving of yourself—is part of all great movements."

Carried along by the community service idea, Rotary grew rapidly and began spreading to other cities. It hopped the Atlantic to Ireland and England in 1911. By 1921 the organization had 1,000 clubs in 26 countries and changed its name to Rotary International. And, as the Rotary wheel began to roll, other clubs with equally chivalrous missions began springing up—the Exchange Club in Detroit in 1911, Sertoma (condensation of "Service to Mankind") in Kansas City in 1912, Kiwanis in Detroit in 1915, and the Lions in Dallas in 1917, just to name a few of the dozen or more with an aggregate membership now running into the millions. Although Rotary has the pioneer's prestige it isn't the largest; Lions International is, with 650,000 members. Kiwanis is third with 260,000.

The iconoclasts paid heed

This wave of do-goodism didn't go unnoticed by the great iconoclasts of the day. Rotary, in particular, offered a fine, fat target for the poisoned darts of the literary blowgunners. In 1922 novelist Sinclair Lewis created George F. Babbitt, a status-seeking, platitude-spouting businessman, who was an ardent member of the local Boosters Club and signed his sales letters "Yours for service." George Bernard Shaw dismissed Rotary's international aspirations with, "Where is Rotary going? . . . It's going to lunch." And to H. L. Mencken is attributed the remark, "The first Rotarian was the first man to call John the Baptist 'Jack.'"

Rotarians smarted under the barrage of ridicule, but they also examined their aims with critical eyes. Early in their growth they quietly dropped the plank calling for members to swap business and they began crusading for higher commercial ethical standards. Later, as Rotary began hopping international boundaries, it broadened the creed to call for the advancement of international peace and goodwill.

All during the club's early years Nitish Laharry was more of a Mencken than a Rotary type. The son of a teacher of Sanskrit, he was a young lawyer in Calcutta in the early '20's, when Mahatma Gandhi began stirring Indian nationalism. Laharry had edited a literary magazine while a student at the University of Calcutta and he decided to put his writing talents to work for the Indian cause. He had a particular grudge against young Indians who went to England for their education and came back acting and thinking "more British than the British themselves," as he puts it.

Laharry sat down and wrote a movie script which he describes as "a gentle satire of the pro-British mentality." With the aid of some friends, he formed a small movie company, built a studio, hired a director and actors, and produced his story as a silent film, matter-of-factly titled *England-Returned*. Despite the few theaters available for a native-language movie—the subtitles were in Bengali—the production was a fine propaganda success and made a little money too.

Laharry found the movie business more exciting than practicing as an advocate before the High Court of Calcutta, but after several years the competition of American films, then flooding the Indian market, proved too much for his little studio. "We saw the handwriting and sold out, dividing the loot," he told me. He joined the competition, going with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as branch manager for India. In 1934 he switched to a larger job as Columbia Films' managing director for India, Burma and Ceylon, a post he held for 25 years.

Distributing movies in Asia was a rugged life in the early '30's, even for an enthusiastic player of soccer, tennis and cricket. "It was a constant travel," Laharry recalls. "Many a night I slept on a table or bench in a dusty, mosquito-infested railway station. And when I came home, my wife Bindubala would tell me that she had my other suitcase packed for my next trip."

The far-ranging Laharry first heard of Rotary in 1926 when some friends talked to him about joining the club in Calcutta. "I agreed to try it out," he said, "and for a while I didn't get the idea at all—mainly, they seemed to have a good time and raise a little money for charity. But after a few weeks I was elected club secretary and soon found that the club was working hard to make our community a better place. That's when I got into the spirit of it."

There was plenty of opportunity to make a better place out of slum-ridden Calcutta. Rotarians helped clothe and feed orphaned children. They set up homes for waifs and strays who otherwise would have been enslaved in the professional begging racket. Laharry took a special interest in a Rotary program of "adopting" backward villages and helping them develop their own resources—an early technical-assistance program.

"We went to such a village and sought out the men who had the spark of leadership," he says. "There was much they could do with a little initiative and advice. We started with small things. We

Come, holiday with us in exciting Ontario. You'll marvel at its magnificent lake country, its wide rolling beaches and its vibrant cities. Roam Ontario this summer. It's bound to be the most "refreshing" vacation you've ever had.

ONTARIO
CANADA'S VARIETY VACATIONLAND

Province of Ontario, Dept. of Travel and Publicity, Parliament Buildings, Room 66, Toronto 2, Canada.

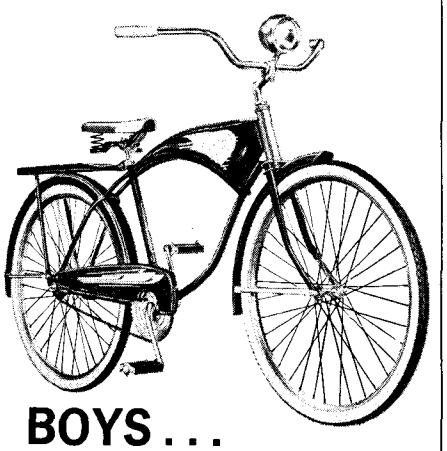
Send me complete information on a relaxing holiday in Ontario.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

ROTO-ROOTER
THAT'S THE NAME
AWAY GO TROUBLES DOWN THE DRAIN
SEWER SERVICE
Only your local "Roto-Rooter" company offers genuine Roto-Rooter service. Cleaning clogged sewers and stopped-up drains is their specialty!
ROTO-ROOTER CORPORATION
301 UNIVERSITY • DES MOINES 14, IOWA
Some Excellent Franchises Open . . Write for Complete Information



BOYS . . .
NEED A BIKE?

This dandy deluxe bicycle is just one of hundreds of prizes you can earn selling copies of **THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.** Build a route of customers among your friends in your own neighborhood. A few hours per week will earn cash and prizes for you. Fill out the coupon below and mail today.

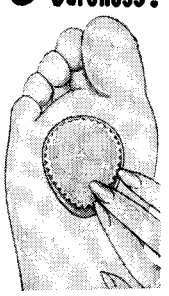
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
1312 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Name_____ Age____

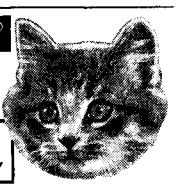
Address_____

City_____ State_____

Callouses Pain, Burning, Soreness?
Relief Starts in Seconds
For fast, grateful relief, get thin, soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. With them you get separate *Medications* for removing callouses one of the quickest, easiest ways known to medical science. Try them!
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



KITTY LITTER®
Keeps Kitty Safe, Clean, Indoors
ABSORBS • DEODORIZES
Trackproof, sanitary cat box filler. Makes pet care easier. Obtain at pet counters.
Send for folder on "Cat Care"



LOWE'S, INC., Dept. 242, Cassopolis, Michigan

DISCOURAGE

Thumbsucking and Nail Biting
just paint on fingertips. 70¢ at your drug store.
THUM TRADE MARK

WHY NOT EARN MORE?
You can easily earn money by selling magazine subscriptions in your spare time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
491 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

When It Needs Oiling
IT NEEDS 3-IN-ONE® OIL
All-purpose 3-IN-ONE OIL cleans, oils, prevents rust. A superfine oil that doesn't gum up like heavier oils. 3-IN-ONE is 'oil-right.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Only the bison and elephant have stronger herd instincts."

would say, 'The dirty pond you use for drinking water leads to disease. We'll show you how to bore a sanitary well.' Or we would help them to build a road, for easier access to market. Now some of those villages are much improved, with their own schools and libraries—and the Indian government has taken up much the same plan of village development on a national scale."

What Laharry doesn't say is that a number of the projects are named after him, as in the "Rotary Village" of Nattasserry in Kerala where 300 people a day are being treated in the new Laharry Health Centre. In Calcutta a Nitish Laharry Children's Library, being built by his home club, will sit in the middle of a park stocked with pet animals, an aquarium, an arts-and-crafts center and a traffic-safety training area.

Service activities became almost a full-time job for Laharry during World War II, when he helped organize entertainment for Allied troops, serving as vice chairman of the U.S. Army Entertainment Committee in India. During this period he kept a long, sexy photograph of Rita Hayworth under the glass top of his desk. To visitors who expressed doubt that this was a suitable decoration, he said with a grin, "Well, she helps pay my salary—and her pinups do a lot for the morale of the troops."

Night of the big phone call

Laharry retired from business in 1959—"I wanted more time to play cricket with my grandsons," he says—after serving Rotary International as district governor, vice president and member of the board of directors. Then late one night in January, 1961, he received a telephone call asking if he would accept nomination as international president. If he accepted, his election at the Tokyo convention was virtually assured. His term would run from July, 1962, through June, 1963.

"I'll have to talk it over with my wife," he told the nominating committee. Mrs. Laharry had been ill for several years with heart trouble and couldn't travel with him. They would be separated for more than a year if he took the job.

"It was a tough decision to make," Laharry told me. "But we realized that it might be a long, long time before the presidency would come to our part of the world. And in Rotary one doesn't turn down a call to office. So I said yes."

The organization Laharry heads has become almost as complicated as the United Nations—with a dash of Sears Roebuck and Dale Carnegie. "Our whole job," says square-cut George R. Means, the general secretary who bosses the 200-man secretariat, "is to service the clubs themselves." But that is an almost classic oversimplification, for Rotary International combines aspects of a central bank, a communications center, a mail-order house, a convention bureau and a publishing house.

Fiscally, Rotary is fairly big business—nonprofit, but strictly businesslike. Its general operating budget runs $3,144,000 a year, largely from international dues of $6.00 per member, plus convention registration fees of $10 per delegate, charter fees and the like. Funds are banked in 40 different countries. The official magazines, *The Rotarian* and the Spanish-language *Revista Rotaria*, pay their own way plus a modest surplus from earnings of slightly more than $1,000,000 a year. The Rotary Foundation has collected more than $9,000,000 in contributions and has spent $4,000,000 in financing the studies of 1,600 graduate students from 70 countries.

One of the largest items on Rotary's expense account is not for the showy conventions, as one might suppose, but for the training of district governors—the satraps who form a link between Evanston headquarters and the local clubs. Where it costs $235,000 to throw a winging of a convention with entertainment ranging from grand opera to Lawrence Welk, the International Assembly, a seven-day cram session at Lake Placid, New York, for the 271 district governors, he knows, among other things, that he is expected to visit every club in his domain—and that his unpaid Rotary job is going to take most of his working time for a solid year.

Printer's ink also is an important lubricant for the machinery of fellowship, and Rotary uses barrels of it. Some of Rotary's books, all bearing a folksy, inspirational tone, rank as best sellers in any league. *Adventure in Service*, for instance, an easy-reading roundup of Rotary history, organization, principles and aims, has now run through 12 editions and has sold 500,000 copies at one dollar each. It is available in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German and Italian.

The Rotarian and *Revista Rotaria*, with fairly large circulations (390,000 and 44,000), operate in part as a means to swap ideas among the clubs. Karl Kreu-

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday Evenings.
HAZEL by Ted Key
D.L.
PEDIATRICIAN
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ran up a tab of $334,000 at its last session.

The Assembly's days are filled with study of such formidable tomes as the *Manual Rotary Procedure* and the *District Governor's Handbook*, the latter taking up matters like "Mechanics of Your Job," "Elements of Leadership," and "Selecting Applicants for Rotary Fellowships."

Trainee-governors can tune in on the proceedings in several languages through the same kind of simultaneous translating system used by United Nations. In fact, Rotary helped pioneer these devices. At the 1932 Assembly, English-Spanish translation was handled by a "bilingual telephone" invented for such meetings by Rotarian Edward A. Filene, the Boston department-store tycoon, and developed by International Business Machines under the direction of Rotarian Thomas J. Watson Sr.

When a new governor goes back home ger, *Rotarian* editor, says, "We try to cover Rotary around the world as much as possible—but we can't possibly use all of the material the clubs send us. That would take a monthly publication the size of a New York phone directory."

The swapping of young minds, as well as ideas, has become one of the organization's major projects since it established the Rotary Foundation as a memorial to founder Paul Harris in 1947. Take the case of Katinka Freeve, a smiling, fresh-faced Dutch teacher of retarded children, who wanted to take advanced training in speech therapy, a highly useful tool in her work. The Rotary club of Assen, her hometown, sponsored her application for a Rotary Fellowship, and District 158, covering part of the Netherlands, selected her as their nominee. The final selection committee of the Foundation evidently found that Katinka had not only an outstanding scholastic record but would qualify as a goodwill ambassador, for I recently met her on the campus of Iowa State University where she is working on her master's degree in speech science. Her fellowship pays for her travel, tuition, books, room and board—and also is introducing her to America. "No home-sickness at all," she told me. "The Rotarians invite me to their homes and show me the country." Katinka is just one of 137 such Rotary Fellows from 35 countries now in graduate schools in 40 different nations.

Grants include a hometown

This fellowship program, however, is but a small part of the many less formal means of helping young brains learn about new places. Rotarians in Georgia, for example, have been bringing in 50 to 70 college students a year from various parts of the world under a club "adoption" plan which assures the student not only of tuition and keep but also of a welcome and a "hometown" for weekends and holidays. Rotary estimates this across-border traffic in high-school, trade-school, college and graduate students at more than 10,000 a year.

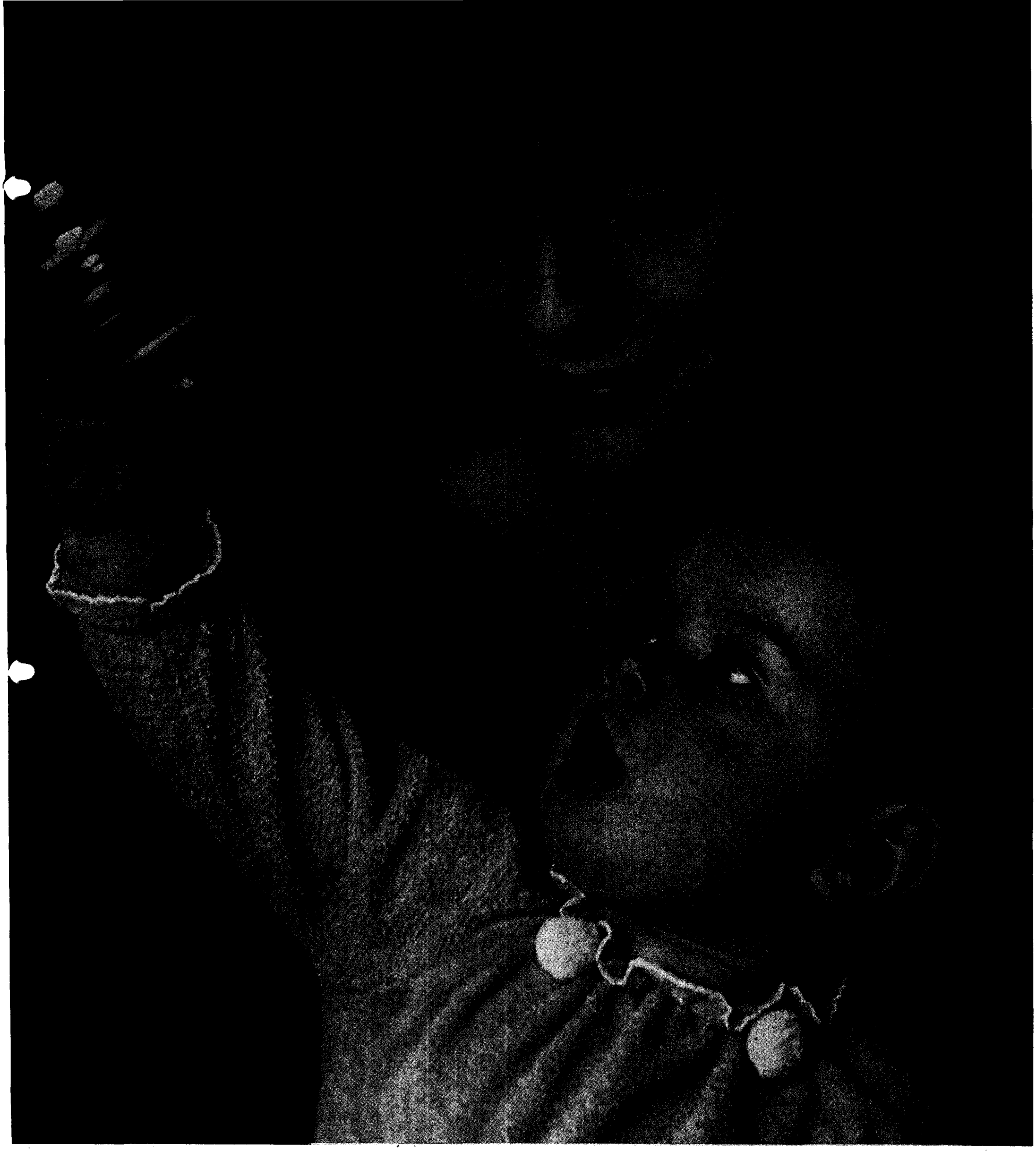
There are some Rotarians who aren't entirely happy with the bigness of Rotary and its seeming preoccupation with one-worldism which they believe is making the organization almost as complex and abstract as the UN. Nitish Laharry senses this danger, and he says, "We must not permit Rotary to become overmechanized and dehumanized. After all, our stock in trade is human relationships." But at the same time he feels that the more hardworking clubs, in more countries, the better—"as long as we keep in mind that Rotary means giving of yourself, not just signing checks."

He's particularly enthusiastic about a new project just getting to the action stage. Rotary volunteers are setting up small-business clinics in backward areas—a sort of Peace Corps for small business and industry. Rotary is mobilizing such business-management teams for three pilot projects, one each in India, Africa and Pakistan. Rotarian experts in various fields will donate one to three months of their time to such teams, either paying their own travel expenses or persuading their home clubs to chip in. Rotary clubs in the work areas will help set up the clinics and maintain the visiting teams.

"One of the great handicaps of the less advanced countries is lack of modern business know-how with which to build their economy," Laharry says. "At the same time, Rotary has a great reservoir of the finest business talent in the world. We hope to bring these groups together in a practical way. If the idea works, we expect it to spread widely by chain reaction throughout Rotary."

If Rotary does turn the trick of continuing to expand without losing its arm-round-shoulder touch, it won't be the first time that the organization has reconciled the seemingly irreconcilable. After all, both Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken in their later years not only admitted that there might be some good in such mobilized fellowship, but even wrote for *The Rotarian* at far less than their usual rates. That—for authors—is the supreme sacrifice. **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Visit by Long Distance...when you can't be with those you love. It's the next best thing to being there.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Keep in touch by Long Distance

LICENSED TO NAGOG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S A HEARTBREAK when you first discover you have psoriasis. Heartbreaking, too, if you do nothing about those crusty patches of scaly skin.

At last! Symptomatic relief for the

HEARTBREAK of PSORIASIS

New healing discovery works 3 ways at once to clear up the symptoms of PSORIASIS

Proved in medical tests. Guarantees relief or your money back. No wonder doctors call psoriasis one of the most heartbreaking of all skin diseases. It can leave your skin so crusty and scaly you actually feel embarrassed, self-conscious, ill at ease. But today medical science promises new hope for millions of psoriasis sufferers. It's a new medically proved healing discovery called TEGRIN.™

Unique triple-action cream

TEGRIN is a fast-acting cream, so safe you need no prescription. It can be used as often as needed, even on the scalp! So easy and pleasant to use—no lingering medical smell or stain. And it's extra effective because it works three ways at once:

1—Special de-scaling action works fast to loosen and remove embarrassing scales, without harmful skin irritation.

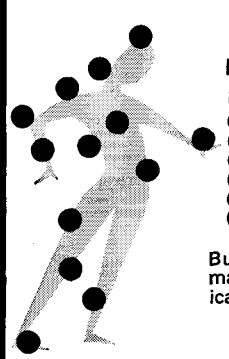
2—Special healing action aids natural healing of the skin. Relieves that persistent and tormenting itch.

3—Special preventive action helps prevent formation of new scales and crusts.

Dramatic clearing reported

Some of the most extensive tests ever made on a psoriasis medication prove TEGRIN's unique triple-action formula is so effective—brings such pronounced clearing in so many cases—that we make this guarantee: TEGRIN gives you the relief you want—leaves your skin cleaner, clearer, smoother—or we will refund every penny you paid.

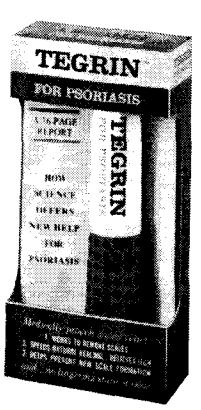
So why suffer from the needless heartbreak of the miseries of psoriasis? For medically proved relief, get new TEGRIN today.



Here are the 13 spots where psoriasis most often starts:

(1) scalp
(2) neck
(3) shoulders
(4) elbows
(5) arms
(6) hands
(7) chest
(8) back
(9) mid areas
(10) knees
(11) thighs
(12) legs
(13) feet

But no matter where psoriasis may strike, new TEGRIN brings medically proved symptomatic relief.



IT'S A HEARTBREAK if psoriasis spreads—leaves your skin rough and scaly. A heartbreak when medication after medication fails to bring relief.

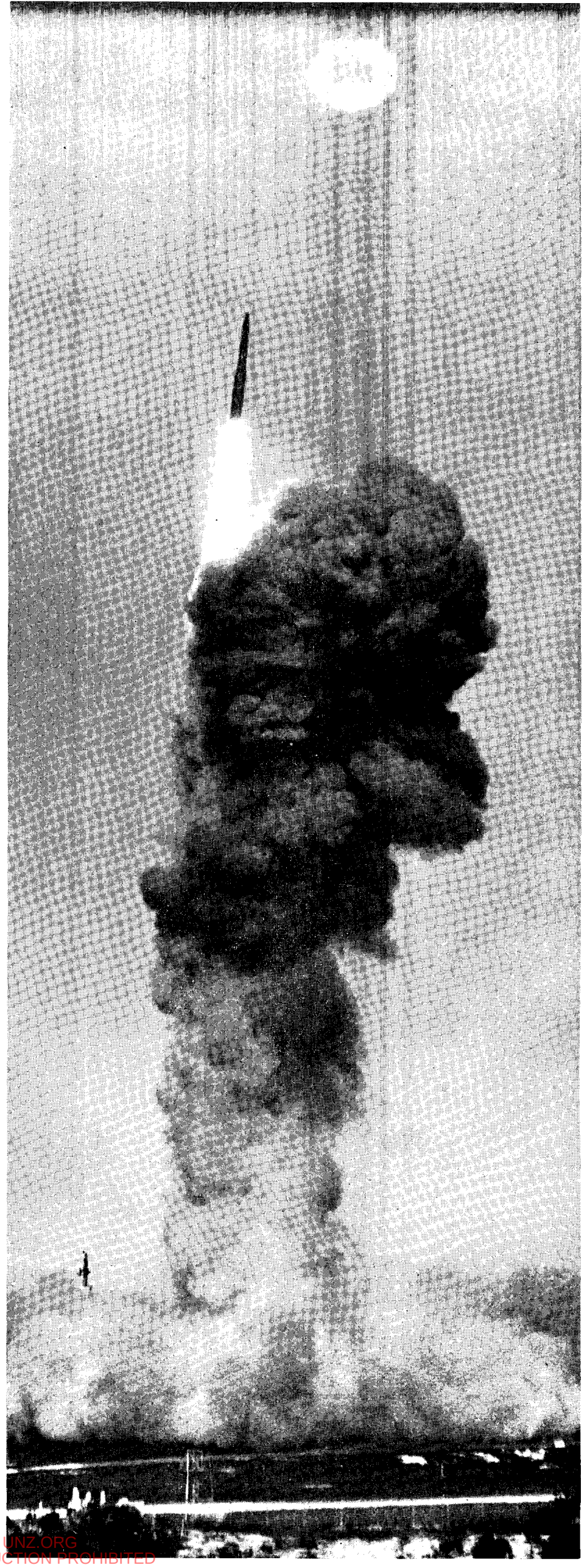
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's as ready as a shotgun shell."

How the modern Minuteman guards the peace

Airmen and missiles go underground.

by JAMES ATWATER



Spewing smoke and flame, a Minuteman blasts out of test silo at Cape Canaveral. Smoke ring from the exploding gases hovers above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The combat commanders are unlike any in history.

The duty day begins innocently enough. Dennis Turk, a 24-year-old first lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force, kisses his wife Peg good-bye, roughhouses briefly with 2½-year-old Dennis Jr., chucks the chin of six-week-old Kathleen Sue and leaves his small house in Great Falls, Montana, for Malmstrom Air Force Base, just outside town. In his hand the lieutenant carries a tan attaché case that is the precise replica of those toted aboard commuter trains every morning by thousands of similarly bright, earnest young men.

At squadron headquarters, Turk is briefed on his tour of duty. He tucks red-bound operational notes into his attaché case, climbs aboard a truck and heads deep into the Montana hinterlands. Eventually he is deposited in front of an isolated one-story building hunkered down forlornly on a windswept patch of ground surrounded by brown hills that roll on and on and on to the horizon. Inside the structure everything is serene—a pair of cooks whipping up a cake, a small dining room, a lounge complete with magazines and a TV set. Lieutenant Turk greets a sergeant, enters an elevator and begins to descend. But when he steps off the platform 50 feet below, Turk is in a new world just as strange as the wonderland Alice found at the bottom of the rabbit hole.

An eight-ton steel-and-concrete door inches open. There, through a short tunnel, is a room 20 feet long and 10 feet wide. The walls are jammed with electronic equipment. Lights flash on two consoles. Telephones buzz. Occasionally, a bell clangs imperiously. Loudspeakers crackle fitfully, and tape recorders studiously take down every word.

Missile of the future

Lieutenant Turk has arrived at his combat post—the command capsule of a flight of 10 Minutemen, the nation's newest intercontinental missile. In the months to come, Minuteman will go on the firing line at a steadily increasing rate until the Boeing Airplane Company, the assembling and installing contractor, will be readying more than one a day. Right now the Air Force has authorization to put 800 of the 35-ton missiles in Montana, North and South Dakota, Wyoming and Missouri. Minuteman's range is more than 6,300 miles; it is 4,432 miles from Lieutenant Turk's capsule to the Kremlin. Cheap and sturdy, Minuteman will be the nation's prime nuclear deterrent in a mixed force that includes the aging B-47 and B-52 bombers, the Atlas and Titan missiles, and the Navy's Polaris submarine.

All this is responsibility enough for Lieutenant Turk and his fellow officers in the 341st Strategic Missile Wing. But when the two men of a Minuteman team go into a capsule, they become combat commanders unlike any in history.

The officers sit in a room that is magnificently designed to ride out a nuclear attack—or induce claustrophobia. The capsule is encased in a cocoon of cement 42 inches thick. Not only is the room air-conditioned but it regenerates its own air. It has its own toilet, its own food supply and one bunk. To absorb the force of a nuclear blast, the floor is cushioned by the air in four giant cylinders. The floor tilts slightly when two men stand at one end. If the electricity fails during an attack, the capsule has enough emergency power to stay in operation.

Lieutenant Turk and his colleagues cannot see, let alone touch, the missiles they are prepared to fire. As a guarantee that some missiles will survive an attack, the Minutemen are dispersed four or more miles from the command post in "silos" dug deep into the earth and protected by concrete and steel. The 341st Wing sprawls over 18,000 square miles of Montana. Some of the capsules are 140 miles from Malstrom; their officers commute by helicopter. The Air Force calculates that the Russians would need to fire several missiles at any one Minuteman silo to assure the probability that one would score the near, near miss necessary to knock it out.

The silos are marvels of automation. No human stands guard; the job is done by four electronic sentries.

A maze of locks and cunning devices further protect the silo. During the design stages, the Air Force invited demolition experts and Jimmy Valentine types from the big safe-making companies to have a fling at cracking the silos. Every time someone pulled off the caper, the design was improved, To get in now, a saboteur would have to haul up enough explosive to blast off a four foot thick, 80-ton door, and this would probably destroy the missile itself.

The Minuteman's computer, which figures flight corrections, also periodically checks over the system, like a prudent motorist remembering his oil changes. If something goes amiss in the Minuteman's innards, the system informs the duty officers by playing back a prerecorded tape that announces the general location of the trouble in the slow, slightly haughty tones of a teacher saddled with a dull pupil—for example, "Channel 23, equipment cooling air." Maintenance men then hustle out to correct the malfunction.

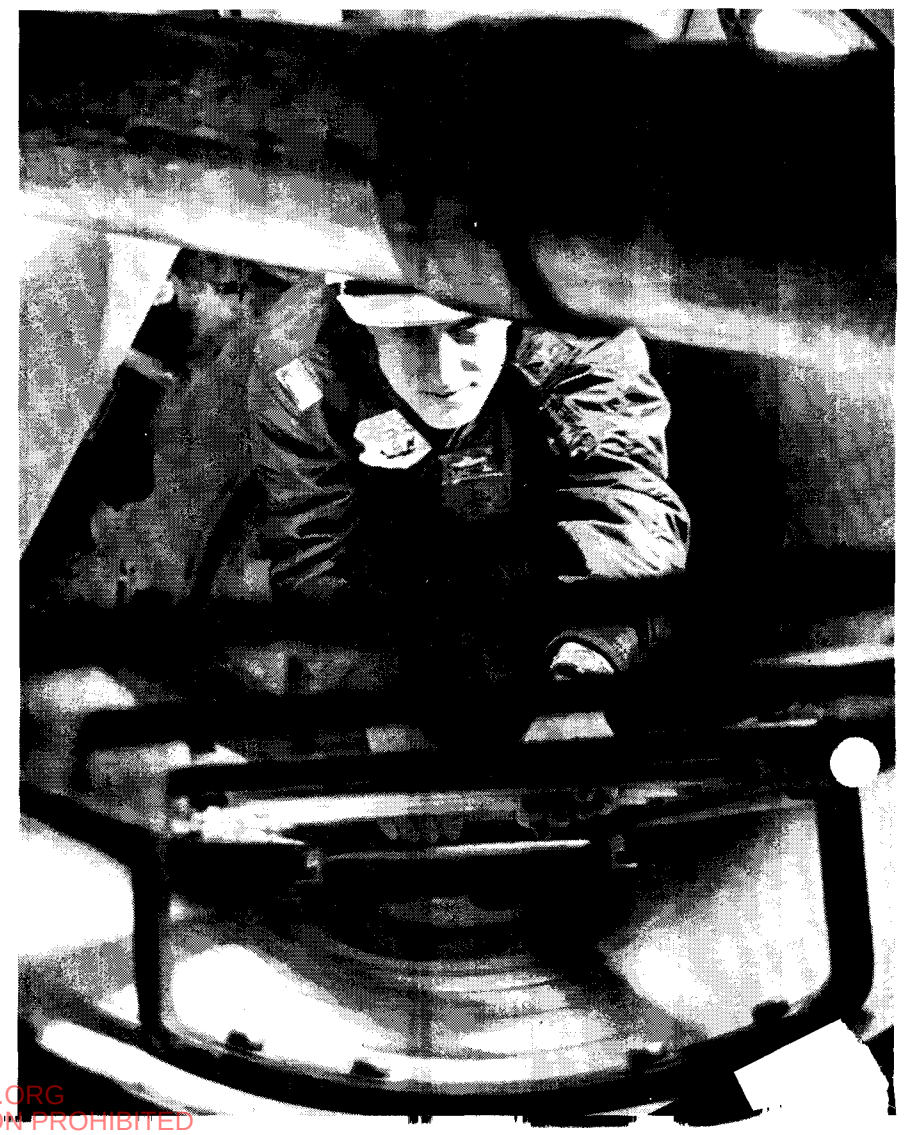
Temperamental liquid-fuel missiles like the Air Force's familiar Atlas and Titan require crews of five to fifteen men and lots of loving care. But the solid-fuel Minuteman sits in the ground as ready as a loaded shotgun shell, a state of readiness which has minor psychological drawbacks for the crews. Says Lt. Col. George V. Leffler, commander of the 10th Strategic Missile Squadron, "The Minuteman is like getting a new car and not getting the keys. You can't drive it. You have no real sense of ownership. With a liquid missile, you can run it up out of the silo on the elevator, fuel it, go into the countdown. We can't touch a thing."

Right now the control officers are busy getting the inevitable bugs out of the first Minuteman. But before long the job will shake down into dull routine. What is more, the present 12-hour shifts will soon be extended to 24 and even 48 hours. For over half of their underground tours the officers would have nothing to do but brood and feel the tension build.

If there is one spot the Air Force cannot afford a bored and unstable officer, it is in front of a Minuteman console. "We needed a kind of hermit," says Col. Richard D. Butler of SAC's personnel branch. "But a hermit would not have the main characteristics we needed." The job required a reliable, stable, intelligent officer who could be counted on to fire the

Armed air police, who are alerted by electronic sentries, check missile site.

Col. Burton Andrus, commander of 341st Strategic Missile Wing, climbs personnel access hatch of missile silo after inspecting maintenance work.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The job requires a reliable, intelligent officer able to perform in the chaos of nuclear warfare."

Minuteman in the chaos of nuclear combat—and not before. But the more intelligent the man, the quicker he would be bored by capsule routine.

As a start toward breaking the routine, the Air Force adopted a trick used by the French Foreign Legion to snap the monotony of garrison duty in the desert: formal military ceremonies to mark the changing of the guard. The Minuteman officers coming off duty turn over command of the capsule to the new crew in a drill that is carried out as smartly as if it were taking place on the parade ground instead of far underground. But there still remained the problem of those long and empty hours in front of the consoles. Gen. Thomas S. Power, SAC's commander in chief, came up with the answer: Exploit the time by having the officer study for his master's degree.

At Malmstrom the first Minuteman officers, all with bachelor degrees in engineering, are working for their masters' in aerospace engineering. They attend regular classes taught on the base by the Air Force's Institute of Technology. Down in the capsule, they eventually will take turns poring over a calculus book and minding the missiles.

To enter the Malmstrom program an officer's college-grade average must be at least 2.5, or between a C and B—a fact that ruled out even some candidates from the service academies. A man must be ranked in the top quarter of all officers of his grade by the Air Force's complex evaluating system. He must be a regular or a career reservist. Theoretically every man is also a volunteer, but the Air Force is not above leaning heavily on someone it wants in the Minuteman program.

As part of his physical exam, each officer talks to a psychiatrist. "There is no place in the nuclear-weapons program for the easily bored, impulsive, neurotic or psychotic individual," declares an Air Force manual. Each officer at Malmstrom must be approved by Col. Burton C. Andrus, commander of the 341st and a man who knows something about the standards of military duty. Andrus's grandfather was a West Pointer who won the Silver Star in the Spanish-American War. His father was a colonel. Andrus got out of West Point in 1941 and piloted 34 combat missions in Italy.

Andrus himself has attended the Air Force's top schools, served a tour at West Point as a tactical officer and, most recently, turned the 96th Bomb Wing into one of SAC's finest B-47 outfits. Andrus has had to rule out only four of the 179 or so officers assigned to the 341st.

Once passed by Andrus, a Minuteman officer is kept under informal surveillance by his squadron commander for any sign of emotional instability. Each of the wing's three squadrons has its own flight surgeon, who occasionally pulls tours in the capsule to look for hints of stress and special irritants in the routine.

Besides having college degrees, about half of the Minuteman officers are either pilots or navigators. Nearly one third of the wing's officers are graduates of the three service academies.

Minuteman officers have backgrounds with no common denominator. Second Lt. Boyan N. Mishev, 25, fled from Bulgaria with his family when he was 11 years old. Capt. Garrald Howland, 36, served 10 years as an enlisted man and finally got his degree after a lot of night work at Oklahoma State. Capt. Philip ("Pappy") Papaccio, 27, was determined to become an Annapolis football player until in practice one afternoon he made the mistake of relaxing on a play and was blocked from the side by Navy's All-American end Ron Beagle. He landed in a wheelchair for three months. But Papaccio struggled back to his feet, graduated, joined the Air Force and found himself one of the pioneer operators of early ground-to-ground missiles.

How squadrons compete

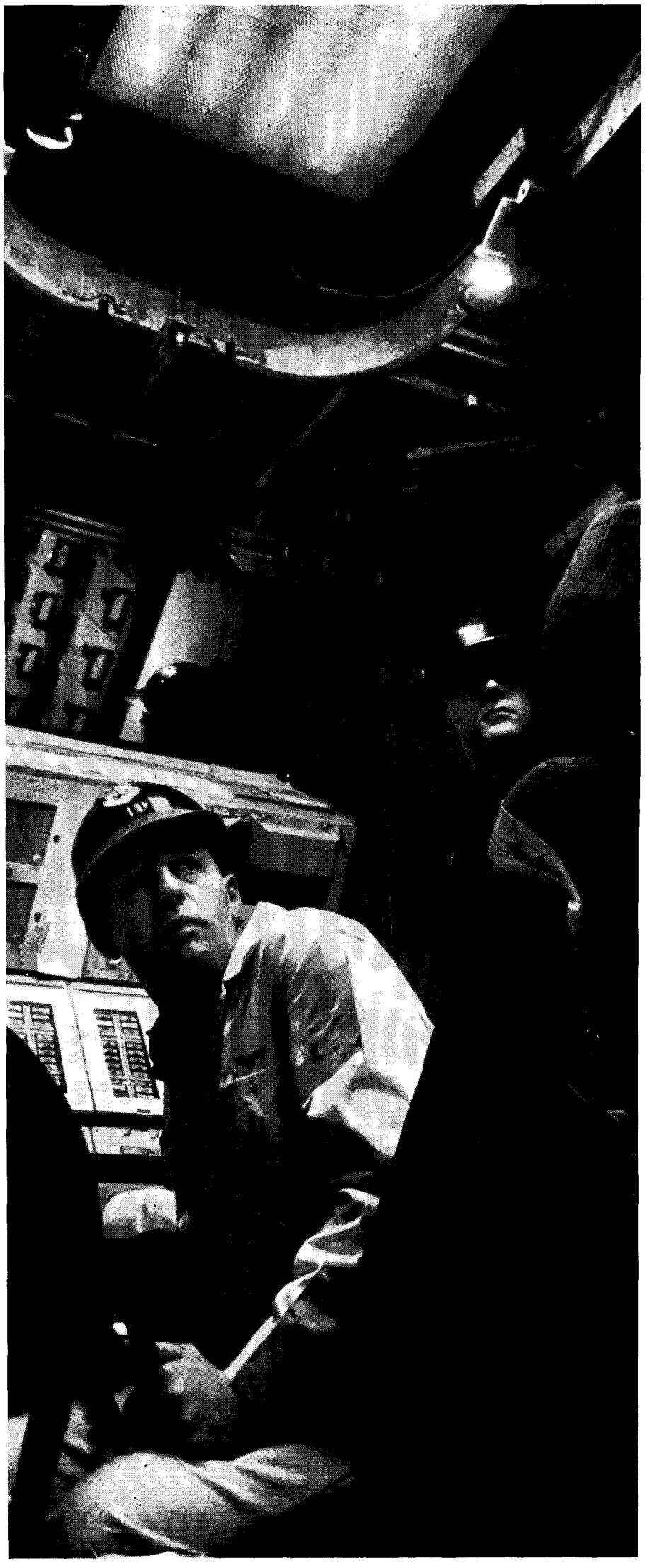
The Minuteman officers are a clannish group with a fighter squadron's strong pride and spirit. In time, SAC's merciless system of ranking corresponding units by pitting them against each other is bound to develop real rivalry between the Minuteman squadrons. But right now the rivalry is still in the form of quips that are pretty far out from the usual brand of service humor. The standard taunt is "Our squadron leader can beat your squadron leader in calculus."

For the most part the men who control the nation's deadliest missile system live as quietly as the junior executives in, say, Des Moines. If the bar at the Officers' Club had to subsist on Minuteman officers, it would likely go broke. Not only are the men conservative in their conviviality, but their job encourages sobriety. Says Lieutenant Turk, "God help the guy who is caught drinking in the 24 hours before going on duty."

The formal training of a Minuteman officer is brief—one month at Chanute Air Force Base in Illinois for basic theory, one month at Vandenberg in California for practical application. (Papaccio got a perfect score in each course.) The technical routine may be no sweat, but the officers sweat plenty over the task of mastering exactly what they would do during the first swift minutes at the start of a nuclear war. At Malmstrom the men constantly get surprise tests on what is known as the "Emergency War Order." There is just one passing grade: 100. If any man fails any question, Colonel Andrus must fly down to Offutt Air Force base outside Omaha and have a little talk with General Power. "I haven't made a trip yet," says Andrus. "I don't intend to make any."

The Minuteman officers operate an ingenious system of safety devices and measures designed to make certain that nothing and no one could ever fire a missile by mistake. The system was contrived by some of the best minds in the Air Force and Boeing, working under the direction of Brig. Gen. Samuel C. Phillips, 41, Minuteman's project officer, who became the youngest officer of star rank in any service for his performance. No little black box can go *pffft* and launch a nuclear attack on Moscow, as it did by sending off some bombers in the best-selling novel *Fail-Safe* by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler [serialized last fall by *The Post*].

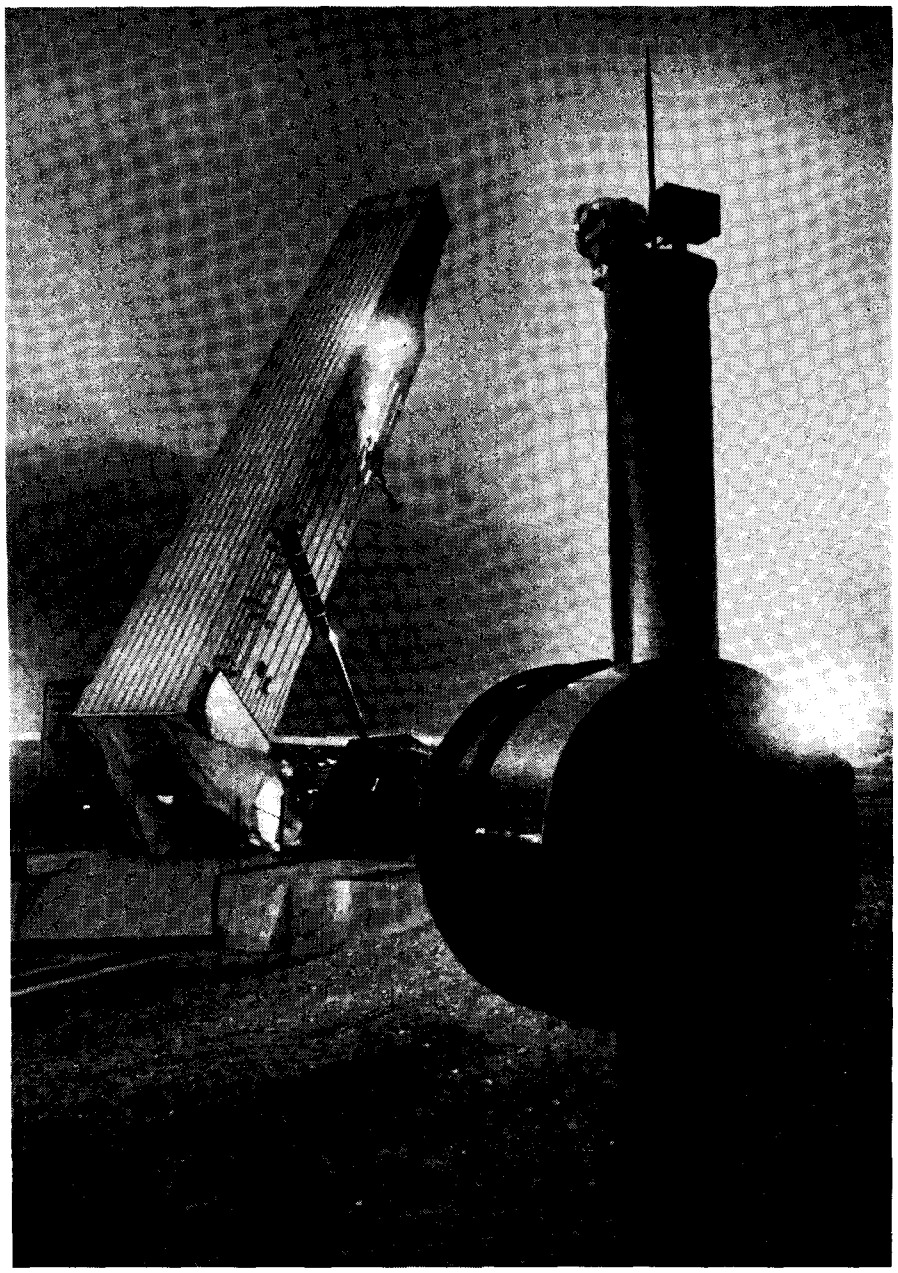
The decision to launch a nuclear attack can be made only by the President



Crewmen in capsule show tension.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First the warning warble, deetle-deetle-deetle, then the colonel's voice: "Skybolt this is dropkick."



Silent electronic sentry stands guard during installation of a Minuteman.

of the United States. If that time ever comes, he will pick up a gold telephone that is always close at hand—a man with a radiophone accompanies him when he is traveling—and consult with the Joint Chiefs of Staff about which targets should be hit, which spared. A variety of attack plans were drawn up long ago to cover every contingency. Then another call on the gold telephone goes directly to the famed command post deep beneath the headquarters building at Offutt.

There it is received by the senior duty controller, a full colonel who has been picked for the job and personally approved by General Power. The colonel quickly connects General Power into the system, and then the controller and one of his assistants monitor the call. It is automatically tape-recorded to provide a backup check. General Power is always within six rings of the connecting alert telephone whether in his office, home, car, airplane or golfcart. While General Power gets his instructions the controllers confirm that the call is valid, that it has come from an authorized source, that the correct but ever-changing authentication procedures were employed and that the order coincides with those previously approved.

When these rapid checks are made and General Power is so advised, he will then order instructions to be relayed to SAC command posts worldwide. Power knows that his red telephone, "primary alerting system" puts him in instant contact with his far-flung command. The system is checked many times every 24 hours. "Without communications," says General Power, "all I command is my desk, and that's not a very lethal weapon." The controllers prepare the proper coded message to order the attack. One controller picks up the red telephone. The other stands by his side. The controllers are mature professionals with years of Air Force experience. They have been carefully screened and handpicked for this job. Each is armed with a snub-nosed .38. If either controller goes haywire at this point, the other is prepared to take whatever action is necessary to stop him, including pulling the trigger.

In B-52's and B-47's circling over the Arctic and the Mediterranean, in the U.S. command posts of the Atlas and Titan, and in the capsules of the Minuteman, SAC officers hear the same message radioed from Offutt. First comes the warning warble—*deetle, deetle, deetle.* Then the voice of the colonel. "Skybolt," he begins, "this is Dropkick."

In the Minuteman capsules, the message comes in over a loudspeaker. At separate consoles the two officers copy down the battle plan, which is transcribed in a code that is changed in part every four hours. The message is spelled out in the Air Force's phonetic alphabet—e.g., alpha for *a*, bravo for *b*, charlie for *c*. To trained missile combat crews it tells exactly which of the wing's missiles should be fired against its preplanned target.

In each of the five capsules of each Minuteman squadron the two officers bend over their code books. They check with one another to make sure that each arrived at precisely the same conclusion. After a moment, the senior officer in the squadron's command capsule presses a button on his console marked ALL. Immediately, he is in touch with the four other capsules by phone. He checks to make sure that each capsule has arrived at the same message. If there is any conflict, the officers in the dissenting capsule request retransmission of the message from Omaha and go through the decoding again. SAC claims the code is so foolproof that the only chance for error is in copying it down.

When agreement is reached, the capsule officers flip switches to "arm" the first stage of the Minuteman. Only then do the missiles come under capsule control. The rest of the time they are electrically isolated. No black-box failure or crossed wires could fire them.

Then, in each capsule, the two men stand. Each reaches behind the blue or red scarf at the neck of his coveralls and pulls out a key hanging on a chain around his neck. The keys are slightly larger and have a few more knobs than those which open their front doors.

The key to holocaust

Each man inserts his key into a lock. At the designated second, all the officers in the squadron turn their keys. A barrage of explosions rolls across the barren plains as the huge lids are blown off the silos. In just 32 seconds the Minutemen roar upward so swiftly that they escape the fiery vortex in the silo. Each Minuteman leaves hovering behind a single, giant smoke ring.

This is what will happen if all five capsules are undamaged. But the hard assumption behind Minuteman is that some capsules will be knocked out by surprise attack. In that case, the four men in any two surviving capsules can fire the Minutemen. Finally there are classified procedures and equipment for launching surviving missiles with part or most of the squadron launch control centers destroyed. These operate with electronic interlocks and time delays to insure that they can be used only if normal controls have been destroyed.

There are other safeguards built into the system. Each capsule officer has certain classified code material that the other does not. Each officer carries a .38, which he will use if necessary to protect his secret documents from his teammate, or if the other officer suddenly goes amuck. But even if one man were to subdue the other, he still could not send a launch signal from the capsule. The keys have to be turned practically simultaneously, and the locks are about 13 feet apart. During training at Vandenberg, Minuteman officers regularly take up the challenge of trying to turn the two keys within that flicker of time. "It simply cannot be done," says Capt. Norman Frith. "You end up sprawled on the floor." But even if, by some miracle, an acrobatic officer could make the distance in time he still would be helpless. Each lock contains a spring; the key must be turned—and held.

Nor is there any way that an officer could circumvent the keys and send a counterfeit launch signal to a Minuteman. The missile reads only a coded electronic impulse sent out by the keys turning in the locks. No one man knows what that signal is. It is calculated by a computer and installed in bits and pieces by several

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men. It is impossible for anyone to find out what the message is. Opening the case of the signal box automatically erases ıe code.

As Minuteman gets more and more headlines, the control officers at Malmstrom detect signs that some people are worried about the safety of such a lethal weapons system controlled by so few men and so much automatic equipment. The implied criticism riles Capt. Gerald Putnam, 26, a stocky pilot. "I resent people wondering, 'How can we keep those guys from launching those missiles accidentally?' Look, the Government paid for my entire education—Annapolis, then flying school, then advanced training. I started in the Academy in 1953. Before I got my first alert as a copilot on a B-47, before I was capable of going to war, it was September, 1959. That's six years. If people can't trust us after all that work and expense, there's something wrong somewhere."

Says Lieutenant Turk, "No one hates the idea of firing those missiles more than a SAC man, I can guarantee you that."

The Minuteman officers shrug off worries about the special pressures of their job. "It takes a lot more skill and experience and guts to get a B-47 over a target than a Minuteman," says Captain Putnam. Nor are they worried about how their performance would be affected by the stark fact that an attack on the base might find them safely bunkered underground while their wives and chil-

en were dying on the surface. "There's ıo question about the men's reactions," says Leffler, the father of seven. "We'd have to stay below and tough it out."

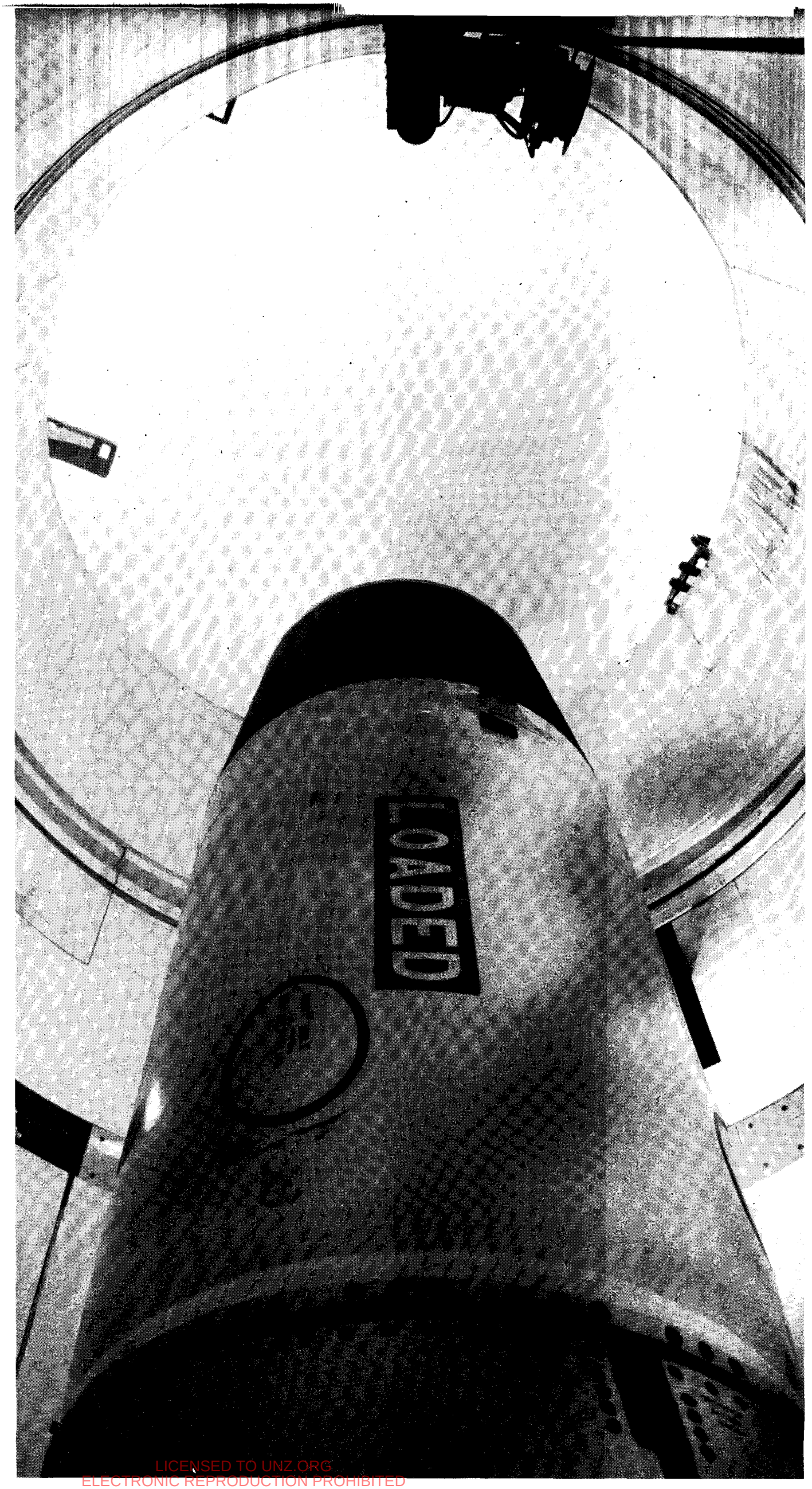
The young Air Force engineers on sentry duty in the ground in Montana are acutely aware of the power at their fingertips. A single flight of 10 Minutemen has a force greater than all the explosives used by all nations during World War II—including the atomic weapons dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. The Minuteman officers do not even have any nicknames for their system. Slang would cheapen their respect for the weapon.

Most of the officers will quietly admit that they have spent some time thinking about just exactly what the power of Minuteman would do to millions of people in the homeland of an aggressor against the United States. But they do not stand in awe of the force, nor does it give them pause. They are professional military men with the job of delivering firepower in defense of the United States, whether the weapons are carried by a horse, dropped from a bomber, or thunder out of a hole in Montana.

"I was a bombardier in Italy during the war," says Lieutenant Colonel Leffler, "and every time I went down the bomb run in a lead flight of B-24's and the indices began to close on the sight, the thought would flash through my

ind, *I hope the civilians had a chance ıo evacuate the place. I hope the women and children are out in the forest.* But the job had to be done. The thought didn't affect my operation. And it's the same way with Minuteman. If the President says, 'The nation is in danger, turn the key' — well, there goes the key." **THE END**

Label proclaims missile's readiness.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

Unemployment and the reading problem

Unemployment in the United States continues at a disturbingly high level, about 5.5 percent. In the age of aûtomation it is most severe among the unskilled, causing a nationwide chorus of advice to young people to stay in school. Yet of the 26 million who will come into the labor market during the next decade, nearly one third, if present trends continue, will not have a high-school diploma. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that the 300,000 increase in unemployed late in 1962 was made up almost entirely of teen-agers.

Among several reasons for school dropouts, one of the most important is that the student never really learned to read. In a New York State training school for young lawbreakers one third of the boys from 12 to 15 could read only at the second-grade level. Dr. Emery Stoops of the University of Southern California says, "Poor reading ability handicaps students in all subjects, poor readers tend to get poor marks, and students with poor marks get discouraged and drop out of school." Dr. James B. Conant recently reported: "In the slums one finds today an incredibly large percentage of pupils who may properly be designated as slow and very slow readers." In a Negro slum in a large American city, Doctor Conant found 70 percent of the boys and girls over 16 out of school and unemployed. Joblessness for those under 21, he reported, is two and one half times as high as for the whole population. Today there are an estimated three dropouts for every two unskilled jobs—a really alarming figure. Among the poor readers a good proportion have intelligence well above the average.

The dropouts are very likely to become delinquents. Dr. Melitta Schmideberg, a psychiatrist doing research in this field, says, "Reading retardation makes it almost impossible for the delinquent to find a job and unemployment aggravates his delinquency."

In Chicago half the people on relief are "functional illiterates"—either they cannot read at all or can read so little as to be useless. Similar facts were unearthed in Detroit and Philadelphia. In some cities those on relief are compelled to study reading. In many communities it is being taught by television, early in the morning; some people who are too proud to join classes are willing to learn in this way.

In regions with very high chronic unemployment, where retraining programs have been instituted, about one third of the potential retrainees are barred because of illiteracy. In some universities 20 percent of the freshmen have to take remedial reading; obviously the percentage of those who need the remedy is higher among dropouts from elementary or secondary school.

A bitter battle is raging in the educational world over methods used in the United States to teach reading. Few laymen are competent to judge the merits of the battle, but they can see that it is time to abandon prejudices and solve the reading problem.

Arthur S. Trace Jr., in *What Ivan Knows That Johnny Doesn't*, notes that no such difficulty exists in the Soviet Union. Educators who have studied the question report that most Russian children learn to read early and well. The countries of Latin America, Africa and Asia say there is rarely any problem, once a child—or an adult—has been given a chance to learn.

It is embarrassing that the greatest nation on earth should have such a high rate of unemployment that can in large measure be associated with a failure to teach many of our young people anything so fundamental as reading. The 87th Congress passed the Manpower Retraining Act to cope with the problem of training unskilled workers but failed to act on two other important measures: the Adult Basic Education bill and the Youth Opportunities bill. The 88th Congress should pass both of them.

We should arm Red China's enemy

As the great rift in the Communist bloc deepened, East German Communist boss Walter Ulbricht leveled a withering blast at Red China before delegates to the East German Communist Party Congress in Berlin. The Chinese Reds, he said, "are oriented toward war." These "dogmatists" and "dissidents" had attacked India without consulting other Communist nations. Earlier the Chinese Reds had taken their turn at attacking their fellow Communists. In an astonishingly frank editorial the Red Chinese newspaper, *The People's Daily*, charged that the Soviet Union had betrayed its leadership of the world Communist revolution. "However much they may have done for the workers' movement in the past," the editorial said, "no person, no political party, and no group can avoid becoming the servant of the bourgeoisie and being cast aside by the proletariat, once they depart from the road of Marxism-Leninism and step on and slide down the road of revisionism."

The temptation to gloat over the Sino-Soviet rift is one that we should resist. As President Kennedy remarked in his State of the Union message, "Hope must be tempered with caution. For the Soviet-Chinese disagreement is over means, not ends. A dispute over how best to bury the free world is no grounds for Western rejoicing."

For the West to falter or relax its cold-war effort would be a calamitous mistake. We must oppose Communist aggression, whether Russian or Chinese, everywhere in the free world. We have sent weapons to India. Yet there are those such as Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, who have opposed this dispatch of modern American arms. "I am against giving India any of our modern weapons," the senator has said, "for the principal reason that I think we would be just giving them to the Chinese Communists."

Mr. Nehru has made many disastrous mistakes. As the editor of this magazine has written (January 19 issue), Nehru "gambled and lost on the premise that if he were nice to the Chinese Communists they would reciprocate his friendliness." But Mr. Nehru finally has awakened to the danger from the North: "The disastrous military defeats came as bitter medicine, but they fanned a real nationalism within the Indian breast." Furthermore, Indian soldiers proved in World War II that they are splendid in combat when properly equipped, and properly led.

Senator Russell should realize that we cannot afford to lose a great Asian democracy to Communism. If India is to oppose China effectively, we must continue to honor Indian requests for modern weapons.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAR 1 '63

COMMEMORATING 100TH ANNIVERSARY GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Free: a beautiful, full-color reproduction of this new painting of Lincoln at Gettysburg, as interpreted by the famous artist, C. C. Beall, and which appears here for the first time anywhere. At the bottom of these free reproductions is a facsimile of the Gettysburg Address in Lincoln's own handwriting. Suitable for framing. Send your postcard request to Lincoln Life, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

His words live through the years...

LINCOLN'S WORDS at Gettysburg apply today just as surely as they did a hundred years ago. When he emphasized the vital necessity for *preserving this nation,* Lincoln was voicing his constant concern for the best interests of the people.

In keeping with this principle, The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company provides insurance policies for people in all walks of life, trains its agents in the Lincoln tradition of thoughtful, human service, and sincerely strives to meet the insurance needs of people in a warm and helpful way.

For a friendly, understanding approach to your insurance needs, coupled with sound advice, we suggest you phone or write your nearby Lincoln Life agent.

© 1963 L.N.L.

THE **Lincoln** NATIONAL **Life** INSURANCE COMPANY

Its name indicates its character

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springtime so
Salem refre
Menthol Fresh
Salem
Salem
"Take a puff...it's springtime"
You'll smoke with a fresh enthusiasm
when you discover the cool "air-softened" taste of Salem
• menthol fresh • rich tobacco taste • modern filter, too
© 1962 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED